THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1803.

SECOND EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the advertisement to this volume, the Editor of the Poetical Register has little more to do than to express his gratitude to the Public, for the patronage he has already received, and to his poetical friends, for the ready and generous assistance by which he has been enabled to obtain that general patronage, which is so flattering to the preceding volumes, and, consequently, to those who have contributed to their formation. He trusts that the favour of the Public will keep pace with the exertions he has made to deserve it.

To his correspondents, he cannot too strongly represent the necessity of sending their contributions as early as possible. The present volume has been delayed some months, by the Editor not having received, in time, some promised assistance. From the same cause, many productions, which would have added to the worth of this volume are now delayed till the appearance of the next. As the Poetical Register for 1804 must be put to press in a short time, the editor earnestly requests, that all communications for it may be sent without delay.

For the omission of Poetical Biography, the Editor must plead the same excuse that he pleaded last year: the materials have been wanting. The difficulty, at least in part, will, he has every reason to believe, be removed before the publication of the next volume, and the omission will then be supplied.

Correspondents will have the kindness to send their contributions *as early as possible*, addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. Rivingtons. To prevent mistakes, they are desired to specify, whether their pieces are intended for the Original or Fugitive Poetry. It is also requested that those persons who employ the hand of another to copy their poems, will, before they send them to the Editor, ascertain the correctness of the copy; as the Editor does not think himself authorized to make alterations in what he receives; and cannot be answerable for the blunders of an amanuensis: this hint will not offend those who know, that even the alteration of a letter will often leave something like sense, though it mars completely the sense of the author.

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ERRATA.

p. 71, line 12, for "*lie*" read "*lurk*"

p. 74, line 19, for

"Burst from the rending ground pale, sulph'rous fires"

read,

"Pale from the ground blue sulph'rous flame aspires"

p. 76, Note, for "*questas*" and "*coneræ*," read "*questus*" and "*conchæ.*"

p. 78, line 1, for "*hords in*" read "*herds with*"

Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ETHIC EPISTLES,

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

SENTIMENT.

EPISTLE SECOND *.

TO A LADY.

Oh form'd alike for Virtue and Delight,
To Reason lovely, as to Fancy bright!
Thy Friend has seen, with fond enquiring eyes,
The hopeful buds of every virtue rise,
Like beauteous plants, that in some happy soil,
With opening flowers repay the gardener's toil.
A prattling infant when you grasp'd my knee,
Oft I foretold what womanhood should be;
Delighted, mark'd your innocence and truth,
In playful childhood, and ingenuous youth;
And saw you rise, mature in virgin charms,
To fill the gazer's heart with fond alarms.
In thought, I saw you, thro' domestic life,
Give the fair pattern of the faultless wife;

* For the first Epistle, see P. Register, Vol. 1802, p. 90.

And teach th' unhallow'd Libertine to find
The wond'rous value of the female mind.
Angelic soother of the mental storm,
What winds can ruffle, or what waves deform,
When woman smiles to bid the turmoil cease,
The halcyon of the soul announcing peace?
Why from that heav'nly destination range,
A fatal Siren, with pernicious change,
Resistless all, whose fraudful song prevails,
On life's rude ocean, as we spread the sails?—
The helm abandon'd, the frail barks are tost,
On rocks, where Fortitude and Fame are lost;
Where greedy monsters, lurking in the caves,
Devour the wretches that escape the waves.
Oh never shall my dear *Miranda* prove
False to the presage of parental love.
Oh never shall that sweet angelic face,
Her airy form, that beams celestial grace,
The cherub lips, where sweetest music flows,
Become the messengers of pain and woes:
The darling boon, that heav'n itself imparts,
Become the fiend of agonizing hearts.
In Thee the virtues take such lasting root,
That widely shall they spread, and fairly shoot,
And strong, with inborn hardihood, defy
The scowling thunders of Misfortune's sky.
Thine pity, for the wretched prone to grieve,
Awake to see, and thoughtful to relieve;
Instinctive wisdom, and unstudied skill,
And purity untaught, that shrinks from ill;
And sportive fancy thine, and taste refin'd,
The flowers and ornaments of blooming mind.
Like vernal blossoms, changeful, bright, and gay,
Sudden and sweet, the young ideas play.

My child, my lov'd *Miranda*, ne'er forget,
To bounteous heav'n how mighty is thy debt.
Each fair endowment, every radiant grace,
That shines confest, in person, mind, or face,
Becomes a claim, an obligation breeds,
To praise the Donor, in thy virtuous deeds.
And all the more you see your form and mind,
The perfect archetype of womankind,
The more be present to your pious thought,
With what high purposes her birth is fraught;
How lovely woman, with congenial art,
Supreme in softness, sways the human heart,
Yielding to bind, and pliant to controul
Unfelt dominion o'er the rudest soul;
How high her rank, her duties, and her place,
Her awful influence on the rising race;
What good, what ills her chequer'd state attend,
And how to shun those ills, the good extend.
With song to wake thee to the hallow'd task,
The noblest effort of the Muse would ask.—
Full many a Bard of old and modern song,
Records the glories of the female throng.
Among the first, the sweet *Athenian* Bee *,
That cull'd the flowers of mournful melody,
Has trac'd the scenes, that bear *Alcestis'* name,
That brightest monument of female fame;
Heroic Tenderness encountering Death,
The consort fondly prodigal of breath,—
Tho' Being draws her by the strongest ties,
And all the forms of earthly comfort rise.—
Behold, her children weep around the fair;
Her arms alternate fold the little pair;

* Euripides.

She feels their blandishments a pang impart;
Their infant claspings thrill the heart of heart;
The mother yielding to the wife alone,
She bursts existence with a smile, and groan.
Full many a matron graces private life,
Whose virtues vie with that illustrious wife;
But private worth is lost to mortal ears,
It's praise is heard above the starry spheres.
Thee, dear *Miranda*, nature form'd to grace
The fairest stations of the female race.
The gentle feelings, and affections mild,
The placid virtues of the duteous child,
Give early pledge of every virtuous part,
Each kind affection of the social heart.
When, with thy years thy duties shall expand,
And blessings flow diffusive from thy hand;
When wedded love shall come, a hallow'd guest,
And grave new lessons on the throbbing breast
With golden shaft;—the tender nuptial care,
The fond solicitude that parents share.
Believe me, love, the cruel fiends, in wrath
With varied perils will beset thy path.—
Delusive pleasures all around may teem,
And wrap thy senses in a fatal dream;
Ev'n thou, perhaps, thus heav'nly fair, mayst prove
The keenest pangs of unrequited love;
The hollow friend, th' insidious flatterer's tongue,
And slander, prompt the fairest fame to wrong;
The vapid ridicule on goodness thrown,
May torture thee, with vices not thine own.
I cannot think that a polluted guest
Shall ever bide within thy hallow'd breast;
The rage of pleasure, or the thirst of gain,
Whose deadly force perverts the female train.—

And, haply, yet a more prevailing cause
Of bold deflexion from decorum's laws,
That fools a woman to her highest bent,
The strange affected thing, called SENTIMENT,
Cloak'd in the specious garb of good and fair.—
This to restrain requires your wakeful care.—
The worst illusions that the spirit stain,
In Virtue's name unquestion'd entrance gain.
—Oh SENTIMENT, thou comprehensive name!
Spleen, Vapours, Spite, Ill-humour, am'rous Flame;
Pride, Superstition, Vanity, Caprice!—
Ape of all virtues, nurse of every vice!
Thou something, loosing moral ties by stealth,
Thou sore disease, beneath the name of health!
Compendious charter of imposing fools,
That decent order wound, and sober rules!
How are our follies privileg'd by thee,
Thou elder sister of divine *Ennui!*
Thro' thee we scold, we rave, we laugh, we cry,
We love, we hate; and all, we scarce know why.
  Behold the sentimental Lady's mind,
With flimsy novels, like a band-box lin'd;
While the thin froth of all the trash she's read,
Whipp'd up by Fancy fills the giddy head.
Divinely languid now the fair appears;
And now the crest of frantic spirit rears.
Now the low muffled bell announcing death,
Now the loud clarion's spirit-stirring breath.
In pangs ideal of her own creation,
She runs thro' every form of exclamation.
The modes of speech, for vulgar mortals made,
Exalted sentiments, like hers, degrade.—
No common feelings in her bosom reign,
Eternal trance of pleasure, or of pain:

Alike th' infernal and seraphic dreams
Delight the spirit studious of extremes.—
Transient alike the sorrow and the joy;
But, 'tis a theme which may the tongue employ,
From coral lips bid tuneful nonsense flow,
And the fair form in graceful postures show.—
Lord! with what scorn she marks the vulgar crew,
That rest in common-sense, like me and you!
" Poor wretched beings, stupidly content,
" That shun the charming pangs of Sentiment!—
" Who can the dull unfeeling things endure?—
" 'Tis vastly horrid!—vastly, to be sure!"
But when two sentimental spirits meet!—
For scorn and ridicule, oh what a treat!
" Sir, your address, so winning and so stealing."—
" And, dearest creature, you have so much feeling"—
" Oh, my dear Miss, your sentiments divine
" Are something exquisite, sublime, and fine."—
" Ah, Sir, with you to taste, without controul,
" The feast of Reason, and the flow of soul!
" Sure in one mould kind Nature form'd our hearts."
" —Miss, you have genius"—Oh, Sir, you have parts!
" What transport were it, on some lonely steep,
" With thee, my fair, to tend the fleecy sheep;
" To listen to the soft *Æolian* lyre,
" Or hear the cricket chirrup from the fire."—
" Oh, *Damon*, where you tread, contentment beams;
" The wild a court, the cot a palace seems.
" Supremely happy was that Age of Gold,
" Ere Priests were known, or Licences were sold!
" No parent's mandate then inspir'd a dread;
" No marriage treaty was on sheep-skin spread!"—
Thus in a mental air-balloon they ride,
Tow'ring o'er Prudence, and from Reason wide.

Their first excursion is to *Gretna-green*,
Then to the cottage, and sequester'd scene.
Thence, soon inveigled by some ruling star,
In search of Sentiment they wander far.
Till many a region of romance o'erpast,
In DOCTOR'S-COMMONS they come down at last.
  Oh may my fair her destiny fulfil:
Heav'n guard her youth from every touch of ill!—
From blighting Sickness, from Misfortune's storm,
From all that may the frame or soul deform!
Bid her in beauty, health, and virtue shine,
A present, worthy of a hand divine;
And give her, to reward the virtuous breast,
That feels, and estimates her worth the best.
Thrice happy man! whom bounteous Heav'n ordains,
To find such partner of his joys and pains.
To find a treasure that in price outshines
The richest jewel of *Golconda*'s mines.
Th' expanding bosom is with godhead fraught,
Some spirit whispers to prophetic thought:
" Thro' length of days, and all the social ties,
" *Miranda* shall in worth and virtue rise;
" And mild Devotion pour a steady light,
" To guide her footsteps to the fair and right.
" An Angel, soaring to the Sister Choir,
" With temp'rate lustre, of etherial fire.
" In converse with her Maker, may she find
" The purest pleasure of the reas'ning mind."
I know, *Miranda*, that with pious awe
Thy youth was nurtur'd in thy Maker's Law;
Parental care, from day to day, imprest
The Gospel Precepts on thy tender breast.
Thro' all exertions that thy doom may ask,
Each arduous trial, every doubtful task;

Hold fast the words of peace, and never part
The healing comfort from thy faithful heart;
Thy consolation in the hour of pain;
Thine amulet against th' infectious train
Of follies, warping on the sultry wind,
When Fortune's treacherous gales relax the mind;
Thy polar star, when crouds are led astray,
Thy rest, by night, thy counsellor, by day.

THE TOBACCONIST.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

Supposed to be written from a Poet to his Friend.

ARGUMENT OF THE POEM.

Exordium—Dissuasives of the Author's Friend from writing Verſe—unavailing—The Author determines to write—possest at first with high notions of the dignity of the poetical character and desire of future fame—Changes his way of thinking—wishes to render the profession of a Poet profitable—various projects for that purpose—Dedication and flattery of unworthy rich men—fails—and why—He determines then, to cultivate and praise the Jews—in vain—Fruitless attempts in the horrible stile of the German—Resolves to write satire—Two popular models, at present—Peter Pindar, and the Author of Pursuits of Literature—Discouragements to satirical writings—the cause—Proceeds to write for the Stage—Many rival candidates for public favour—Perversion of public taste—Tries Tragedy and Comedy—succeeds in neither—Contemptuous spirit of the Managers—Ma-

nagers compared to giants in romance—ugly tricks of Managers —Disappointed in his hopes of encouragement from the Booksellers—reflections on the occasion—Authors of birth and fashion —The practice of antient Poets who declaimed their own verses commended—Author wishes to imitate it—The Author reprobates the idea of becoming a minor Poet, as an introduction into the circles of soi disant wits—and readers—The Difficulty of writing well under the pressure of poverty—and petty distresses. —Some reflections on the character of Alexander Pope—Friendly invitation of a Tobacconist to reside with him—and become his Shopman—Author gladly accepts it—and renounces Poetry.

WHILE my green years pursued, with idle aim,
The fleeting phantoms of poetic fame,
Replete with many a charm, and many a wile,
To siren rocks, and the *Circæan* Isle;
Oft have I heard thy monitory vein,
Full oft thy voice recall'd me from the train.
Lost was the warning voice on witless youth;
But added years and pains have felt it's truth.
Thy lessons now recur to sting the soul,
Strong for remorse, tho' feeble for controul.
The cares and sorrows printed on my brow,
My head declining with a weight of snow,
My hopes and projects running all to waste,
Have taught me rhyme is foolishness at last;
That deadly blights attend *Aonia's* dew;
More baneful far the laurel than the yew,
For pain and scorn, and penury invade
Th' incautious man that slumbers in it's shade.
Why was I tempted with *Icarian* flight,
To rise advent'rous to the source of light?
My treacherous pinions scattered wide in air,
Deep am I plung'd in oceans of despair,
No more the forms of GOOD and FAIR to see,
Or catch the sound of seraph minstrelsy.

Why have I swell'd the trump of epic song?
Why call'd in sable weeds the gliding throng,
Whose fates ennobled by the *Grecian* stage,
In tuneful bosoms wake poetic rage?—
What are the fruits of all my life's proud aim?—
To toil for Glory, and to find it shame;—
To feel the scorn that in these gothic times,
Looks down contemptuous on the man of rhymes.—
Wise was my mother:—when I was a boy,
And scribbled verses with an idle joy,
She chid me daily as a thriftless fool;
And daily urg'd to learn the golden rule.
Then, earliest friend *, tho' proud and rash and young,
With reverential awe to thee I clung;
My kindling bosom chose thee from the croud,
My conscious spirit to thy talents bow'd.
The firm *Cornutus* of my thoughtless age,
The lov'd companion and the guiding sage,
When life before me lay a doubtful maze,
Thy sense mature diffus'd the temperate rays:
But envious Demons thine ascendant crost,
And wisest aims, and fairest hopes were lost.
Oft I recall, in bitterness of heart,
Thy grave invective 'gainst the tuneful art.
" Go, pile thy hearth with faggots, let it blaze
" The fun'ral structure of thy darling lays;
" Or deep entomb thy labours in a chest,
" Retreat of spiders, worms and moths to feast.—
" Who deals in verses, drives with idle hand,
" Th' unthrifty plough along the barren sand.
" Who feeds on laurel, finds it bitter food,
" Infusing poison thro' the vital blood.—

* Me tibi supposui, &c. PERSIUS.

" Would'st thou in age and poverty repent,
" The mighty lavish of thy years mispent?
" No rather try, while vigour swells thy veins,
" The manual arts that lead to honest gains.
" A waggon drive, or delve the stubborn field,
" Or (still more general task) a musket wield.—
" No more, my friend, the hopeless victim pine,
" Of exil'd *Phœbus*, and the exploded Nine,
" Despis'd adherent of a ruin'd cause,
" The Quixote champion of subverted laws;
" An *emigrant* from Wisdom's fair domain,
" As mad and hopeless as the *Gallic* train,
" Go, seek in death a remedy for pain.
" Scorn the vain echos of poetic fame;
" And learn to thrive on profitable shame.
" The Muse's livery, on the modern plan,
" Is the sole livery that degrades the man.
" No—hadst thou sprung, by dextrous crime or luck,
" Obscène, and reeking from the dunghill's muck;
" Unblushing pandar, senatorian crimp,
" In form a porter, and in soul a pimp;
" Had Fortune's worst caprice thy lot ordain'd,
" The wealth and state that *Ænobarbus* gain'd;
" Had " LOTTERY OFFICE," blazon'd at thy door,
" Mark'd thee, the licens'd plunderer of the poor;
" Whose starry lamps wide on the darkness flame,
" And wretches lure to shipwreck and to shame;
" Wert thou the meanest of the human race,
" A cheat, like *Sempill*, as *Aquarius* base;
" Yet mayst thou clamber on thy bags of gold,
" And mount where honours can be bought and sold.
" Tell me, abode of all that's mean and great,
" Prolific parent of the sage and cheat,

" Tell me, proud *Britain*, can the globe display,
" A spot where gold usurps an equal sway?
" Ere general apathy on genius frown'd,
" The poet's praise a ready market found.
" Then, stocks and stones had ears for polish'd song;
" And dedications charm'd the titled throng.
" The dews of flattery could a meal afford,
" And lent existence to some nameless Lord.
" While favour'd verse a twofold hunger fed—
" With praise the patron's, and the bard's with bread.
" But such the spirit of our golden times,
" Ev'n lordly littleness is proof to rhymes;
" And splendid poverty will scarce allow
" The barren tribute of a courtly bow.
" I've read " *how things inanimate have mov'd*"—
" *Arion's* lyre ev'n oddest fishes lov'd;
" Hope not applause from senators and peers,
" For tuneful song no modern Log has Ears;
" In vain the Muse essays her softest mood,
" For untam'd beasts of city, field, or wood.
" To them no music like the charming strain,
" Of " *Hear him—hear him*"—or of " *Seven's the Main.*"—
" Ye famish, Bards, attend to hunger's call;
" And stain no paper—but to hang a wall.
" Let Fancy there her wildest freaks display,
" Her forms luxuriant, and her colours gay;
" Bid airy pinions fan the buxom skies,
" Where *Grecian* fanes on hills aerial rise,
" In myriads pour the plastic forms around,
" That *Darwin's* new philosophy has found.
" Let Fawns and Oreads croud in silent rings,
" And Silphs and Cupids spread the purple wings.

" With insect joys, papilionaceous Love,
" Possess the flowret; in the herbage move.
" Bid sapient riv'lets find the level true,
" And tender violets weep from eyes so blue,
" While the tall mountain lifts the radiant head,
" And fondly smiles th' enamour'd grove to wed.
" Let such productions on thy paper rise;
" Admission thou may'st win to courtly eyes.
" Work by the room, and publish by the yard;
" And golden harvests shall the toil reward."
Such was thy Sermon, in sarcastic vein;
Could youth have listen'd to the wholesome strain.—
But Self-conceit essay'd her treacherous art,
And pedant Pride possess'd th' inflated heart.—
" The laurell'd portrait, and the lean rewards,
" That late Posterity assigns to Bards,
" I too, perhaps, with nameless names may claim,
" The slender palm of biographic fame,
" The honours posthumous of days to come,
" The portly quarto and the pompous tomb;
" And future chissels may in marble trace
" The meagre graces of the famish'd face.—
" For well I know, tho' these fastidious times
" The living Poet starve, and scorn his rhymes,
" With keen research they seek ev'n trash that bears
" The sacred fiat of revolving years;
" And rake the dust, with antiquarian rage,
" For Grub-street Rhymers of a distant age *.
" The Bard (said I) superior to the train,
" Who pours no vulgar prostituted strain,
" Nor basely crouches to the little proud,
" Nor seeks poor plaudits from th' unletter'd croud;

* E. g. The republication of Welsted, Mynot, and other forgotten writers.

" The genuine offspring of celestial line,
" Whose powers we feel, but hardly can define,
" Exulting rises o'er the present scorn,
" And hears the praise of myriads yet unborn."—
For all my notions to Romance belong'd,
And classic visions to my fancy throng'd.
Awhile the dreams, in youthful fancy bred,
Made me forget that Poets must be fed;—
But riper years awak'd prudential thought,
And love of gain within my bosom wrought.
Then project rose on project in my mind,
Some solid pudding with my praise to find.—
Oh, never Jew has speculated more
In bubble plans, to realize a store!
The tragic farce of disappointment hear,
The tale, my friend, deserves thy pitying ear.
" I've read in books our ancestors have told,
" How poets flatter'd in the days of old *.
" Ev'n to a penny in minute narration,
" I see what *Dryden* earn'd by dedication.
" Mine be the wisdom, that examples give.
" I too, perhaps, may dedicate and thrive.
" I'll cultivate the needy great, and live.
" Some conscious *Nabob*, or some upstart peer,
" May suck in flattery with a greedy ear.—
" Some wealthy wretch, with murd'rous guilt opprest,
" May lay the flatt'ring unction to his breast.
" Delusive Hope!—behold the rival band
" Oppose thy progress, and besiege his hand.
" Cringe as thou wilt, be prostitute and mean,
" To nauseous flatt'ry stoop, or song obscene;
" When impious mirth is hurl'd against the skies,
" And decency and God alike defies;—

* See the accurate labours of Mr. Malone.

" The stews and senate prostitutes afford,
" That better suit the palate of my Lord.—
" Tho', rising thick, the fumes of guiltless blood,
" Snatch from his sight the hope of heav'nly good;
" And murder, stalking, with a crimson die,
" Stinks like the shambles, and infects the sky;
" Cold-blooded savage! can his fierce despair,
" Find consolation in the good or fair?
" Or prize, case-harden'd to contempt of fame,
" Poetic incense, that embalms a name?
" Can Flatt'ry lull th' undying worm to sleep?
" Or gliding spectres from his pillow keep?—
" No, swinish revels, and th' oblivious bowl,
" With opiate influence, tranquillize the soul.
" His utmost hope, to find a doom, that suits
" His abject spirit, with the kindred brutes."
Then to *Duke's-place* I led the wand'ring Muse,
And hop'd to shine the Laureat of the Jews.
In vain I sung to *Circumsion's* ears.—
I gain'd no plaudits from the *Bulls* and *Bears*.
Tho' fishes strange and monstrous there I found;
I fail'd to draw them with poetic sound.
The place was occupied: to charm the breed,
Already sings an *Israelite* indeed.
The glories of the tribes his strains rehearse,
In * prose high sounding, and in numerous verse;
With noblest aims, how old cast cloaths men swell—
What generous sentiments in brokers dwell.
Repuls'd from hence, not finally dismay'd,—
" Let other efforts my finances aid.
" The nursery prescribes poetic law,
" And tales of terror all attention draw.—

* See different essays in the Observer, and the character of *Sheva*.

" Courage (thought I) a different toil I'll know,
" And try my strength at the *Teutonic* bow:
" The Muse's robe in pitch and brimstone steep,
" And call up spirits from the vasty deep,
" Rawheads, and bloody-bones, with eyes of fire,
" Gorgon, and Hydra, and Chimera dire,
" Th' ingredients of the witches' cauldron brew,
" And rake for tales the shambles, and the stew;
" The nursing Legends in my volume croud—
" The glaring spectre, and the gory shroud;
" The ghost, patrolling round the buried gold;
" The precious souls to palt'ring Demons sold;
" The maid in manger pendulous for love,
" The babes birth-strangled in the blasted grove."—
All these, and more, in penny books I sought;
And wove the woof, as German masters taught.—
In vain I wove—my labour ran to waste.—
Some seed of common sense—some spice of taste
Arrang'd an incident, or fil'd a word;
And robb'd my labours of the grand absurd.—
" Well—Satire opens an exhaustless field,
" That golden harvests to the bard may yield.
" All ranks, all sects, the copious theme afford;
" From college Pedants to the mitred Lord.
" And sharp invective purchasers must find,
" While spite and malice sway the human mind.
" Come splendid bile, and forge iambics keen
" Plunge deep in gall, and coin the writer's spleen.
" But rival masters imitation claim—
" Unlike their manner, equal is their fame.
" The Muse of *Pindar*, with an harpy sway,
" Impure, and hungry, pounces on it's prey.
" Nor seeks a being in the days to come,
" Nor prizes plaudits of the future *Rome*.

" A monument of Genius run to waste,
" A living instance of perverted taste,
" A meal, a coat, to him, are more than praise,
" The Satirist, and Satire of our days.—
" With talents born to reach an height sublime,
" The Booksellers alone inspire his rhyme.
" What useful lesson to the giddy throng,
" What moral precept dignifies the song?—
" Not the grave censor, but th' envenom'd foe,
" Intemperate rage his ribbald railings show.
" Fierce as a tiger, trifling as an ape,
" The men he mangles, while their crimes escape.
" Vulgar in style, in sentiment obscene,
" Alike he fastens on the great and mean.
" Thus, the squat bull-dog, lurching thro' the streets,
" For blood and mischief, springs on all he meets;
" Now, thro' the mire the grov'ling swine he pulls;
" Now, rends the nostrils of the lordly bulls.
" The thought appalls my feeble nerves and mind.
" What, I commence the scourge of human kind!
" By nature timid, cautious of the bar,
" Shall I provoke the pugilistic war?—
" In shops, or streets, eventful combat try,
" And gain a law-suit, or a livid eye?—
" I turn disgusted, where, with rival aim,
" *Pursuits of Literature* attention claim.—
" Shall I rush forth vindictive war to wage,
" For Church and State, with more than holy rage?
" Grammarians tax, and Democrats defy,
" And show my zeal for Greek—and Loyalty?
" My name alone, with caution, be conceal'd;
" My rank and calling in broad hints reveal'd;
" Half, like the moon, my doubtful visage shroud,
" Emergent half, from the mysterious cloud,

" In clear obscure, a known unknown appear,
" At once consulting vanity and fear;—
" In learned dust, and pedant cobwebs lie,
" And point the sting with scorpion cruelty?—
" What, imitate the slave of proud conceit?
" The shallow mind with airy visions cheat?
" In fond self-love, like vain *Narcissus* pine?
" And think the palms of verse, and genius mine?
" Alas, such models have no charms for me,
" Who want their learning, from their malice free.
" Foe to concealment, I disdain a mask;
" Nor, sway'd by enmities, a ponyard ask;
" But, arm'd with thunders of the *Volscian* bard *,
" To vice and folly deal their due reward.
" My censures shall confound the guilty throng;
" And virtuous bounty pay the moral song."—
Delusive hope! tho' these corrupted times
Invite the painful touch of caustic rhimes;
Far, far is satire from it's sway remov'd,
That surly guardian by the Muses lov'd.—
The callous heart, which sometimes felt of yore,
Is touch'd, and sham'd by ridicule no more.
We laugh a moment, when, in bold relief,
Invective shows the prostitute, or thief;
And when the hunted miscreant rushes by,
Like giddy sportsmen join the common cry.
The momentary laugh enjoy'd, and past;
Where rests the weight of obloquy at last?
Not on th' offence—it's memory is fled.
It sinks, redoubled, on the Poet's head.
Safe, in their multitude, offenders croud,
Of verse disdainful, against censure loud;

* Juvenal.

In manners soft, in nature hard as steel,
Without a head to think, or heart to feel,
Glaz'd o'er by cold refinement's hollow frost,
Th' essential traits of character are lost.
Fear, affectation, fashion, and grimace,
Give a false varnish, and a common face;
And vainly Wit her shining falchion draws,
When modish Vice becomes a public cause;
When giant crimes, that stalk in open noon,
Find Truth a libel, Satire a lampoon.
The hoary letchers, and adul'trous wives,
Should print, perchance, display their pictur'd lives.
Their virtue startles at the loose details;
Their pious rage th' immodest bard assails.
They cannot trace—not they—poor simple elves,
In the loose sketch, the portraits of themselves.
With *Mævius*, *Curio* joins, in one accord,
The blasted Soldier, and the graceless Lord,
From prurient thorns to purge *Pieria's* plain,
And teach the Muse a dully decent strain.
  But tow'ring high, in oriental state,
The spacious theatre unfolds it's gate;
Where the long pageant the vast stage displays,
Where tinsel glitters, and where lustres blaze.
At random thrown, to tempt the wand'ring eye,
The comic mask and tragic buskin lie.—
" Here I may thrive, (or dreams my fancy lure)
" The task seems easy, and the profit sure.
" Plays I have seen, and heard the town applaud:—
" Nor from such models need I shrink o'eraw'd.—
" The *Laws of Lombardy* my claim allow,
" And *Percy* leaves a laurel for my brow.
" What, tho' the Muse her progeny surveys,
" *Howards*, and *Settles*, of these modern days;

" *Mores, Cowleys, Merrys, Whitehead, Greathead, Jephson,*
" At least acknowledg'd as an humble step-son,
" I may inherit, from the tragic dame,
" A child's provision of productive fame.
" 'Twas thought, of old, to wear the comic mask,
" Of human talent was the hardest task:
" Mere idle talk, like other silly saws,
" Our foolish fore-fathers received as laws!
" Men, women, children, comedy can write—
" As lying easy, not as gainful, quite.
" For plot and character 'tis now no time;
" Sermons must mix with tricks of pantomime.
" Does Comedy (her fav'rite boast of old)
" The *faithful mirror up to Nature hold?*
" No—she delights inverted things to show;
" Degrades the noble, and exalts the low.
" Refracted all, thro' mediums false display'd,
" She bids mankind appear in masquerade.
" 'Tis easier far to break than follow rules;
" Nor hard to copy lunatics and fools.
" Amidst the throng I too may force my way,
" And snatch a portion of the comic bay.
" Tho' rabbi *Cumberland*, with stern regard,
" Advance to circumcise the rival bard;
" *Keeffe, Inchbald, Richardson*, no rivals mean;
" *Cobb, Colman, Reynolds, Morton*, fill the scene:
" Yet *such things are*, and haply I may be,
" The favorite child of *Notoriety*.
" The managers will sure that aid afford,
" Delusive hope had promis'd from a Lord;
" And give my weary age some calm retreat,
" Where sick of rhyming, I may laugh and eat."

A month sequester'd, at the task I toil;
Arrange my incidents, refine my style.—
" What, a whole month (I hear *Laberius* say,)
" Within the fortnight I produce a play.
" Correctness, care, and study, will but waste
" The fiery flash that hits the public taste.—
" Nature is old, and common sense is tame;
" The *new*, the bold, our play-house Critics claim.
" High-minded taylors in my scenes appear,
" Benignant Bailiffs, with the swindling Peer,
" Th' unrighteous Judge, the profligate Divine;
" While *Jews* and *Turks*, with Christian virtues shine.
" And when a thunder of applause I wish,
" A table I o'erturn, or break a dish *.
" Enjoy thy laurels, play-wright.—I pursue
" My path to Nature, and to *Horace* true."
My play compleat, in visions, I behold
The flutt'ring sibyl leaves that turn to gold;
Transcribe the work, and seek, with eager feet,
The proud purveyors for the public treat.
Ah fool, to think my poor plebeian pen
Should win the notice of such mighty men!
Despotic *H*——, *K*—— unpolite—
Himself a Muse!—Oh, most advent'rous wight!
What errantry the giants can engage,
That frowning guard th' approaches to the stage?
Soon as the tiny horn *invades* their ear,
The champions on the bridge of glass appear.—
" Dare you, to hope the notice of the town †,
" Yourself, your manners, and your muse unknown?

* See the Dramatist.
† Speech of *Dramagorgon*, the giant, to the *knight* of the quill.

" Stranger, alike, to templars, beaux, and cits,
" To reading clubs, and coteries of wits,
" What Poet's corner has thy pen supplied?
" What prologue of probation hast thou tried?
" Now, hear thy doom, unhallow'd wretch, and weak,—
" Our rest imperial thou hast dar'd to break.—
" Th' oblivious drawer is gaping for thy lays,
" The silent limbo of neglected plays.—
" There shall they lie for weary months and years,
" While thy vain bosom throbs with hopes and fears.
" Thence, late return, unhonour'd, and unread,
" Thy drama spurn'd, thine appetite unfed."—
Nor is this all—fair *Cowley's* page arraigns *,
Perfidious managers of pilfer'd strains.
And *Papendick* † bewails his labour lost,
His *Stranger* rifled by theatric host.
Thus, by the despots of the stage expell'd,
Unhousell'd, unanointed, unannell'd—
Besotted with the lust of gold and fame,
I turn to tyrants with another name.
" The Booksellers (I said) that liberal train,
" Will kindly nurse the bantlings of my brain;
" Infuse their golden opiates, and assuage
" The pangs inflicted by the court and stage.
" To my glad eyes let *Pater-noster-row*,
" Or *Paul's Church-yard*, the great *Mœcenas* show,

* See Mrs. *Cowley's* preface, in which she complains bitterly of the manager.

† A gentleman, who, while he was resident in *Vienna*, procured a copy of the Stranger, and made a translation of it before the play had reached England. He put his translation into the hands of the manager,—but for details consult the Reviews—head *Stranger*.

" Who feeds proud Science in her march sublime,
" And mortar brings * to *build the lofty rhyme.*
" When *Whatman's* paper, work'd in *Bulmer's* press,
" Presents my first-born in a christ'ning dress;
" With puffs and pap, by the Reviewers fed,
" The tetchy babe may grow, and earn it's bread;
" And goody *Stockdale* help my child to hop,
" Ay, by the rood, and waddle round the shop.
" With daily march thro' *Bond-street* as I tend,
" The wishful glance I reverential bend,
" Where, magisterial, at their counters sit
" Great Burghers in the commonwealth of wit.
" No more my foundlings, ragged and deform,
" In paper blue, shall bide the pelting storm;
" These good and goodly men shall take them in;
" And cover give them with a polish'd skin;
" Their naked limbs, compassionate, enfold,
" In Moorish finery of green and gold."—
How childish Fancy roam'd from bad to worse!
What, Booksellers recruit my famish'd purse!
This deals in politics, and not in rhymes.—
Another asks some touches at the times.—
This, never meddles with the tragic vein.—
That, fears your Muse may touch upon th' obscene.—
This, deals with Kirk and Democrates alone.
That, is devoted to the Church and Throne.
For patriot cares *Dick Philips* draws his breath—
Nicholls is all for Anecdote and Death.
Tom Payne is sacred to th' illustrious dead—
The Muse's friend with dying *Dodsley* fled.
Scar'd by these porters at the door of fame,
To live on verses, I no longer aim.—

* Milton's *Lycidas*, " *build the lofty rhyme.*"

Like virtue, rhyming is its own reward:
And Gods, and Printers scorn the hungry bard.
When noble Peers and titled Ladies rhyme,
Sweet as their numbers if the guineas chime,
The publisher expands his ready hand;
And press and shop are both at their command.—
Then *Hampden* fair appears, and *Burrell* bright,
On paper, like the writers, sleek and white.
Carlisle, in Turkey bound, with gold imbost,
May show the vein of *Howards* is not lost.
The book superbly bound, is gratis giv'n;
And all applaud the favorite of Heav'n.
But I——Oh happy bards of *Greece* and *Rome!*
They rose, superior to the oblivious doom.
They hir'd his pulpit from an Auctioneer,
And roar'd their poems in the public ear.
In vain the *Sosii* might their fame oppose,
And *Janus* vainly with *Vertumnus* close;
In vain, withhold the pumice and the shelf,—
A poet, then, might publish for himself.
I know the wonders *Katterfelto* wrought,
How *Graham* lectur'd and how *Thelwall* taught;
A croud of honest gulls unfailing pay
The nonsense, and impostors of the day.
" Ye Printers then, and Managers adieu—
" Come friends of *Charlatans;* I'll write for you;
" Rais'd on a tub, importunate and loud,
" With Quacks and Methodists divide the croud;
" There rant in tragedy, in lyric rave;
" Or sing the wonders of *Dom Daniel* cave;
" Distribute samples of heroic song,
" Where confluent streets unite the strolling throng.—
" Here shall my Muse no hated rival fear,
" Except—a bruising match, or dancing bear.

" My rare device the public taste shall hit,
" And crouds devour my pennyworths of wit.
" But are the nerves for such a project mine ?
" As well in senates might I hope to shine.
" And must I then the bud of hope destroy ?
" Hope, sole surviving promiser of joy ?
" Chief soother of the warm poetic breast ?
" Sole good remaining in Pandora's chest ?
" No—riches I renounce ; and humbly aim,
" At courtly readers, and a present fame.
" I'll pen loose prologues for a private play,
" And rhyme the mushroom tattles of the day ;
" Pursue the models suited to the time,
" Each flimsy archetype of easy rhyme ;
" While smutty *equivoque* adorns the song,
" Charade and pun may charm the female throng.
" Ladies and Lordlings thus may lisp my lines ;
" Tho' their poor author in a garret pines ;—
" And, wondrous favour to an humble bard,
" A chair at *readings*, be my proud reward ;
" With wits, male, female, epicœne, and common,
" The Soldier feminine, the mankind Woman ;
" Age, Affectation, Impotence, and Spite,
" All human reptiles that both sting and bite.
" And can Ambition then such plaudits chuse ?
" Are these the patrons that inspire thy muse ?
" Is it, for such, that bards renounce the hope
" Of ease and comfort, and neglected mope ?
" Oh Shame, Oh Shame ! tho' deaf to Wisdom's cry,
" Pride shall redeem me from such slavery.—
" All prospects of the present are resigned.—
" Say shall the future captivate my mind ?
" Shall I the Muse with fatal fondness grasp,
" And to my bosom hold the poisonous Asp ?"

No, Fate is adverse to th' imprudent aim:
And Poverty precludes e'en future fame.—
How shall the spirit, sunk with want and care,
Catch the bright phantoms of the good and fair?
Penurious thoughts, ridiculous distress,
Contract the soul, and make it daily less.—
When Nature's wants besiege with ceaseless cry,
It cannot rise, exulting to the sky.—
Can Fancy's visions on the cell descend,
Where blank Despair, and chearless Famine bend?
Poetic rage the frowns of Fortune tame,
The tears of Anguish damp the expansive flame,
While the free Muse of Pain impatient flies
To meads enamelled, and to cloudless skies;
To gush of fountains, and to vales, and groves,
Where flocks and birds renew their vernal loves.
When the grim offspring of a doom unkind,
Like hounds voracious tear the frame and mind;
Who then may bid the generous fury rave,
Or court the Muses in *Pierian* cave?
In vain, O Poverty, thine abject band,
Would grasp the Thyrsus with unhallowed hand.
Vacant and pure, let rushing godhead find
The sacred temple of the Poet's mind.
No menial objects must admittance gain;
No vulgar cares divided sway retain;
No pangs the bard, but pangs ideal know;
And should he weep, the tear from fiction flow.
When *Horace* wing'd the bold Pindaric flight,
Midst affluence, social hours, and gay delight,
Ease, from her couch, the downy plumage lent,
And imp'd the pinions of his bold ascent.
How had the Muse of mighty *Maro* fail'd;
His dwelling had the fury Want assail'd.

By Fortune doom'd to Famine and to Care,
The snakes had fallen from *Alecto's* hair.
No more the bard a daring glance had cast,
To gaze on godhead thro' th' etherial vast;
No martial trump had wak'd the *Trojan* host,
ARMS and the MAN had been forever lost.
While *Pope* luxurious in his grot reclines,
And forms his Quincunx or displays his Vines,
Fed like a Monk and flatter'd like a Lord,
With Ease, and Wealth, and Leisure at his board;
In happy hours he wooes the tuneful train,
And works, with patient stroke, the polished strain.
The man who never felt the touch of Want,
On Ease and Dignity may safely cant;
On brother poets glance the purse-proud sneers;
Or drop his councils in unwilling ears.
And view with scornful eye, the wretch who scrawls,
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls.*—
Not *Lombard-street* could boast with more parade,
The weight of purse, or scorn the rhyming trade;
That trade which taught deformity to please,
And added fame to competence and ease.
While pamper'd Arrogance and Self-conceit
Boast his connection with the rich and great;
With venom'd taunts he mocks the rhyming poor,
And spurns the needy poet from his door.
Great-little bard, how chang'd had been thy strain,
Hadst thou been doom'd to poverty and pain!
Hadst thou been doom'd, in base dependant state,
To cope, like *Savage*, with Misfortune's hate;

* Supposed to be a cruel sneer in Pope at the unhappy malady of poor *Nat Lee*.

And had some other *Pope* arisen for thee,
To tread insulting on thy misery!
Hadst thou, from cruel pride and meanness found
Gifts that debase, and benefits that wound;
Thy Muse, the terror of the dunce and cheat,
Had cring'd in flattery to the vain and great;
E'en in thy garret quak'd at *Lintot's* frown,
And bow'd submiss to *Curl* for half-a-crown.—
Where then the Muse, that scorning Fancy's throng,
Had stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd her song?
Hadst thou, when call'd to rhyme, in Nature's spite,
Perceiv'd, O Bard, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT?
  Here let the tale of my misfortunes end,—
For Heav'n, relenting, sends a pious friend;
A man of books he is, to letters true,
Studious of authours, whether old or new.
No narrow bound his patronage confines,
Tho' partial chief to Lawyers and Divines.
Not deepest sciences his search preclude,
No theme too crabbed, and no style too rude;
Within his ample stores, a vast retreat,
Enrag'd Polemics peaceably would meet;
Great emblem of the grave, where factions cease,
Where all are equal, and where all is peace.
  When biting *Eurus*, from his glassy wing,
Was wont the nitrous arrowy shower to fling,
Studious a frugal luxury to prove,
I sought his mansion with increasing love.
Exhilarating dust my nose regal'd,
And fragrant fumes my longing lips inhal'd;
He sought me out, and shook me by the hand.
Small preface kindly purposes demand.
  " Oft have I griev'd to see thee toil in vain,
" For me was labour'd many a favourite strain.

" My humble roof and homely board partake;
" And learn some profit from the Muse to make.
" On paper wings thy name shall be display'd,
" And each effusion shall be duly paid.
" No churlish hand its off'ring shall refuse,
" No critic sit in judgment on thy muse.
" Nay more, embalm'd, ennobled, and divine,
" Thy works may shun the gripe of *Cloacine*.
" Behind my counter take thy thriving seat,
" And, spite of taxes, thou shalt laugh and eat."—
My appetite his fair proposal chear'd,
And daily gain my station soon endear'd:
Rejoic'd to wear a sleek unthinking face,
I laugh at *Phœbus* and the tuneful race.

STANZAS.

YES, false one, triumph in my woes,
And joy these flowing tears to view!
How just to wound that heart's repose
That gladly would have bled for you!

Yet, poor the pleasure thou hast gain'd,
And very soon will it be o'er;
That bosom, where thou long hast reign'd,
Shall fondly throb for thee no more.

Nor vainly think my tears, my sighs,
LOVE's still-unvanquish'd power proclaim:
Each drop that trickles from my eyes
But helps to quench his dying flame.

R. A. D.

ODE TO THE WILLOW,

BY MRS. LOVETT.

See Nature's fairest gift appear ;
The promise of the blooming year,
The rose has burst her infant bands,
And gay in Summer's pride expands,
Queen of flowers, how bright her hue,
Spangled o'er with morning dew ;
From her breast what sweets exhale,
At eve when Zephyr's ling'ring gale,
Loth to quit the fond delight,
Flings her refreshing odours to the night.

Pleasure's joyous votaries haste,
Not one precious moment waste,
Make those bluſhing charms your own,
Seize them now they are fully blown,
And while they grace your flowing hair,
Give no thought to absent Care ;
Come with frolic sport advance,
Lead the joy-inspiring dance,
While Music's fascinating pow'rs
Wake to Mirth the laughing hours.

For me a wreath does Fate provide,
A chaplet meet to deck the bride
Who weds Despair——the pallid cypress here,
Shall, mix'd with dark funereal yew, appear.
Ah! never should thy fragrant breath,
Sweet rose, be wasted in the cave of death,
There must the nuptial feast be shortly spread,
There the stern bridegroom waits—my bridal guests
the dead.

Then not for me, too lavish rose,
Spread thy robe of crimson hue,
Far hence thy balmy sweets disclose,
Whilst I the weeping willow woo.

When the wild winds impetuous blow,
And lay the trembling forest low,
When the tall elm and stately oak,
Fall beneath the furious stroke,
Amidst the ravage of the plains,
The humble willow safe remains;
She lowly bends again to rise,
When the rude tempest's fury dies.

But not for yielding gentleness alone,
And patient meekness is the willow known;
Tis her distinguish'd lot to prove
The last resource of suff'ring love;
Her graceful foliage decks the maid,
Who weeps too easy faith betrayed;
Or crowns the drooping love-lorn swain,
Whose haughty fair-one scorns his pain.

Or marks the consecrated spot where sleep
Love's victims, who at length have ceased to weep.

Then still to cureless grief a friend,
Thine aid to me, sweet willow, lend;
Now Hope's deluding visions fade,
Receive within thy darksome shade,
And hide a wretch who shuns the day,
From hateful light's intrusive ray:
Wrapt in thy deep o'ershadowing gloom,
The darker shelter of the tomb,
Can only tempt me to resign,
This lone sequester'd bower of thine;
For till that last asylum shall enclose,
With its strong fence, my then forgotten woes,
What object so can charm mine eye,
As in the stream that murmurs by,
To see thy pendant branches o'er me wave,
Which shortly shall adorn my peaceful grave.

F. M. L.

EPIGRAM.

To hear Ned by the hour blunder forth his vile prose,
Job himself scarcely patience would keep!
He's so dull, that each moment we're ready to doze,
Yet so noisy we can't go to sleep.

R. A. D.

THE GLOW-WORM.

*** *The Glow-Worm is a female* CATERPILLAR, *the male of which is a* FLY, *whom she attracts in the night by the splendor of her train.*

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favorite Fly,
And tempt the rover thro' the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
The wanderer hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus HERO hung her lamps to guide
The daring youth who sought her charms;
And thus LEANDER stemm'd the tide,
Led by its lustre to her arms.

SHEFFIELD, 1804. ALCÆUS.

THE LOTOS OF EGYPT,

A POEM.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial Power
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower!
As in thy favourite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream thro' gladden'd Egypt pours,
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous corol's full-blown bell
Long since th' Immortals fixed their fond abode,
There Day's bright source, OSIRIS, loved to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd ISIS glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious to his orient beam,
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When, at their noon-tide height, his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on CAIRO's spires;
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the God, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant, thyself, in stole of dazzling *white*,
Thy sister plants more gaudy robes unfold;
This flames in purple—*that*, intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters *burns in gold* *.

To brave the Tropic's fiery beam is thine,
'Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
The Phœnix on the sun's bright altar dies;
But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies!

What mystic treasures, in thy form conceal'd,
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
Where Nature in her deep designs reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye.

In thy prolific *cup*, and fertile *seeds*,
Are traced her grand regenerative powers †;
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth, and brighter flowers!

* The LOTOS, or Water-Lily, of Egypt, the proper subject of this Poem, has a beautiful *white* flower; there are two other species, the one bears a bright *purple*, the other an intensely *yellow* flower.

† See Mr. Knight's curious Dissertation on the Phallic Worship of the Antients, where this subject is fully explained.

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd *;
In Famine's vulture fangs did Egypt groan,
From thy rich bounteous horn †, abundance flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes revered,
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
Thy image on an hundred columns rear'd,
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade!

But far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
Thy honours flourish'd mid Thibetian snows,
Thy flowers the LAMA's gilded shrines adorn ‡,
And BOODH and BRAHMA on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd, on Asia's shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion raised,
We see thee graven on the glowing ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblazed!

* The Egyptians fed on the roots, which are said by Herodotus to grow to the size and form of an apple, and they made a kind of bread of the seed, dried in the sun, and afterwards baked. Herodot.

† The stalk and the seed-cup together nearly resemble a *Cornucopia*, and might possibly have furnished the ancients with their first idea of that sculptural ornament; it is far more likely to have done so than the horn of Amalthea, a more recent Greek fable.

‡ The principal Deity in Thibet, Mr. Turner informs us, is the same as the Buddha of Bengal. The Hindoos make frequent pilgrimages to the sacred places in Thibet, and the Thibetians regard, and visit with holy reverence, Benares, and other sacred cities of Hindostan. In the ninth Indian Avatar, Buddha is represented sitting on the expanded calyx of the Lotos, as Brahma in the Hindoo cosmogony, is also pourtrayed on those sculptures that represent what is directly denominated the *Lotos Creation*; to distinguish it from other creations in their extensive system of the formation and destruction of worlds.

Child of the Sun, why droops thy withering head,
While high in Leo flames thy radiant Sire;
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled?
And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravag'd vale;
Death stalks before, grim Famine howls behind,
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll,
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire consumes;
But mark—slow rising near the distant pole,
A sudden splendour all her shores illumes!

Fatal to Gaul—'tis Britain's rising star,
That in the South the bright ascendant gains;
Resplendent! as her Sirius shines from far,
And with new fervors fires the Lybian plains.

A race, as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,
For her insulted sons indignant glows,
Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source old Nilus hears
The deepening thunder of the British line;
Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous Plant! thy leaves extend,
Nor dread the eye of an admiring Muse;
In union with the rising song ascend,
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets diffuse.

Of that bold race beneath the Pleïads born,
To chaunt thy praise a northern bard aspires,
Nor with more ardour, erst, at early dawn.
The Theban harpists smote their votive lyres.

For oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound,
No—'mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught strain;
At either pole the Muses' songs resound,
And snows descend, and whirlwinds rage in vain!

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd,
Thy Pharoahs moulder in their marble tombs,
Oblivion's wing the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still 'mid these ruin'd towers, admired, revered,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
These vast but crumbling piles by man were rear'd,
But thou wert form'd by an Immortal hand!

With Natures' charms alone thy charms shall fade,
With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline—
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temples shade,
And decorate, when dead, my envied shrine!

EPIGRAM.

How well has Heaven proportion'd Sylla's whole:
A little body to a little soul!

R. A. D.

ODE

ON SIMPLICITY IN WORKS OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. LOVETT.

SIMPLICITY, when thee of yore
Nature to bright-ey'd Genius bore,
  Struck with thine artless grace,
She gaz'd with rapture on thy charms,
Then joyful clasp'd thee in her arms
  The fairest of her race.

And still on thee her fav'rite child
She gracious mother kindly smil'd,
  And freely taught her lore;
With thee in council fram'd her laws,
To thee unveil'd each hidden cause
  Thro' all her boundless store.

Hence of her works the choicest part
Her master-piece!—the human heart
  Acknowledges her sway—
Still to the inmost last retreat,
Where its unnumber'd windings meet,
  'Tis thou must lead the way.

Dost thou assert thine ample pow'r,
To rule the sov'reign of the hour,
What can thy force withstand?
Or Mirth with all her frolic train,
Or Sympathy high wrought to pain,
Attend at thy command.

For as the time-coeval rock,
From God's vicegerent felt the shock
That freed the rushing tide;
So the firm breast to thee gives way,
And tears thy instant touch obey,
From springs 'till then untry'd.

But dost thou shift the tragic scene,
And wear thy laughter-loving mien,
Proud of thy varying skill;
Thy ready jest, thine artless tale,
O'er dim-ey'd Sadness soon prevail,
And prove thine influence still.

Alike by each fond parent grac'd,
Thou happy child! the realms of taste
Wert destin'd to command;
Thy Sire, to bless thy natal hour,
Gave that wide empire to the pow'r
Of thy disposing hand.

When early Greece thy sway confest,
Th' exulting arts around thee prest,
Attendant on thy reign;
Fair Poësy led on the band,
Sculpture and Painting hand in hand,
With Music join'd the train.

Safe 'midst wide raging War's alarms,
Not Persia's host, a world in arms,
  Could shake thine Attic throne,
From civil Discord's madness came
The blow, for to the Grecian name
  Would Grecians yield alone.

This Macedonian Philip knew,
And wide his dazzling treasures threw
  Fair Virtue to mislead;
Like Atalanta, in her course,
Insidious Gold, with magic force,
  Arrests her conqu'ring speed.

In vain did Freedom's * matchless son
(For Freedom's cause, and thine are one)
  Her injur'd rights maintain;
For though her thunders arm'd his tongue,
Tho' on his lips thine accents hung,
  She falls, and ends her reign.

Torn from thy native place of rest,
What shores receiv'd thee, hapless guest!
  Doom'd never to return;
Save when thou didst at parting trace
Back thy sad footsteps to embrace
  Thy Homer's hallow'd urn.

'Twas first upon the Latian coast
(Of Rome, as late of Greece the boast,)
  Thou didst resume thy state;
The frighted Arts soon met thee there,
And soon did Freedom's self appear
  Companion of thy fate.

* Demosthenes.

Then brightly shone thy classic age,
Hide, weeping Learning, hide the page
  Where Truth thy fate records;
For soon by Gothic night o'ercast,
No wand'ring gleam of glories past
  Its faded light affords.

But now, in favour'd Albion's isle,
Where Freedom long has deign'd to smile,
  Nought can obstruct thy sway;
Come let a brighter classic age,
And fairer Athens here engage
  Thine everlasting sway.

ABSENCE.

I HAVE a nest of callow young:
  What nestlings half so sweet as they!—
And yet I pour the joyless song,
  And pant and flutter far away.

I have a mate of anxious breast,
  That throbs to hear the warbled lay;
And yet I quit the widow'd nest,
  And pant and flutter far away.

Oh! gentle mate of anxious breast!
  Oh! chirping brood of callow young!
Why must I quit the kindred nest,
  And pour in alien ears my song?

I. T.

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON. JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMOUNT.

Written in the beginning of the Year 1798.

Te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lustrârit lumine Phebus,
Atlantisque Nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse Poetæ.

LUCKLESS, O Caulfield, is the fate
Of tuneful spirits, cast by Time
On iron men, and iron days,
'Mid War's wild din, and Faction's hate.
Who now shall build the lofty rhime?
Scorn'd are the gentle arts, and scorn'd is letter'd praise.
Oh hark!—What cursed spell
Has rous'd you all, ye furies of the mind,
With blood-stain'd hands, and horrid yell,
To mix, in frantic rage, unhappy human-kind!

How may the soul of patriot fire,
When war, with all his hideous train,
The lov'd parental soil invades,
Within it's own pursuits retire?
How range, with bards of Tuscan strain,
Or muse in learned ease amid *Marino's* shades!

Oh, no—the generous soul
  Cannot abstract itself from human woes,
Cannot exclude the mighty whole;
  And vain are private goods it's sorrow to compose.

Like young *Alcides* comes the year,
  And sternly in it's cradle frowns;
The fatal serpent brood are round,
  Famine, and Death, and Rage, and Fear,
Canker'd Rebellion gnawing crowns,
  And Discord's brazen fangs inflicting cureless wound.
Unlike *Alcmena's* boy,
  In this, O year: the fatal serpent brood
Thou dost not strangle; 'tis thy joy,
  To feed their noxious growth with poison, and with blood.

Yet, when the rage of War is past,
  (For, sure, the storm must overblow,)
Then shall succeed a halcyon calm,
  To murd'rous deeds, and cruel waste.
Mankind the Muse's worth may know,
  And pure and grateful hands shall nurse the bloodless palm.
Ev'n this neglected land,
  Too long th' abode of Sloth and Ignorance,
Shall hear the sweet *Aonian* band;
  And wake her torpid sons from deep Lethean trance.

Then, I predict, thy polish'd toil
  Shall emulate old *Manso's* praise,
The Guardian of *Torquato's* name;
  Poetic steps may haunt our soil;

The Masters of the *Tuscan* lays
Unwonted speech may learn, and win unbounded fame *.
When *Italy* respir'd
From Gothic rage, and War's wide-wasting storm,
She saw, with adoration fir'd,
Stern *Dante*'s awful port, and *Petrarch*'s graceful form.

Erin's green vales and hills resound,
Smote by the golden shafts of Morn.—
Behold the sweet *Aonian* throng,
In measures light they pace the ground,
And, on the swelling breezes borne,
The words of Heav'n resound, and Echo learns the song.
" Thou poor neglected Isle,
" Arise, array thyself in beamy light;
" Exulting own the Muse's smile,
" And learn the blessed arts of mental proud delight."

Then, may we see some Bard arise,
In free-born dignity of song,
To bear the Muse's guerdon wide,
And snatch the chaplets, in the skies
Prepar'd to crown the patriot throng,
In worth transcending gold, and gems, and sceptter'd pride.
The sacred gates unfold,
Where dwell the pow'rs of everlasting fame;
Amid the learn'd and good enroll'd,
And grav'd in adamant, we read a *Caulfield's* honour'd name.

W. PRESTON.

* In allusion to specimens of the principal Italian Poets, translated by the late Lord Charlemount.

FROM A LADY,

TO HER LOVER.

RED with my tears, and strangers long to rest,
My eyes, at last, your welcome letter blest;
Blest, till the folds I burst with fatal speed,
And weep again, and tremble as I read:
* Yet, when the daring words my heart revolves,
Scarce what to wish, though wounded, it resolves.
If cold Indifference in your lines appears,
Wretched I view, and wash them with my tears.
If warm with amorous passion they o'erflow,
Fir'd at the sight, my conscious blushes glow.
Still where the crime, if Innocence confess'd,
That Love, chaste Love, inspir'd a woman's breast?

* Quid tamen ipse precer dubito: nec dicere possum,
Affectum quem te mentis habere velim.
Tristis es? indignor, quod sum tibi causa doloris:
Non es? ut amisso conjuge digna fores.
OVID. TRIST. L. 4. EL. 3.

Yet this, ungrateful man to triumph turns,
And with forbidden fires presumptuous burns,
Our fond simplicity to guilt transforms,
And wounds the bosom that his image warms.
But know, rash youth, howe'er of me you deem,
Howe'er below respect my weakness seem,
Know in this heart hath early virtue reign'd,
A father planted, and a mother train'd;
Sacred to honour, and to heav'n it grew,
And guards its treasur'd fruit mature for you.
But could'st thou cherish once the abject thought,
That sapp'd by treacherous arts, or meanly bought,
What worlds could never purchase, it might give,
And I, the slave of vice, one moment live;
Thy lov'd idea from my heart I'd wring,
Though every vein should burst, and every string.
Ah! hope not, dare not, such a monstrous wrong,
Nor seek to add me to the guilty throng,
Whose griefs I pity, but their vices hate,
With horror view, and shun their wretched fate;
But wild suspicion clouds my frantic mind,
And still my friend is just, and still is kind,
Though cruel fortune from my arms detain,
And bind him struggling with her galling chain.
Come then, O come, to this fond bosom fly,
And bid my beauty live, my sorrows die.
No words can paint how faithful I will prove,
And must not tell how tenderly I love.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

BY JOHN GREENSHIELDS, ESQ.

DEAR to my soul, oh early lost!
Affection's arm was weak to save,
And Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,
Have sunk to an untimely grave.

Clos'd, ever clos'd, those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone!
And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which Music lov'd, and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,
Where Feeling's vestal splendours glowed;
And crumbling down to common mould,
That heart, where love and truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,
Which doubt dispelled and kindness won;
Yet the soft diffidence, that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all——forbear my heart,
These unavailing throbs restrain ;
Destruction has perform'd his part,
And Death proclaims thy pangs are vain.

Vain tho' they be this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface ;
And still with bitter pleasure dwell,
On every virtue, every grace.

For ever lost ! I vainly deem'd,
That Heaven my early friend would spare ;
And darker as the prospect seem'd,
The more I struggled with Despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
Unbidden rose, and spoke more true—
She still shall live—the unfolding year
Shall banish pain, and health renew.

She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening roses breath ;
To watchful Love Disease shall yield,
And Friendship ward the shafts of Death.

Alas ! before the violet bloom'd,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Too certain Fate my hopes consum'd,
And she was numbered with the dead

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give;
She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While Folly, Falsehood, Baseness, live.

Long in their vileness live secure
The noxious weed, and wounding thorn;
While snatch'd by violence ere mature,
The lilly from her stem is torn.

Flower worthy Heaven—and Heaven alone,
Thee, good and pure, deserved to share—
On earth a stranger, only shown
To teach what angel natures are.

Yet, who shall blame the heart that feels,
When Heaven resumes the good it gave?
Yet, who shall scorn the tear that steals
From Friendship's eye at Virtue's grave?

Friend, Parent, Sister, tenderest names,
May I, as pale at Memory's shrine
Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach, unblam'd, and mingle mine?

Long on the joys of vanish'd years,
The glance of sadness shall be cast;
Long, long, the emphatic speech of tears
Shall mourn their bloom forever past.

And Thou! who from the orient day
Return'st, with Hope's gay dreams elate,
Falsely secure, and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of Fate,

What waits thee?—not the approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care;
Not the fond glance, o'erpaying toil—
But cold and comfortless Despair.

Despair! I see the phantom rove,
By *Cart's* green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of Love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet Maiden! to thy tomb
My soul in sadness oft shall stray,
More dear to me the hallowed gloom,
Than Life's broad glare, or Fortune's day.

And oft, as Fancy points thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lonely bed,
The secret sigh shall rise—the tear,
That shuns observance shall be shed.

Nor shall the thought of Thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till memory perish—till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

EDINBURGH.

LINES

On leaving Neyland, the residence of the Rev. W. Jones.
(The Author returning to London.)

A GRATEFUL pilgrim's fond adieu,
Delightful vales remain with you!
For in life's brief, but weary way,
Ye interpos'd one dear delay.
And now I turn my ling'ring feet,
Once more a noisy world to meet;
Yet oft with each regretted scene,
The fringed hills romantic screen;
The distant main; the clear blue sky,
To sooth afflicted Fancy's eye.
O thou, whose varied virtues blend,
" The guide, philosopher, and friend!"
How longs my youth, from passion free,
To dwell the tranquil shades with thee,
Secure in holy lore to find,
The sole nepenthe of the mind!
In vain—a different scene I know
Demands me; and prepar'd I go,
Should Truth the prompted soul engage,
To tempt the rude polemic rage;
With Error's giant ranks to close,
And plunge amid conflicting foes.
Me so may some congenial soil
Receive from *Day's* oppressive toil,
To taste like thee with decent pride,
The christian calm of *eventide.*

ST. JOHN'S COLL. OXON. T. P.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

RETURNING Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the earth, and smooths the deep;
All nature smiles serene and gay,
It smiles, but yet, alas, I weep!
But why, why flows th' unbidden tear?
When Fate such precious boons hath lent;
The lives of those who life endear,
And tho' scarce competence—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine,
But that which still kind Heav'n bestows;
Yet then could Peace and Hope combine,
To promise joy, and give repose:
Then have I wander'd thro' the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt
That happy bosom knew no ill;
That those who scorn'd me Time would melt,
And those I lov'd be faultless still:

Enchanting dreams! kind was your art,
That bliss bestow'd without alloy;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter far than joy.

Ah! whence the change, that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye;
And conquers the once powerful charms,
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty?
'Tis harsh Experience! fatal power,
That clouds the gay, illumin'd sky;
That darkens life's meridian hour;
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far,
From that which youthful Fancy drew;
Shows Joy and Prudence oft at war,
Our woes increas'd, our comforts few;
See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the *rose* to 'scape the *thorn*,
And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more.
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Ah! what can now my bliss restore?
Relentless pow'r! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give caution—but withhold distrust,
And guard—but harden not my heart.

THE TEAR.

TO MISS GEDDES.

I TALK'D of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the May-morn of life was with storm overcast,
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt by the blast:
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers, and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near,
Of Treachery's snare, and Ingratitude's tongue
I told;—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear—
When thy bright-beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's controul,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear?

When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our doom,
When toils, and when dangers appear,—
When the storm-threat'ning waves all their terrors assume,
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break thro' the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine thro' a tear.

Yes Beauty—thy tear that from sympathy flows,
To Manhood shall ever be dear:
'Tis the balm of all ills, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance shall close
That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

J. T.

GLASGOW.

CATO'S REPLY,

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQR.

ONCE on a time, as holy authors* say,
A Roman Knight met Cato† on the way;
" Kind Sir," quoth he, " your speedy counsel lend;
" Strange portents are abroad, that fright your friend:
" A prodigy I've seen:—last night a rat
" Eat my old shoe:—what think you, Sir, of that?
" My wife is sick:—and hence I surely spy
" She will recover, or myself will die."
Thus spake the knight, and thus the seer began,
" Your idle fears dispel, and be a man.
" Rats will maraud; and if I augur true,
" Nor death, nor disappointment thence ensue.
" If your old shoe, indeed, had eat the rat,
" I should have thought a prodigy in that."

* St. Augustin.

† Cato was one of the College of Augurs.

FRAGMENT,

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, JUN.

LATE A LIEUTENANT IN THE INDIA COMPANY's SERVICE.

Written at the Age of Sixteen Years.

FROM the calm bow'rs of learning; and the shades,
Where erst I mus'd th' instructive classic lore,
From the parental side, the shelter safe,
Of a fond father's late endearing roof,
Launch'd out, at once, upon the waste immense,
Of Life's broad ocean: aid Me, gracious Heav'n,
With Honour, Fame, and Virtue to arrive
At the last *Goal*, which all mankind to reach
Are fated; when run out this race call'd life.
Farewel!—my Country! O my Native Land,
Farewel!—that land which nurs'd my youthful years,
And train'd me up to manhood! could my mind
Dethrone her recollection, draw around
The veil of dark Oblivion, o'er the scenes
These eyes have witness'd, and thy guilty plains,
Delug'd with native blood! the dire effects
Of civil fury, which together drove—

O Erin !—hapless Erin !——drove thy sons
To wade for mast'ry through each other's blood.—
Yet still thou art my country.—Still, shall I
Still, Glory to be call'd *Hibernian* born !
O country, honour'd as my native soil !
O honour'd, yet still more, whose bosom holds
A lov'd—and loving—Father ! Yet my soul
Clings to the soil which bore me ! and to part,
And—oh—perhaps—to part for ever !—wakes,
Wakes—in my heart—a latent feeling known
At absence only from what's held so dear.——
Ye Cypress glooms, whose weeping boughs o'erhang
That hallow'd spot, and shade that urn around,
Which holds the ashes of my honour'd Mother !*
How sweet a haunt ! your dark embow'ring shades,
Abstracted in deep thought, where I have stray'd.
And oft your shades have witness'd, when retir'd
Both from the noise and clamour of the crowd,
In sullen contemplation would I muse
And oft invoke the tuneful nine to come,
With influence, from the *Pegasean* fount ;
And call around me all the pow'rs of song,
In sober Melancholy's garb array'd.—
And now, O shades, Ye witness, for Ye muſt
Witness—my long—my sad—my last farewel.
No more may I the thoughtful paths frequent ;
No more recline beneath the gloomiest shade ;
No more delight me, with the whispering sound
Of breezes, stealing thro' each dark recess ;—
No more, attentive, listen to the voice

* Her maiden name was *Martha Boles*, an elegant and beautiful woman, first wife of the writer's Father.

Of sportive echo, answering back my lays.—
How oft, at fall of evening, have I climbed
Along the scope of yon hoar hill's ascent;
And viewed beneath me, from his misty top,
The wide extended Ocean, by the winds
Infuriate toss'd! or saw its glassy face,
While ev'ry wave lay motionless and calm,
Reflect the craggs, impendent o'er its deep,
Its placid bosom seeming to invite
The credulous mariner to trust the smiles
Of Ocean's faithless and tremendous gulph!——
Thrice happy Ye! whom Fate's behest ordains
The simple tenants of the rural shade!
Most enviable state; enjoy your bliss,
And, thank kind Providence! my lot is set,
In such a station, as to roam beyond
My native limits, to far distant tribes,
Of different hues, and of a speech unknown.—
How vain the projects all of feeble man!
Fondly did I felicitate myself,
On the domestic lot; and little thought
Myself ordain'd to travel o'er the deep,
To find my portion set—far—far—away,
In distant climes—attainable by few.——
Ah me! now sorrowing must I part those scenes,
Endear'd by long acquaintance; where a child
I've sportive strayed—and grown to riper years,
Have known to feel departure more severe,
And lose those friends, companions of my youth.
And, yet—My Father—oh! had Heaven indulg'd
My wish! yet, wise are Heav'n's supreme decrees.—
Me Honour calls—my Father's wish incites,
That wish—most sure—the welfare of his child
His wish determines—and my welfare tells

That I—should wish the same! Fortune invites—
Already Fancy wafts me to the shores
Of rich *Hindostan*, and around I view
The richest products bounteous Nature gives.—

* * * * * * *

* The reader will peruse the foregoing lines with indulgence, while he considers the youth of the writer, and with interest and sympathy when he reflects on his early and heroic death. They were written immediately before the embarkation of the author for *India*. After remaining there four years, and surmounting all the effects of a climate fatal to so many, he fell in action, in the battle of *Delhi*, under General *Lake*, on the 11th of September, 1803, in the twenty-first year of his age. The only consolation remaining to the afflicted father of this gallant and accomplished young man, is the reflection, that if his career was short, it was unstained by crime, and closed in glory.

LINES

BY WILLIAM PRESTON,

On the lamented and untimely Death of his Son, William Preston the Younger, who was killed at the Battle of Delhi, in the Twenty-first Year of his Age.

——— νεω δε τε πανϊ' ἐοικεν
Αρηι χλαμενω δε δαιγμενω ὀξει χαλκω.

With every tide, with every wind,
I watch'd the tardy sail from *Ind;*
While, still reviving, still delay'd,
Hope on the sicken'd spirit prey'd,

I caught, with fond impatience wild,
At every rumour of my Child.—
At length it comes—the tardy sail
With news of carnage loads the gale.
Oh stroke, that I must long deplore!—
My Son, my *William*, is no more—
Among th' heroic slain he lies—
And who has heard his parting sighs?
As, sinking on the plain, he bled,
What hand sustain'd his drooping head?
What pious accents chear'd his death?
What Friend receiv'd his parting breath?
In pomp decay'd, where *Delhi's* wall
Appears to mourn an Empire's fall,
Where Palaces, their splendor gone,
Are tottering o'er th' imperial Throne,
And Monuments of *Timur's* race
Are mouldering thro' the dreary space.
Oh, welt'ring to the torrid sky,
How many youthful corses lie,
So late the gallant and the brave,
Now, wretched earth denied a grave!
Where *Jumna*, spreading o'er the plain,
Beholds his current choak'd with slain,
The fatal field with gore is red.—
What tongue laments the valiant dead?
What eyelids pour the pitying tear?
What hands the funeral pile uprear?
The Vulture's scream, and Eagle's cries—
Are these, my Son, thy obsequies?—
Oh, far remote, unheard, and low,
From drooping eyes the sorrows flow.
While rapine wild and faithless deed
Ordain the victim Host to bleed,

The gentle Sister, constant Wife,
The parent fond must mourn the strife.
What airy phantoms had I chac'd!
What fond delusions fancy trac'd!
For ever hid in chearless gloom!
Subsided all within the tomb!
To heights ideal I pursu'd
The fair endowments that I view'd,
And saw them win the virtuous praise,
Too rarely sought in modern days.
And sure, the talents of my Son,
In arts and arms the palm had won,
Had Heav'n enlarg'd his narrow span,
To full maturity of man.—
With judgment ripe beyond his age
He turn'd each bright immortal page.
In early youth, the classic hoard
His mind with high conceptions stor'd,
From precept and example brought
By Sages, and by Heroes taught—
He felt the pow'r of lofty rhyme,
To waken thoughts, and aims sublime,
The kindling eye, the conscious breast,
The forms of good and fair confest.
The produce of his youthful vein
Gave earnest of poetic strain,
And true to symmetry and grace,
His eye could just proportion trace
With glance, as rapid as his mind,
While Fancy all he saw combin'd,
And bade his artist hand pourtray
The charms that Nature's works display.
Oh, how unlike the youth we meet,
That croud the theatre and street!

The vain, luxurious, heartless brood,
Without a *mark*, or *likelihood*—
By folly harness'd to her car,
The bane of Peace, unapt for War:
He scorn'd the poor pursuits and plays,
The trivial aims of boyish days,
To feel the high heroic flame,
A manly rank with men to claim.
To feel each energy of thought,
For well he wrote, and bravely fought.
He did not live, his course to guide,
By precepts, classic lore supplied;
Yet, nobly prodigal of breath,
He learn'd from them contempt of death.
Scarce conscious where, I listless range,
In change of place, to find no change,
While every smiling cheek I view,
Bids all my sorrows rise anew;
And every face, that happy shows,
Appears to triumph in my woes.
Ev'n objects dearest to my heart,
With ev'ry charm, a pang impart.
Oft as I see the sun arise
The tear shall glisten in my eyes,
For him, that sought an orient clime,
To perish in the youthful prime,
And fancy still behold thy fall,
And still thy youthful form recall.—
Has life prolong'd her listless dream,
My Son, to make thy death my theme,
To pour the weak enervate verse,
Unworthy off'ring, on thy hearse?
For me remains the mournful pride,
To think my Son has bravely died,

That if he fell in youthful prime,
His name was never stain'd with crime.
And happier sure the parent's doom,
Whose Son is honour'd in the tomb,
Than his who mourns a worthless race,
In life continued, for disgrace,
To link dishonour with a name,
And tinge a Father's cheek with shame.

TO ———.

ON HER APPEARING TO RETIRE FROM A WINDOW.

LADY, a little while remain;
Unworthier eyes may gaze on thee:
And know, 'twill soothe the heart's sad pain,
Though but awhile thy charms to see.

Alas! what scenes of bliss have fled,
Since first thy peerless smiles I saw;
Reviving else, those scenes are dead,
If thou, ô Once-Belov'd! withdraw.

Like hope, thou beamest from afar
A bright though intermitting ray:
I hail thee, beauteous as the star
That softly gilds the setting day!

P. L. C.

THE WINGS OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY MR. DALLAS.

'Tis said Love flies;—whence came his wings?
The Boy was born with no such things,
For Innocence wou'd never rove,
And wings were useless then to Love:
Nor did they shoot up as he grew,
For Infancy is fond and true;
Thus, still unfledg'd, he reach'd the age
When tender sighs the heart engage,
For Constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful Love:
But soon as e'er one balmy kiss,
From Chloe's lips, had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow points began to peep.
Another kiss!—the callow points
To pinions sprout with downy joints.
Kiss follows kiss!—two days, 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread.
In fine, he talk'd and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell.
Soon as his power the Urchin knew,
He proudly clapt his wings and flew.

NIGER.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

Opening of the Poem—Scenery of the Niger—Distress of Parke whilst travelling to discover its source—Difficult access to the interior of Africa—These difficulties not a sufficient obstacle to the pursuit of the Slave Trade—The misfortunes it entails on the Africans—Revenged by the calamities peculiar to the West India Islands—The earthquake of Port Royal—The yellow fever—The war in Domingo—The happiness an introduction of Christianity into Africa would occasion—Conclusion.

STILL is the night, and slow the twilight hours
Throw their dim veil o'er Rhedicyna's tow'rs;
All silent now the tardy waves that glide
Beside her walls, a lucid, sparkling tide,
Save when the light waves tinkle on the shore,
Or echoes regular the dashing oar.
Fair evening star! whose scintillating fires
Silver with paly light these glimmering spires!
Fair star! that walk'st in brightness thro' the sky,
Vast is the scene now bursting on thine eye!
Subject to thee, all earth's wide surface yields,
Spain's citron groves and richly cultur'd fields,

The vines that blush beneath Hesperia's sky,
And all the spicy wastes of Araby—
Ah, would like thee, that I could mount and stray,
Borne in thy car along thy skyey way!
With eye like thine each distant realm explore,
Each blooming paradise, each desert shore,
Though still my Albion I should view not there,
A race than thine more brave, a land more fair!
  Come Fancy, thou! and bear me on thy wing,
Bear me to distant Niger's mystic spring!
To fancy's eye e'en now his streams expand,
In fancy now upon his marge I stand;
See slow and sullen round his huge streams glide,
Deep as the sea, and as the ocean wide;
Mark his rough cliffs impending, rude and steep,
Crown'd with imperious forests, dark and deep:
The blazing sun shoots down his fiercest ray,
The hov'ring vultures shriek in air for prey,
Dark purple clouds sail in the oppressive sky,
And mountain cataracts thunder from on high,
No human voice is heard, no soothing sound,
But Nature in her wildness reigns around.
  Here late fatigue's and famine's gasping prey,
Albion thy Parke an outcast wand'rer lay,
Here the cold earth received his fainting head,
The humid rushes form'd his dewy bed.
But what though hence full many a thousand mile
Lay the green borders of his native isle;
Tho' no kind, anxious relative was near
To soothe his melancholy, dry his tear;
Though sick and cold and faint he press'd the strand:
Savage the tribes around, and drear the land;
Still Hope beam'd mildly in his swimming eyes,
Still with strong faith to heav'n his pray'rs arise.

" O save me Thou whose all protecting pow'r
" Preserves the meanest insect, humblest flow'r,
" Whose parent hands the lowliest moss imbue
" With fresh'ning rains, and renovating dew,
" If me not wealth's not pow'r's proud brilliance fir'd,
" Nor dire Crusader's * bigot zeal inspir'd,
" Far from my friends, my home, my native land,
" If Science led me to this dreary strand,
" Oh Father save me from my op'ning grave,
" Oh stretch thine arm, thine arm still pleas'd to save"—
And Heav'n attended: to their huts with care,
He bade a negro band the wand'rer bear;
Still sound the notes the simple Afric sung,
As, pitying o'er his paly form he hung—
" Loud howl'd the storm; fast drove the sleety show'r,
" The white man bent him to the tempest's power.
" No wife's, no mother's care, beside our shed
" Faint, weary, weak, he laid his friendless head;
" The white man now shall feel the negro's care,
" Our kind assistance and our pity share—
" And now are still'd the storm, the furious blast,
" And gone the sleety show'r that drove so fast;
" No more the whirlwind's force deforms the air,
" For he that owns the power delights to spare.
" What though full oft beyond th' Atlantic wave
" His kindred lord it o'er the wretched slave,

* This expression is not meant to relate to the wars undertaken to re-establish the Christians in the Holy Land, but to some of the continental wars towards the conclusion of the dark ages, and particularly to the expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro against Mexico and Peru, where Religion and the Cross were made a pretext for Atrocities disgraceful to humanity.

" The white man safe shall go, and with him bear
" Along his toilsome way the negro's pray'r."—
For sad his toils who roves thy banks along
Gigantic stream! thy rocks, thy wastes among,
'Midst savage tribes, and realms and wilds unknown,
Who bends his way unfriended and alone;
* What tho' not there, as fabling Greeks have told,
The fanged Gryphon guards his secret gold,
No Gorgons glare, no igneous torrents roll
All the wild ravings of the fev'rish soul;
Yet dire the terrors of the wand'rer's way
Where ambush'd snakes lie horrible for prey,
Where pois'nous insects hustling swarm in air,
And wons † the wild-beast in his gory lair;
Where round him far primæval groves are spread,
No shelt'ring cot to rest his weary head——
Ah! what avails it that his footsteps rove
Thro' the rich scenery of the darkest grove,
Ah what avail the verdure of the strand,
The waters rippling on the yellow sand,
The birds imbued with many a lovelier dye,
Than boasts the rainbow in his dewy sky,
The songs that echo from the tow'ring trees,
The rich perfumes that linger on the breeze,
When hunger prompts the agonizing sigh,
Nor friend to pity or relieve is nigh?
‡ And could not all these perils of the way
Save thee, sad land, to Europe's lusts a prey?

* Æschyl. Prom. Vinct. Line 811.

†——————— Out of the ground uprose
As from his lair, the wild beast where he *wons*,
In forest wide. MILTON.

‡ It is not the system of the slave trade which is here attacked, but the abuses and inhumanities introduced into it. During the

These bulwarks form'd by Nature's hand withhold
The ruffian bands that tear thy realms for gold?
Ah no! as rush the accursed bands along,
In vain gaunt famine scolds thy wilds among,
And conscience stings, and mercy pleads in vain,
When Avarice goads them on, and points to gain—
Fair laughs the morn and sprightly blows the gale,
The streamers wave, and swells the bellying sail,
And foams beneath her keel the whitening spray,
As bounds the slave-ship on her destin'd way—
Now from the mast the sailors hail the land
Now safe she rides and anchors by the strand—
Oppressors come! ye that your short-liv'd hour
Shine slaves of fortune and of ill-got pow'r,
For whom the Negroe's wounds and Negroe's cry
Have raised the pile of human greatness high;
Smile! as you view those whom your fell command
Have torn with dire grasp from their bleeding land,
Those who at home on Afric's happier shore
Have tasted every social bliss of yore,
Have mix'd in friendly happy groups to bound
To the moresco drum's inspiring sound,
Have led the wandering white man to their shed,
And heap'd with leaves his hospitable bed;
For him exhausted all their little hoard,
And heap'd with all they had the genial board—
—— Stiff and corrupting: fled their guileless breath
Stamp'd with the livid characters of death.
Smile ye on her by wildest griefs possest,
Whose dead babe clings around her throbbing breast,

present state of Africa, that the slave trade cannot be entirely abolished, has been plainly proved by Parke's Travels, and Dalzel in his Hist. of Dahomy. See likewise the Anti-Jac. Review, Vol. iv. Pag. 298.

Smile on the frantic wretch that idly raves
And calls for friends far, far beyond the waves;
On him from whose dim eyes no tear drop flows,
Whom long-lost sense forbids to feel his woes,
That groans not, lifts not his dejected head,
Motionless stretch'd along his pebbly bed,——
Laugh, tyrants laugh, heave no relenting sigh,
Nor let one glistening tear disgrace your eye!
And ye sad few whose life and sense remain,
Why glance your eyes along the vasty main?
Why o'er the clouds, whose wildly heap'd array
Crowns ocean's edge, as chance your eyes to stray,
Weep ye? ah there ye fancy lies your isle,
Your friend's caresses and your childrens' smile!
Why thus abruptly from your broken sleep
Start ye and sigh in grief too big to weep?
Ah still in dreams ye see the baleful light
With which your crackling huts illum'd the night,
When first your captors rang their loud alarms,
And tore the widow from her orphan's arms,
Stabb'd your sick parents as supine they lay,
And bore ye, shrieking, from your huts away——
And now ye wake to hear the scourge's sound,
And groans, and shrieks, and misery all around,
To feel the vengeful twisted scourge applied,
Lash round your limbs and harrow up your side;
Or toil in torture by the furnace flame
That peels the parch'd skin from your with'ring frame.
Meek, injur'd souls, your helpless piteous cries,
Your quiv'ring tears and agonizing sighs,
With mournful eloquence ascend on high,
And call the avenging angel from the sky.
Those highest heav'ns, those golden thrones among,
Where brightest seraphs chaunt the eternal song,

Sits the avenging angel——'neath his eyes,
Earth's varied scene in out-stretch'd prospect lies,
His keen, his piercing eyes that know no night,
Bath'd with one stream of everlasting light!
That scan each injury, each latent ill,
Each embryo crime scarce hatch'd within the will.
His the fell torch that lights the flames of war;
The trump', that wakes the tempest from afar;
Sounds, as he comes, the quiver by his side,
With darts of baleful pestilence supplied:
The murky cloud, the tempest's sheeted flame,
Float in dark eddyings round his aweful frame.
Slow wave his wings—dread ensign of command,
A lurid scepter fills his blasting hand,
On bleak Jamaica's cliffs he plants his throne,
The tempest's seat of empire and his own.—
Tremble devoted Isle! his mandates sound,
And hovering glooms obedient gird thee round,
Burst from the rending ground pale, sulph'rous fires,
And quick and vivid blaze the electric fires;
He calls—The yawning Earth his voice obeys,
And rocks and quivers on her tott'ring base.
'Tis done—again the sun shoots out his rays,
Scatters the gloom, and Nature's face displays—
But not again—ah no—they shine no more,
The glittering towers that crown'd Jamaica's shore,
Fall'n, fall'n, they lie, and vapoury damps arise
Amidst their ruins steaming to the skies;
Her mart is hush'd: still, silent as the grave—
And many a corse floats mangled on the wave.—
E'en now, whilst yet the proud piles smoke around,
And fall'n magnificence bestrews the ground,
Whilst yet the half-crush'd suff'rers gasping lie,
Heave the short sob and quick convulsive sigh,

Vengeance triumphant drinks their fault'ring breath,
And mocks them writhing in the pangs of death.
" Where now oppressors, where th' obsequious croud
" Around your gates that meanly cring'd and bow'd;
" Where the soft music that your eyelids clos'd,
" The robes that clad, the down that erst repos'd,
" The slaves that toil'd your lordly weight to bear,
" When noon rag'd fiercest in the sultry air?
" As bled those slaves, when shone your favor'd hour,
" The taudry zenith of your ill-us'd power,
" So bleed your mangled limbs, your quiv'ring form
" The panting relics of the ruthless storm.
" As tow'r the cedars on the mountain's head,
" And proudly round their giant branches spread,
" Drink in the fervours of the eastern sky,
" Laugh at the lightnings, and the storm defy—
" So tower'd ye, reckless of the avenging blow,
" Nor thought the arm that rais'd, could lay ye low,
" But fallen ye lie, the refuse of the land,
" Low as the noisome weed that rots upon the strand."
And mark, as high again in air he wheels,
Each western isle his indignation feels;
Twangs loud around the pestilential dart,
And rankles deep in every fest'ring heart,
Quick spreads the poison thro' their parching frame,
Each boiling vein drinks in the subtle flame;
Mark'd ye their beating pulse, their steaming breath,
The fœtid stench that spreads contagious death,
How parch'd their throat—and ah! no friend is nigh
The grateful cooling bev'rage to supply;
No friend is nigh their starting eyes to close
When fainting nature sinks to last repose.
Oh stay, dire angel! stay thy avenging hand,
Spare! spare! enough has bled the fated land,

E'en Niger's sated genius by thy side,
Turns from their woes his pitying eyes aside.
It must not be—Heard ye the battle's roar,
The shout ferocious on Domingo's shore ?
Weep, Gallia ! weep—thy trembling squadrons fly,
And Afric's shouts rise joyous to the sky.
See ! flashing far adown the mountain's brow
Their red artillery thins thy ranks below ;
By putrid thousands rot they on the shore,
And feast the pamper'd eagles high with gore ;
Death's toothless jaws relax into a smile
As bath'd in carnage, stamps he on the pile.
—— And still while loud beneath the western sky
Misery shall lift her hands, her suppliant cry ;
While rings sharp anguish o'er the Atlantic main,
There, there alone, shall angry Vengeance reign ;
There brood attendant on his awful form
The pestilence, the battle, and the storm.
Oh thou that curbst the tyrant's struggling pride
And daffs't * the threats of haughty pow'rs aside,
But shinest lovelier when the wretch's friend
Thou wak'st the fall'n to raise, the helpless to defend;
Oh when the din of war is heard no more,
And preparation sounds not on thy shore,
When rots the apostate plunderer in his urn,
And Bourbon's milder star and peace return ;
Genius of Albion then awake, arise !
Then stretch thine arm, and list' to Afric's cries.
Spirit of Jones † that on this earthly scene,
Didst shine a gem of purest ray serene,

* That *daff'd* the world aside. SHAKSPEARE.

† Illustris fuit ille Margarita,
Purâ luce nitens colore puro ;
Quem gemmæ pretium latere questas,
Coneræ restituit Deus parenti.
Jones, Poeseos Asiat. Comm.

Whose worth conceal'd thy fond Creator mourn'd,
And gently to its parent shell return'd.
And thou too, Cooke! and all whose hands of yore
Round earth's wide bounds your country's glories bore,
And still, where-e'er your red cross flag unfurl'd,
Strove to enlighten, humanize the world;
Forbid that e'er your noble zeal expire;
In British breasts still nurse a kindred fire:
* With kindred virtue teach them to display
To darkling Afric intellectual day—
Oh let that star that still so pure, so mild,
Has on this isle with heavenly radiance smil'd,
Break Afric's glooms of cheerless, rayless night,
And spread its gentle beams of gospel light!
No more the Negro then shall suppliant cry,
To the rude god of fond idolatry.
No more his savage tombs and shrines around,
The captive's gore shall flood the smoking ground.
But christian lore shall check the chief's career—
Win from his lifted hand the thirsting spear,
Teach his stern heart to sooth the captive's pain,
Nor forge with brother's hand, a brother's chain—
And oft as laid beneath their cooling trees
The swarthy bands inhale their native breeze,

*If ever a successful issue is put to our present contest, and from our own security, we may be enabled to attend to the misfortunes of other nations, nothing could be more an honour to the English nation, than an attempt to extend Christianity in Africa, in the manner that Sir William Jones attempted it in the East. As great advantages might then be received from a liberal commerce with the negroes, as from their present compelled labours, and in the warm soil of Africa, almost all the valuable productions of the Eastern and Western Indies might be brought to native perfection. See Parke, Pag. 312.

See numerous hords in peaceful lowings graze
Where Niger's stream 'midst new rais'd culture strays;
Transplanted fruitage bloom amidst a wild
Where never fruit before, or flow'ret smil'd;
Either rich India rise in glowing bloom,
Bright as at home, and shed as rich perfume,
Where marshy fens among, and brakes, of yore
The wild Hyenas lapp'd the trav'ller's gore—
Their hearts shall turn to those who cross'd the sea
To save the sable sons of Misery:
For them, to heaven, their new-taught pray'rs arise,
And call down blessings on them from the skies—
'Midst shouts of joy adown old Niger's tide,
Britannia's flag shall wave in flowing pride——
Proud as the sun, that, when his dawning ray
Spreads o'er the clouds the hues of coming day,
Tinges the banks the expanded Ganges laves,
And sparkles brilliant in his dancing waves—
——Hears prostrate nations hail his bright career,
His the sole sov'reign of his mighty sphere.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

Ned, in a long and sleepy poem,
Attempts to run my writings down;
And I, my just revenge to show him,
His verses read to half the town.

R. A. D.

ODE

Occasioned by reading an Ode to Bishop Percy, on the Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

WHEN Conway's surge with horrid roar,
Had whelm'd the Druids tresses hoar,
Hovering o'er the haunted flood,
The Genius of the sacred wood,
High the dripping mantle shook,
And floating lyre uplifted took,
Where bards immortal, mid the tuneful spheres,
Chaunt to Heroic shades the songs of elder years.

" Mantle, erst by Merlin given,
" Dipt in rainbow tints of Heaven,
" Fraught with many a wizard spell,
" Mortal language dare not tell;
" Spells that human hearts controul,
" Awe the sense and melt the soul;
" At Terror's voice bid Health's bright rubies fly,
" Or gem with pearls divine soft Pity's angel eye.

" Relic of the awful Seer,
" Wondrous key of Joy and Fear;
" Who can boast a kindred spirit?
" Who thy magic power inherit?
" What child of Earth shall now aspire
" To touch the doom-denouncing lyre?"
The Minstrel Choir in mute attention hung,
Whilst to his airy harp thus Taliessin sung:

" Bear them from that fatal shore,
" (Mona's melody is o'er)
" To the Nymph of fairy song,
" Caledonia's groves among,
" Bid her build the lofty rhyme;
" Bid her raise the hymn sublime,
" Fit for the King * of Bards in days of yore;
" Fit for the mighty Lord of legendary lore."

Worthy of the high command,
Hark! the Virgin's potent hand
Strikes the chords of pain and pleasure,
In a sweetly-varied measure;
She with Pythic ardour firing,
Felt within the God inspiring;
And whilst the shell resounded PERCY's praise,
We heard the heaven-born strains of Arthur's golden days.

G. H. D.

EDINBURGH.

* Aneurin.

TO A LATE PRIMROSE,

BY LOCKHART MUIRHEAD, A. M.

Weep not, modest child of Spring—
Lone, unpitied in the dell—
Snatch the joys the Graces bring—
Bid thy tufted haunts farewell.

'Reft of kindred, wherefore stay?
Other flowrets paint the vale,
Vernal Zephyrs fade away,
Sultry vapours taint the gale.

Come, my Emma's breast adorn!
Give to her thy blossom rare;
Emma sooths the fair forlorn—
Emma cheers the child of care.

Wanton now around thy tomb—
Catch the smile, and catch the sigh—
Rescued from the grove of gloom.
Happy Primrose, live—and—die.

THE FAIRY'S INVITATION.

COME to my bower in Summer's vale,
  Thy lonely dwelling it shall be,
Thy only visitant the gale
  That wanders from the moon-light sea.

But even its wing of dewy air
  The rustling boughs shall cease to move,
While Mercy to thy evening prayer
  Breathes her response in hymns of love.

And when the beams of rapture glow
  Thro' the bright tear in Beauty's eye,
In that tranc'd hour thy heart shall know
  An angel's kindling extacy.

While dying Twilight's mournful sighs
  Round Nature's mossy altar heave,
Eolian notes from starry skies,
  The plaintive minstrelsy of eve,

Shall charm the enthusiast's labouring breast,
  Warbling in Fancy's raptur'd ear
The songs that soothe eternal rest,
  The music of thy native sphere.

Oh it will calm thy fever'd brain,
  Whose fibres throb in frantic woe;
But never must thy heart again
  One thought upon the *World* bestow.

In my lone dell, by Nature blest,
  Where her sky-tinted chaplets bloom,
No maddening sorrow rends the breast,
  Nor sways in visionary gloom.

To Virtue, Taste, and Genius dear,
  Come to my holy, peaceful bower;
But never must a mortal tear
  Profane my consecrated hour.

That witching *voice* no more shall charm,
  That lures thee from thy promis'd Heav'n,
But when the beams of Memory warm,
  One sigh may rise, and be forgiven.

Oh when the lightnings of her eye,
  Shall pierce the deepening veil of Time,
And when the long-loved visions fly,
  I'll nerve thy soul with powers sublime,

To triumph o'er the fateful past
That clouds the morning of thy days,
While bright thro' Fate's o'erwhelming blast
Shall living beams of glory blaze.

Then seek my deep embowering grove,
There shall thy painful wanderings cease,
And even the breast of luckless Love
Shall own the golden dreams of *Peace.*

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, JUNE 12, 1803.

INVOCATION, FROM THE LATIN,

BY MRS. B——, OF DERBYSHIRE.

O! SLEEP! thou image of insensate Death,
On my long restless couch thy balm bestow!
Balm, sweeter far than is the Summer's breath
To the lone votary of cureless woe.

Come! and thy dear oblivious slumbers give!
Press with thy gentle hand my closing eye!
How blest, unconscious thus of life, to live!
How blest, thus softly, without death to dye!

THE STRANGER.

TO MISS GRAHAME.

In Anna's bosom heaves the sigh;
Her breath in plaintive murmur flows;
And dew-drops steal from Anna's eye,
To hear a stranger's tale of woes;

And, sweetly, o'er her virgin form
How steals the sympathising grace!
How beam the features, meekly warm,
Thro' which the inward soul we trace!

But Anna's fingers wake the lyre,
The lyre the secret charm obeys;
Her touch thro' every trembling wire,
The sympathetic soul conveys.

Why at that note from Rhudland's plain,
This mournful thrill?—this tender glow?
'Tis Anna wakes the mournful strain,
And wakes to soothe a stranger's woe.

Enchanting maid! as o'er thy form,
In holiest rapture roves my eye,
I feel the father—struggling—warm—
And (homeward glancing) heave the sigh.

Oh! that my bud of sweetest bloom—
My little maiden—far away,
May such maturing grace assume,
As Anna's opening charms display;

And that atoning Fate to me——
(What boon so rare can Fate bestow?)
May grant those opening sweets to see,
Thus prone to soothe a stranger's woe.

J. T.

GLASGOW.

WRITTEN

IN A VERY MINUTE EDITION OF

GRAY'S POEMS.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

ALL to the lofty Ode that Genius gives,
Within these few and narrow pages lives;
The Theban's strength, and *more* than Theban's grace,
A lyric UNIVERSE in *Fairy* space!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. FRANCES PRESTON,

In the Year 1789.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON.

ACCEPT a heart, my dearest girl,
That faithful, fond, and true,
In Season's change, and Fortune's whirl,
Shall ever doat on you.
Sure, if your heart with mine accords,
This truth I need not tell:
No human tongue, no pow'r of words
Can picture what I feel.—
My morning thoughts, my nightly dream,
The subject of each pray'r—
Have I a wish, a hope, a scheme,
Where Fanny does not share?
If you but half the passion prove,
That dwells within my heart,
To me may gracious powers above
A length of days impart:
But if within your gentle breast,
Indifference holds her reign,
Soon let me find, in endless rest,
A kind relief from pain.

LINES

Written on the Commencement of the New Year, 1804, and inscribed to Mrs. Frances Preston.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON.

WELCOME New Year—farewel the past—
May this be happy, as the last!
A pang, a fear, we sometimes knew,
Yet still on wings of down it flew.
The future might in prospect frown;
Yet, still the present was our own.—
May Health arise, with airy wing,
And usher in th' enamell'd Spring;
And may our children feel it's power,
And rise, and blossom, like the flow'r;
While Competence her blessing sheds,
And smooths the pillow for our heads.—
My *Fanny*, thrice five circling years,
Has shar'd my sorrows, hopes, and fears,
The constant friend, the tender wife,
Thro' sunshine, and thro' storms, of life.—
Long may our peaceful union last,
As little chequer'd as the past!—
Long may we sit beside the hearth,
And contemplate our children's mirth!

Long may they recompence, and share
The plastic hand, the parent's care!
Thou canst not think, what pride of heart
Our six young olive plants impart:
The only treasure we can boast,
The gems that deck a mother most,
The branches that our board adorn,
As fresh, and hopeful, as the morn!—
Their forms how fair! how bright their eyes,
As clear and blue as cloudless skies!
In these, why should my *Fanny* find
A gloomy thought to vex the mind?
Each darling animated toy,
Be sacred all, to Love and Joy!—
Yet—when they croud our knees around,
And eager cries of mirth resound;
When, thoughtless as the birds, and gay,
They skim—they glance—in airy play;
I well can read your moisten'd eyes,
How, mix'd with transport, fears arise.—
While fond maternal care debates
Their present health, their future fates,
Foreboded wants, imagin'd ill,
With mournful apprehension fill.
In thought, you see them push from shore,
Without a compass, sail, or oar.—
You see them on the billows ride,
Conflicting with the wind and tide.—
Dismiss the fond solicitude,
It seems to doubt that Heav'n is good.
Trust me, these innocents shall prove
The care of universal love.
Shall he, that feeds the plumy race,
And ev'n the savage beast of chace,

That leans, indulgent from the sky,
To hear the raven's youngling cry:
Shall he withhold his guardian care,
From beings harmless, sweet, and fair?
He bids the dew from Heav'n distil,
And every plant with nurture fill,
He sends the sunshine, and the rain,
With springing herbs to cloath the plain,
And not a tree, and not a flow'r,
But owns the Maker's bounteous pow'r.
If he, the general care to show,
Bids ev'n the thorn and hemlock grow;
Shall not these polish'd plants demand
Support from his parental hand;
In health, and strength, to bid them spring,
And timely fruits of manhood bring?
Our children, surely, will deserve
A blessing from the God we serve.
Meantime, the true maternal part
To virtue trains the tender heart;
That each an off'ring may be giv'n,
A servant to the King of Heav'n.
One portion, sure, we can bestow,
The free-born thought, the virtuous glow,
Th' impression of the Maker's law,
That fills the soul with pious awe.
—This done, the rest to Heav'n resign;
And let the present hour be thine.
Our bounded means exemption grant,
From cumb'rous wealth, and sordid want.
Why should we fear the stroke of fate,
Whose manners quadrate with our state?
We rush not on with vain expence!
Nor ape a neighbour's opulence.

Contented shall our being steal,
Thro' home-bred joys, and temperate meal;
Nor wistful look abroad, to find
An envious pang to gnaw the mind.
And may the storms of fate we prove,
By mutual aid encrease our love!
As Mariners, that gain the shore,
On broken plank, or floating oar,
When now they find the danger past,
In rapture strain each other fast.

MOSCHUS. IDYLLIUM VI.

Translated.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

SWEET Star of Evening, Venus' golden light,
Divinest image in the fane of Night,
Lov'd Vesper, whose bright rays as far outshine
Heav'ns *other* gems, as Luna's lustre *thine*,
Hail genial orb! and with auspicious beam,
(For lo! fair LUNA wanes with dying gleam)
Illume my path; who with no guilty aim,
Thy soft beneficence of splendour claim.
Not of their train am I, whose felon toil
Makes the night-wilder'd traveller their spoil,
Love,—Love alone, my wandering step has mov'd,
Shine out, sweet STAR! a lover should be lov'd.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT,

In an embowered walk at Compton-place, Sussex.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

THESE leaf-strewn paths a carpet spread
Where elfin feet, with tiny tread,
In charmed circles, nightly play,
To chase each reptile tribe away.

No coiling snake, no cowering toad,
Can here take up its brief abode,
While Glow-Worm lustres twinkle nigh,
To lume the fairy revelry:

And though, e'er morning's first beam glows,
The pigmy court their pastimes close;
Still oft they wander round these scenes,
To fence the flowers, and guard the greens.

Then let no vagrant step intrude
With harmful thought or purpose rude;
For he whose day broods noxious schemes,
Shall find, at night, no welcome dreams.

THE SHIELD.

BY MRS. JACKSON.

With bended bow and conquering air
When Cupid aim'd a threat'ning dart,
Forewarn'd, the timid, trembling fair,
An icy shield spread o'er her heart.

Prudence, who disciplin'd the maid,
Bestow'd it in a cautious hour;
And now the charm is first essay'd
To guard her from the traitor's power.

His blunted arrows back recoil;
The baffled God in madness raves;
She mocks his angry, fruitless toil,
The chilling spell her bosom saves.

Indignant he regains the bower,
Which wantonly he lately fled;
Disgrac'd he holds each future hour,
And hides in Venus' breast his head.

The mother seeks his grief to learn,
  Then sooths him with her sweetest smiles;
Bids him no longer weep and mourn,
  For stubborn hearts will yield to wiles.

His flushing cheek and wrathful look,
  Assume a soft and gentle glow,
As he her ready lesson took,
  To quit his darts—to hide his bow.

Now soft and tender is he seen,
  And gently are his words exprest;
With subtle art, and alter'd mien,
  He robes him in a borrow'd vest.

In Friendship's guise the fair he meets,
  In Friendship's voice he whispers mild,
As Friendship, she deceit admits,
  And nurs'd in Friendship's name the child.

With cautious boldness, by degrees,
  He frolicks, plays, and on her breast
Attempts to touch, and then to seize,
  The frigid guardian of her rest.

Forbear, in agony, she cries,
  That talisman secures my ease;
But for its power these weeping eyes
  Would mourn the loss of rest and peace.

There is a treacherous, tyrant boy,
Ah! how unlike thy simple truth;
Who robs fond virgins of their joy,
Their smiles of innocence and youth.

His fiery darts enflame the soul;
Days lose their peace, and nights their rest:
Once on yon bank he fixed his goal,
And aim'd his arrows at my breast.

This shield secur'd me from his power,
This shield alone protects me still,
For oft unseen, in careless hour,
The weak are conquer'd by his skill.

Oh, pardon me, the urchin cries,
I little knew my ven'trous deed!
In these sad tears, and burning sighs,
My penitence and sorrow read.

And let me press this guardian spell,
Close, and still closer to thy breast—
He press'd, he sigh'd, his warm tears fell,
Her throbbing heart his power confess'd.

In wonder all her soul is tost,
As she the sudden change revolv'd,
A moment tells her all is lost,
She feels the magic spell dissolv'd.

Wild triumph glads his alter'd eye,
He quits the victim of his power;
Subdued, she scarcely breathes a sigh;
He flies to Venus and her bower.

With pensive thought the lonely maid
Retraces all the paths he trod;
Still lingers where she was betray'd,
Feels all his power, and owns the God.

BION. IDYLLIUM VI.

Translated.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

THE Muses bow before Love's genial sway,
Thron'd in their hearts, he reigns, he rules their lay;
And the cold youth, from tender passion free,
In vain attempts their lofty harmony.
For him alone attemper'd to delight,
Who *wreaths* the bands that Love to Verse unite,
Gay images and radiant fancies throng
To grace the numbers of his charming song.
O truth most clear! for when my harp essays
To sound heroic notes, and God-like praise,
The harsh strain falters, and my slumbering hand
Errs mid the chords;—but when at LOVE's command
My Lydia's form, my Lydias smile renews
The sweet effusions of my happy Muse,
Hear ye!—what vocal transport breathes around!
Hear the insatiate Echos catch the sound!

MYTHOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF A BOX

Appropriated to the annual reception of poetical contributions, at the Vicarage of Hayes, Middlesex, when the Rev. Anthony Hinton was Vicar,

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

" Diversa figurarum positio."

WHEN the box of Pandora came down from the Gods
To disquiet poor mortals and set them at odds,
'Twas hewn by the Fates from some health-blasting yew
Which on Acheron's bank or Avernus's grew;
By Vulcan 'twas hing'd with the diræ of Life,
By Bellona emboss'd with the symbols of strife,
While each fiend of Cocytus his malice combin'd
To make this joint present a curse to mankind!
But the box which Apollo now yearly displays,
When he visits his classical villa called HAYES,
As a nostrum for that which descended of yore,
Bright Pæon himself from a laurel-tree bore,
Of the very same genus that Daphne's own hand
Had formerly planted on Peneus' strand;
By the Muses 'twas form'd on their favourite mount,
By the Graces thrice polish'd at Dian's pure fount,
And fill'd with each flowret of Nature and Art
That blooms from the fancy, or springs from the heart:
On its sides are the scions of Genius chas'd,
Round its borders, inlaid, are the tendrils of Taste,
While Wit's lucid gems of the very first drop,
Circumscribe a young figure of Fame on the top.

ON READING SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS,

By a Young Lady of Edinburgh,

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD, A. M.

THAT strain once more! it had *no* dying fall *,
Tremendous minstrelsy! it shook my frame
As upward thro' the wide Olympian hall,
Thy genius bore me on his wings of flame.

That strain once more!—oh many a year is flown
Since Collins smote the clanging lyre so strong;
When like the shock that runs from zone to zone,
I felt the sacred violence of song!

Our distance far we mortal minstrels keep,
Who round the borders of Parnassus stray,
Alone she climbs the formidable steep,
And eyes the beam of more than solar day.

At once almost with angels there she views
Old Nature's mighty current ebb and flow,
That now the desolating conflict brews,
Now bids the vernal tints of Eden glow.

With thee aghast, I climb the frozen wave,†
Where the dim pole-star views the sailor's doom,
While Zembla's tempests thro' the cordage rave,
Till each man stands his own Gorgonean tomb.

* Shakespeare.

† Spirit of the Storm, an Ode.

With thee I climb the proud Columbian steep,
To see the blackening storm expand its wings,
Which bending on the woods with eagle-sweep
Its sturdy files around the valley flings.

The son of Fingal, in his cloudy cave *
Tunes his aërial melody to thine,
And follows thee on Æther's limpid wave,
From the bright pole-star to the burning line.

Reclining on his Marathonian lance,
The † tragic father asks who found the shell
That us'd his attic audience to entrance,
Or bid the tumults of the bosom swell.

Even mighty Shakespear marvels to behold
The sudden wonders of thy wizard hand;
There spectres frown, and awful scenes unfold,
In gloomy contrast to his magic band.

But when thy Seraph spreads his starry plume, ‡
His glories brighten, as the song proceeds;
Ætherial splendours pierce the gilded gloom,
And the deep vista shows his wondrous deeds.

Young Favourite of the Muse accept the lay,
A primal offering from Ierne's coast,
Where like the lark that hails the rising day,
I try to sing Edina's pride and boast.

* Ode to Freedom.

†Eschylus—See his Chorusses.—He fought at the battle of Marathon.

‡ The Seraph, an Ode.

And yet thou art unknown, except to few,
  Who, as the Genii round the cradle wait
Of one ordained fair Science to renew,
  Or fix the fortunes of his parent state:

So these observe the glorious mark afar,
  On which, intent, you fix your kindling eye;
As the young eagle views the solar car,
  And longs to follow through the glowing sky.

Is it thy lot a Thespian wreath to wear,
  And bid the manes of the dead return?
Shall the fallen patriot grace the funeral bier,
  Or rival minds with fiercest passions burn?

Or wilt thou seek the pure Aonian springs,
  That only to the favoured few are known,
And nobly rising from material things,
  Aspire to make the moral world thine own?

'Tis thine on steady wing to mount the sky,
  And see her glorious dome immensely spread,
O seize the sacred lightnings as they fly,
  And strike triumphant Vice and Folly dead.

'Tis thine to claim the Muses noblest right,
  O seize the holy harp in Zion strung;
And emulate the solemn bard of Night,*
  And him † that lights primæval glories sung.

RATHFRYLAND, SEPT. 12, 1802.

* Young.

† Milton.—See his Hymn to Light.

TO THE

REV. HENRY BOYD, A. M.

On reading his translation of Dante and Original Poems.

HAIL, holy Minstrel of yon haunted shore,
Where heaven-taught bards the harp of Erin strung,
And youthful warriors in their halls of yore,
The mighty prowess of their fathers sung.

Those sons of song, bright beams of other days,
In purer worlds that glow, in light sublime;
Smite Heav'n's bold lyre responsive to thy lays,
Rising extatic from the shades of Time.

And oft when moonlight trembles on the seas,
While Midnight watches on her cloudy tower,
Soft aëreal music floating on the breeze,
Wakes dreams of transport in thy classic bower.

For thee the voice of Arno's* lovely vale
Pours hymns seraphic on the listening night,
While Heaven's pure breath in many a charmed gale,
Bears the wild minstrelsy of warm delight.

* Dante.

That voice was hushed, while dark oblivious gloom
  Involved in night the Tuscan's bold design,
Till on his sacred, long deserted tomb,
  Thou bad'st the torch of Fame immortal shine.

Ah! while it blazed to consecrate his grave,
  Mysterious sounds in grateful numbers flowed,
Soft as the voice in Horeb's awful cave,
  When the loud tempest fled the Mount of God.

On Glory's shrine, that braves involving night,
  Where Genius burns a pure etherial flame,
In dazzling characters of living light,
  Thy daring hand inscribed the poet's name.

'Tis thine to wake the long-resounding shell,
  That hung for ages on his mouldering urn;
While raptured Fancy in her wizard cell,
  Sees the past triumphs of her powers return.

Warming thy bosom with celestial fire,
  Lo! the bright visions of the blest arise
To sounds harmonious as the seraph's lyre,
  Hailing a kindred spirit to the skies.

In those pure dreams you saw the wand'rer hail
  The long-loved vestal mid the realms of day,
Where silver clouds in broken columns sail,
  O'er the blue mazes of the starry way.

On Heaven's proud towers, unshaken and sublime,
'Twas thine to mark the warm, primeval ray
That led the infant steps of rosy Time,
When Nature's temple shone in new-born day.

That beam withdrew from Earth's polluted sphere,
Back to its fount, eternal and divine,
Where the rapt spirits of empyreal air,
Hail Light's blest source with energies like thine.

The awful secrets of the world unknown,
Gave their deep horrors to thine ardent view,
While tortured Feeling heaved the labouring groan,
As fierce and red the bolts of Vengeance flew.

There frightful realms of terror and dismay,
In vain essayed to chill thy dauntless soul,
Inspired of Heaven, you urg'd your venturous way,
Where billowy clouds in nameless horrors roll.

Shuddering yon scenes of endless woe I trace,
Where Chaos glimmers in the flash of hell,
While sickening Nature turns her horrent face,
To think that Life should in these dungeons dwell.

From those unfathom'd caverns of Despair,
Where righteous Justice pours avenging ire,
Again you pierce the dull malignant air,
Thick in the vapours of sulphureous fire.

With eagle-speed you wing your daring flight,
From Night's dark throne, where Stygian shadows lour,
To fire with beams of Heaven the dying light,
That faintly shone round Zion's distant tower. *

And wondering mortals view the vivid beam
Ope brightening vistas through sepulchral gloom
While long-lost scenes reviving in the gleam,
Glow in the hues of ever-living bloom.

With thee I mark Eternal Power arrest,
In crystal mountains, Jordan's rolling wave,
While thrilling awe inspires the throbbing breast,
As way-worn armies tread his deepest cave.

While vengeance threatens from Uriah's tomb,
With thee I gaze on Salem's holy towers,
As Guilt distracted hears a murderer's doom,
Even in the gale that shook his roseate bowers.

These glorious pictures of unfading hue,
Eternal monuments of power sublime,
Thy magic hand in orient colours drew,
Glowing impervious to consuming Time.

While Fancy hovers o'er Eurotas'† stream,
Red in the torrent of Messenian blood;
Again I hear wild Freedom's maniac scream,
When her sons perished on the roaring flood.

* Sacred Dramas.

† The Helots.

Again I hear the faint expiring groan,
While the soul struggled in the mangled form,
Of him * who fell before her trembling throne,
While Spartan laurels withered in the storm.

These solemn sounds aroused my startled soul,
Like pealing thunder at the dead of night,
When o'er the hills the bursting tempests roll,
And awful grandeur marks the cloudy flight.

Prophetic dreams thy labouring bosom warm, †
Of glorious days in Freedom's blissful reign,
When living fires shall the cold bosom warm,
Galled in Oppression's adamantine chain.

Oh bear these sounds, ye Zephyrs of the west,
Far o'er the ocean's proud tumultuous wave,
To sun-bright isles, where Nature groans oppress,
And drags the loathed existence of a slave.

O haste, ye airy wanderers of the sky,
And bear the minstrelsy of Erin's shore,
To wake the beaming blessing of the eye,
And bid the captive, Heaven's blest power adore.

Accept this lay—a faint response to thine,
Faint as when Echo hears an angel's hymn,
And tries in vain the melodies divine,
Borne by the wild winds to her caverns dim.

ADELINE.

* Phœbidas.

† The Wanderer.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 19, 1802.

TO ——.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance,
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bow'd me to thy sweet controul:

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm, commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That roused my breast from dull repose.

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
—Its every chord to Passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light, or life, to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

THE day shines bright, the storms are o'er
That blurr'd the face of winter hoar;
The icy breath of March has ceas'd;
Congenial with the bleak north-east
The sloe from ebon spears has giv'n,
His scanty garlands tempest-driven,
To all the whirling winds of heaven:
Whilst ev'ry hawthorn spray is dight
With pearls enchas'd in emeralds bright;
Far richer than the girdle wore
By the proud tyrant of Mysore;
Nor purer could that gem appear,
Which shone unique in Charles's ear.
See Nature ev'ry joy renews—
Shall man alone his praise refuse?
Now all the elements rejoice,
Creation lifts one grateful voice;
Come, let us join the jocund throng,
Come listen to the woodland song,
My friendly Genius, come along!
Exchange Edina's dusky towers,
For Roslyn's fane, and fragrant bowers

Quit for a while thy studious cell,
Where Science loves with Worth to dwell;
Where Truth and Candour, hand in hand,
Joyful attend thy kind command;
And critic Skill, howe'er keen-ey'd,
Keeps bland Good-Nature by her side;
To vernal joy devote a day,
Arise, my friend, and come away!
Then hast'ning to the ruin'd shrine,
At Fortune we will ne'er repine;
Along the velvet sward forget
The thorns our worldly way beset,
The wants, the woes, the toils, the strife,
That vex the pilgrimage of life;
Or pausing o'er the mighty dead,
Where Edward's triple legion bled *,
And Victory, long-invited guest,
Sat plum'd upon the Regent's crest;
Rejoice in Scott'sh and English hearts,
Now firmly join'd in arms and arts,
Estrang'd no more by foreign leagues,
No longer curst with French intrigues;
Or wand'ring through each antique room,
The castle's vault, the dungeon's gloom;
Whilst feudal reliques there we see,
Triumph in British liberty;
And whilst each object, far and near,
Delights the eye, and charms the ear,
The Poet's † observation own,
" God made the country, man the town."—

* Battle of Roslyn, A. D. 1302.

† Cowper.

When man in innocency walk'd,
And freely with his Maker talk'd,
A garden was the chosen place
Of mortal bliss, and heav'nly grace;
(The scene from earth hath vanish'd long,
Yet blooms for aye in Milton's song.)
So purest pleasure still is found
Where rural solitudes abound;
'Tis there where youthful Poets dream;
The sage finds there his Academe;
There bosom friends together meet,
Empty their breasts of counsels sweet *;
Free from the busy world's controul,
Man communes calmly with his soul,
Raises from earth its thoughts on high,
And lifts it to the Deity.—
Then let us some few hours employ
In contemplation's holy joy;
With sweet society between,
To gladden and improve the scene;
Nature's fair volume there peruse,
Whose pages well the mind amuse,
Quitting vain books, amongst the trees
Find leaves that teach, and tongues that please †;
Draw from the scenery around
Truths not in many authors found;
Trace Providence in all it gives,
And good in ev'ry thing that lives.—
But let the female group be there,
No bliss compleat without the Fair!

* Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 1.

† As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 1.

And would that Priestess of the Nine,
The tuneful tender Adeline,
There wake the wild notes of her lyre;
E'en from the blest poetic choir
The Bard of Esk would charm'd look down
Proud were the melody his own,
Joyous to hear, that once again
The Muses haunt his Hawthornden.—
Yet, O forgive when mid these shades
A secret grief my soul pervades;
Abstracts me from the scenes I love,
To muse upon a Saint above!
'Twas there she tript o'er flow'rs of May,
As blooming and as pure as they—
Ah! some within my breast I'll save,
To strew upon her hallow'd grave.—
Yet why should I such woe impart
To draw one sigh from Friendship's heart?
No more—come join the cheerful throng,
My Friend, my Genius, come along!

G. H. D.

EDINBURGH, MAY 18, 1803.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

SURROUNDED by foes, 'mid the ashes of Troy,
Eneas preserv'd his Sire's life:
That so noble a deed some reward might enjoy,
Heaven kindly took from him his wife.

R. A. D.

A

NOCTURNAL VIEW OF THE MOUNT *,

Near Dromore, in the County Down, Ireland.

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

NIGHT-WAND'RING Spirit! (whatsoe'er thy name,)
Who marshall'd here of old thy warlike train,
Methinks I hear thee mourn thy faded fame
To the night breeze, in many a plaintive strain.

For deep in central gloom the Demon † weeps
That, in a Minstrel's form, enflam'd thy pride,
Which claim'd the region round, from Donard's ‡ steep,
To the rich dales on Banna's flow'ry side.

* The idea is here adopted, that this remarkable eminence (situated near the River Lagan) was either a fortification, or a place of military rendezvous. Some have supposed it a sepulchral monument.

† See the character given in Spenser's State of Ireland of the antient Irish Minstrels or Bards.

‡ Donard, or Slieve-Donard, the highest mountain in Ireland, in the northern extremity of Mourne, in the county of Down.

In vain, where Lagan leads his murm'ring wave,
Thou often seem'st thine airy trump to wind,
Calling thy lost battalions from the grave—
Oblivion's spells thy sleeping legions bind.

And oft thou court'st the rising winds to swell
The stormy concert of their martial song,
And call'st the Water Fairies of the Dell
To join the chorus as they sport along.

Far other pageants, on each sacred morn,
(Whose dawn the Demon's fear) salute the sight;
Far other sounds, on balmy Zephyrs borne,
The peasants to yon House of Prayer invite.

Far other troops *, in many a blooming file,
Are seen to muster on yon hills afar,
And bend their march to yonder hallowed pile
To learn Emmanuel's rudiments of war.

* This alludes to the orderly trains of children seen marching, two and two, every Sunday evening, in different directions, to Dromore House, from the different Sunday Schools maintained by the Bishop. They are there assembled in the lawn before his Lordship's door, and catechized by different examiners. Between four and five hundred children are sometimes collected on this occasion. Besides the distribution of books, his Lordship gives an halfpenny to every child who answers properly. Once, as a Christmas donation, he ordered twelve dozen of combs to be bought, and distributed among them: this may seem a circumstance too trivial to be introduced here; but, as it strongly marks his Lordship's humane attention, the propriety of its being known will not be denied by those who allow that such examples ought to be imitated. The superior cleanliness, order, and decency of the young people in that neighbourhood are very conspicuous. The children are particularly taught to abhor lying and theft, and, in consequence of this, *one* of them was known to have found money

Where'er the sacred ensign waves on high
  Upborne, tho' viewless, o'er the moving scene,
In thought I see the baffled tempters fly,
  And dusky shadows flit across the green.

The Crozier is their guide. No feeble hand
  Is seen to raise the standard of the Faith,
And oft their LEADERS voice directs the band,
  To ward the double wound of sin and death.

As yon bleak hills his fost'ring care proclaim,
  With solemn groves, and smiling vistas, gay,
His *living* care (a nobler source of fame)
  The blooms of SALEM to the sun display.

Mellow'd at his command, the niggard earth
  The tender Scion feeds, from richer mold
So, when a soul of more celestial birth
  He finds, his tendance bids its powers unfold.

Hail! reverend Patron! Hail, respected Name!
  Mute are the transports of the youthful band.
But could *they* sing thy praise, applauding Fame
  Would propagate the theme to distant lands.

on the public road, and immediately carried it to the Town-Crier in order to discover an owner.

In this course his Lordship has persevered more than sixteen years, and by these and similar means is so surrounded by young Loyalists, taught to *fear God*, and *honour the King*; that, during the late Rebellion, *his* was the only Gentleman's house in the neighbourhood that had not a military guard; and, in the extensive plantations, which he had reared during his residence at Dromore, *his* were the only woods on which there was not a single tree cut down for the purpose of making pikes. The above particulars are recommended to the attention of such as are disposed to controvert the utility of SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

But, could the plaudit circle round the zones,
  Poor is that cloudy theatre to thee !—
A voice is heard, amid the saintly thrones,
  Prelusive to a nobler symphony.

If one regenerate soul is joy above,
  Faith, plum'd by Hope, a chorus hears on high,
Applauding, when, betimes paternal love,
  Such numbers calls the hallowed task to ply.

Long may the lessons of the Pastor's care,
  That woke the sacred flame, its soarings guide,
And æras long of lineal worth declare
  What virtues o'er the rising race preside.

EPIGRAM.

Corinna's quite a fright to me,
While Ned can only beauty see,
  With every grace her form adorning!
We both are wrong, and both are right;
Ned sees her still by candle light,
  But I have seen her in the morning!

R. A. D.

TO A LADY, WITH A ROSE.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

When Venus first from ocean sprung,
With rapture earth exulting rung,
And gave, on that auspicious morn,
The Rose, for Beauty then was born.
The blooming stranger Venus views,
Its balmy blush, and day-bright hues,
Marks the green fence that guards it round,
For then no jealous thorn was found.
Sweet was her kiss:—The Rose receives
The charm through all th' impassion'd leaves:
In nectar now she bathes the bud,
Now plunges in the purple flood:
Instant, the finished Wonder grows
The Type of Love, and Beauty's Rose.
To Paphos, then, she bore the flower,
And planted in her favorite bower,
And watch'd, and nurst, and tended there,
As yet too young the blast to bear;
Now fearing, folded from the night,
Now waked to meet the morning light;
With her own breath perfumed, and fann'd,
Her breath, as Zephyr's whisper bland;

And the warm sunshine of her eyes
A soul of fragrant life supplies.
Then ever fair, and ever young,
The triumphs of the Rose she sung,
And thus the Daughter of the Main
Prophetic raised the *Teian* strain.
" Fairest, fondest child of earth,
" Pledge of pleasure's infant birth!
" When thine early blooms appear,
" All shall own Our season near.
" Thou shalt crown the mantling bowl,
" Thou shalt chear the Lover's soul.
" Dear to beauty, dear to love,
" Dear to every Muse above!
" With the Rose's annual praise
" Bards shall purple all their lays;
" And when chaplets they compose
" Change the Laurel for the Rose.
" Does the swain his wishes breathe?
" *Rosy* bands his brow shall wreathe.
" Does he sing the charmer's cheek?
" There, shall *rosy* blushes break.
" Rise the *rosy-bosomed* hours?
" Each shall hail the Queen of flowers.
" Moves the morn with *rosy finger?*
" O'er thy bud her hand shall linger,
" Whilst to thee her melting eyes
" Pay their dewy sacrifice.
" In the dance delight our Graces?
" *Rosy feet* shall print their paces;
" As their golden ringlets fall,
" Wreath'd with *rosy* coronal.
" And should either sister dare
" Thence *the rival Rose* to tear,

" We will spring a thorn around,
" Her invidious touch to wound.
" When with sickness faints the heart,
" Thou the cordial shalt impart;
" In the vase of China's earth
" Thou shalt gain a second birth,
" And the dead, beyond the tomb,
" Steal from THEE a lasting bloom."
Thus sang the Queen of Soft Desire,
THE ROSE resounding on her lyre.
Then to the Boy that bears the bow
Of power to lay the mighty low,
The Rose she gave with rosy smile :—
And " haste," she said, " to Erin's Isle;
" There seek the Swain whose heart beats high
" At once with love and poesy:
" Bid him his softest song employ
" To hymn this happy child of joy;
" And charge him, as he hopes to gain
" One smile of mine, one favor'd strain,
" To celebrate our *Rose*, and sing
" This matchless marvel of the spring;
" This brightest emblem of our flames,
" That Nature gives, that Beauty claims,
" That Love's own hand delights to rear,
" And DELIA best deserves to wear."

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

THAT your wife is not young, and sweet-temper'd, and fair,
No mortal, dear Damon, pretends;
But, when that she's constant you loudly declare,
We ask how *you've* so many friends?

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who often requested the Author to make her the Subject of a Poem.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

I'VE been in debt, a year and more,
'Tis time, by heav'ns, to quit the score!
Jemima, yes, it shall be done:
And yet, bad rhymes are worse than none.
The Bard, dear creature, should be young,
By mirth and love the lyre be strung.
But, when will women list to reason,
Or pay regard to time or season?
Does it to hoary hairs belong
To treat a Lady, with a song?
To count the babies in her eyes,
Or kisses, to her lips that rise?
Could I recall the vanish'd time,
When youth and beauty wak'd the rhyme,
And all the power of female charms
My bosom fill'd with soft alarms;
And could I in my numbers hope
For *Prior*'s ease, and rhymes of *Pope*;

I then might tune the harp, and sing
Of Beauty's reign, and Nature's spring;
And call the forms of soft delight,
With silky pinions, plum'd for flight;
And call the forms of fond desire,
With lips ambrosial, eyes of fire;
And love should tremble in the chords,
To dearest thoughts, and sweetest words;
While lute, and lyre, the song, the dance,
That Beauty's blithesome reign advance—
The senses charm and banish reason.
Youth is Pleasure's vernal season.
Full fifty years have o'er me fled,
And cast their snows upon my head.
Jemima, I am rather old:
Yet age shall never make me cold.
And you have more than I can paint,
To make a Sinner of a Saint.
Your eyes far softer things can say,
Than ever flow'd in Poet's lay;
And callous, surely, were the heart,
That found their glances vainly dart.
Yet, these I see, and these commend,
With all the calmness of a friend.
I shall not praise your shape, and air:
I shall not tell you, you are fair.
Your Mirror, better far than I,
Can all such compliments supply.
But let this honest paper bear
The wishes of a friend sincere.
Soon may the void within your mind
A tenant worth the mansion find!
With manly sense, and open heart,
Disclaiming selfish aim, and art.

The stock of Love, that lies concealed
Within your heart, may be revealed!
Like treasures hid beneath the plains,
You know not yet what it contains.
You know not all the hidden worth,
Expansive feeling may call forth.
So form'd to love, and to be lov'd,
Already in the daughter prov'd,
The sister kind, the friend sincere,
We can discern your proper sphere;
Apt, for each claim, of social life,
To shine, the fond and tender wife.

Still at her name Remembrance sighs;
The heart's flood gushes from mine eyes,
I never can that name forget:
If Anger parted, Friendſhip cries—
"Alas! we once in kindness met!"

And yet for her, I know, are vain
The heartfelt sigh, the anguish'd strain:
Though precious in her sight before,
Unheard, unpitied I complain;
She lives—but lives to me no more!

P. L. C.

LEFT IN A CHAIR

In the Garden at Drakelowe, the Seat of Sir Nigel Bowyer Gresley, Bart. in the Year 1789, *where the Author had spent a few Weeks with the Family.*

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

WHEN next, ye Naiads, to this blest retreat,
Where Drakelowe's Genius fixed her ancient seat,
Your steps resort, to Gresley's ear convey
This grateful strain, that *Friendship* springs to pay:
On that fair altar let the Muse impart
The sweet, the sacred incense of the heart,
Whose odours with unfading fragrance rise,
To Virtue dear, delightful to the skies.
Here as I sit, and muse o'er all the scene,
These founts of silver, and these shades of green,
The mighty owner fills the Poet's mind:—
His free-born spirit breathes in every wind:
His ample bounty, blessing every vale,
Flows to mankind, nor shall the blessing fail.
As Plenty's hand the full abundance pours,
Peace guides his flocks, and Honor guards his bowers.
The rural Graces at his gate attend,
And welcome with a smile th' approaching friend.

Prompt at his call, around his table stand
Mirth's social Household-Gods, a jocund band:
Blithe *Hospitality*, a blooming Lar,
Leads the gay train, and shines the British star.
Shaking ambrosial odours from his wings,
Festivity the sumptuous banquet brings;
The Ganymede that waits on Drakelowe's Lord,
Nor Jove's own feasts a brighter guest afford.
And see! yon rosy, yellow-tressed boy,
His head with chaplets crowned, light-hearted *Joy*,
In large libations pours the generous bowl,
That speaks the greatness of its master's soul.
These, Gresley, are thine own. O might the Muse,
As her rapt fancy the fond theme pursues,
Tell all thy worth, and to the world proclaim
The graceful lustre of her Gresley's name;
Mark the strong vigor of thy manly mind,
With spirit elegant, with force refin'd;
Through each hereditary virtue run,
The father's worth reflected in the son;—
This song should live; nor wholly vain should flow
Th' impassion'd verse, by Friendship taught to glow.
And thou, O Trent, whose liquid tributes lave
These happy walls with many a lingering wave,
As loth like me to part, like me to go;—
Let the lov'd partner of his fortunes know,
Not the calm mirror of thy crystal stream
Smiles with so placid, so serene a beam,
As her mild brow: where *Temper*, thron'd a Grace,
Smooths the fair heaven that lights her cloudless face.
Clear as thy flood, that silent steals along,
Flows her deep sense, as lucid, and as strong:
And thy gay bosom, glitt'ring to the sun,
When Noon's bright beams in rushing splendours run,

But half the lustre of her wit displays,
Her wit, that shines with never-failing rays.
Nor these alone could animate the bard,
Did not the Muse superior claims regard;
Th' attentive friend, solicitous to please
With chearful grace, and hospitable ease;
The wife, that wins by each endearing art,
That holds the strong dominion of the heart;
The mother, watchful of her infant care,
Their pains, their pleasures, fond alike to share.
And these, as virtue dignifies the song,
The strain of grateful rapture should prolong,
Could the fond Muse the parting tear repel,
And mix her praises with her sad Farewell.

FEBRUARY, 1789.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

BENEATH the turf where thou art laid,
This troublous dream of Being past,
Beneath that turf, regretted Maid!
May my worn heart repose at last!

Though wrung by keenest pangs my breast,
How fondly o'er thy tomb I dwell!—
O! were it mine thy hallowed rest,
Nor mine again the sad "Farewel!"

P. L. C.

INFANCY,

BY DR. OGILVIE.

"WHAT means the stir in yon time-hallow'd tower?
" Why reigns o'er all this general face of joy?
" Why yields the gay parterre its fairest flower?"
To hail a new-born guest, a lovely boy.

The mother on her couch in silence laid,
Pain, hope, and anguish darting o'er her eye,
New to the scene, thinks all her throes o'erpaid,
Soon as she hears the little stranger cry.

Resentful he, as one who meets alarm,
Of tyrant force and lawless power complains:
Yet, ah! the spreading hand, the powerless arm
Lie in the cradle swathed—a slave in chains!

Yet all forgot, the babe in silence sleeps,
Warm in his cane-built hut, that moving slow
From side to side an equal tenour keeps,
As waves that heave in undulating flow.

Hast thou seen Innocence ?—She stands in view
White-robed and pure as Heav'n's ætherial beam;
See from yon infant lids she wipes the dew,
And prompts the wandering smile, the soothing dream !

O! say what radiant forms thou bring'st to sight !
What wild notes strike the little trembling ear !
What dyes heav'n-tinctured, from th' abodes of light,
Swim o'er the placid thought, all hovering near.

I see a sparkling group their wings unfold,
Unlike in form, in gesture, and in mein;
Sylphs in blue plumage, fring'd with flowering gold,
And Fairies tripping light in vivid green;

And Elves, that from the hill's unclosing side,
Pour forth, to gambol in the lunar ray;
Fays from the cowslip's lap, and lights that glide
O'er the dank fen;—all as in mirthful play !

He wakes : and new to sight, now first unseals
The tremulous eyelid, raised and closed in haste;
And now th' unsated mouth with cries reveals
Of eager appetite that claims repast.

The mother now unveils her snowy breast
Swell'd with a milky-stream, and gently lays,
Her charge, delighted, in her lap to rest;
Then softly raising, to the spring conveys.

Instinctive Nature to the nipple clings;
Down glides in copious draughts, the luscious ſtore;
While round her boy th' indulgent parent flings
Maternal arms, and eyes him o'er and o'er.

Another look, another smile succeeds;
To sleep she sends him, and recalls again;
Adjusts unpliant folds, thinks, ponders, feeds
On airy hope;—how near allied to pain.

Ah! cease fond mother!—could thine hand withdraw
The veil that shades all human search at last;
Couldst thou o'erleap the bound of Nature's law,
And see the future as thou know'st the past;

An early tomb might close upon his head;
Or anguish wither what disease might spare;
Or Fury rack him on his iron bed,
Lock'd in the giant grasp of grim Despair!

But why with clouds o'ercast a roseate morn?
Enjoy the present—tis a passing hour.
Check but vain dreams—may happier suns adorn
With sweetly-mingling dyes, thy budding flower!

Ere now, the father of th' event apprised,
The welcome call, with joyful haste obey'd;
Eager he flies, with transport undisguised;
And hangs delighted o'er the genial bed.

The dearest objects of his love, his care,
Now side, by side, th' alternate look surveys,
And wandering thoughtful o'er the happy pair,
'Tis Nature's guiding hand that points his gaze.

Short is his speech, th' internal joy his own,
His feelings stronger than his words impart;
A new delight, a something yet unknown,
Low-whispering, vibrates to the manly heart.

True, there are spirits of ignobler kind,
Unform'd, and cast in Nature's rudest mould,
Who, in a circle's magic bound confined,
Tread one dull line, and count their treasured gold;

Strangers alike to pity and to love,
Whose thought unvarying marks one sordid end;
SELF swallowing all, leaves not a pang to prove
In life's last scene, the brother or the friend.

But these, the specks on Nature's liberal plan,
Peep from their nooks obscene, by all abhorred,
See foreign objects as they glance on MAN,
And back recoiling sink into their hoard.

As yet the stream of life serenely flows,
No trace of thought informs the vacant eye,
Save when th' officious nurse disturbs repose,
Or pain, or appetite, provoke to cry.

But now the visual orbs begin to move,
As sight directs, not fixed in ideot stare *,
But drawn by glittering forms that float above,
Pursues them gliding, as it seems, on air.

A watch, a chain, a speckled shell display'd
That lure yon eager wandering eyes away,
Speak of a MIND within the bustling head,
That sets, unseen, the quivering springs in play.

* In infancy, an ideot is soon distinguished, either by *a stare*, which, although *apparently* fixed on one object, is *really* directed to none, or by eyes that wander over all objects successively without discrimination. The first indication of *Thought* at this early period is, when the organs of sight are attracted by any glittering form, which they follow with apparent wonder and desire.

He hears:—yon bell alarms his starting ear!
And see the tiny hands with ardour spread
To catch yon gilded toy, now hovering near,
Now swinging slow, suspended o'er the bed!

Ambition pause!—attend what Reason says:
" Is not this infant's playful sport thine own?
" Yon bauble, bright in Fancy's circling rays,
" Mocks thy vain search;—'tis distant, dark, unknown.

" 'Tis gained, despised, forgot. Another scheme
" Succeeds, but Heav'n denies th' expected joy;
" Doubt shades, and night o'ercasts the varying dream;
" 'Tis all a meteor's glance, an infants toy!"

The forming members now expand apace;
He feels an eager hope, unknown before,
And tries a new attempt with forward grace,
Pointing his little foot to reach the floor.

He stands, but timid, at the mothers knee;
Then looks and crows, as wishful of applause,
And seeks, poor imp, by mincing step to free
Himself from bondage and the nursery laws.

Unconscious of the cause—O sacred love
Of FREEDOM, planted in the human heart;
With life's first pulse by Heaven ordain'd to move,
And with its ceasing throb alone to part;

Still may the Briton's manly bosom beat,
At thy lov'd name, to foreign lands unknown;
His guardian oak be still thy native seat,
His friends, his patrons, and his foes,—thine own!

Now, half-released, th' adventurous urchin tries
Another walk, impatient of command:
But mark the fate of hardy wights! he lies
Sprawling and screaming for th' assisting hand,

Angry, yet impotent, and woe begone,
Sad fate of pride!—Yet soon by practice braced,
Onward with fearless heart he walks alone,
Nor feels deterr'd by dread, by falls disgraced.

'Tis on some day, when at th' expected call
That brings his friends to share an annual feast,
The father meets them in the festive hall,
And gladness reigns in every chearful guest;

His infant darling marking at the board,
Some puny mate, with him in age the same;
Minces with meaning eyes an half-form'd word,
And pointing lisps the little stranger's name.

The welcome sounds first meet the female ear,
To each fine feeling of the heart that move;
These form a group apart, prepared to hear,
And soothe the gentle pair with looks of love.

Each in his turn obsequious to the voice
Of his fond parent, prating while he plays,
Speaks as his mind incites, with ease, with noise;
Awed now by stern regard, and soothed by praise.

But now weak Infancy beholds her charge
Leaping her feeble fence, nor heeding more
Her rules, she leaves them now to rove at large,
And gives to Childhood's hand the prattlers o'er.

TO MISS M. S. ANDERSON,

On the Close of the Year 1802.

HARK ! the deep knell of the departed year
Dies on the blast that sweeps the midnight tower !
Ah while it sounds—to scenes for ever dear,
My soul returns in Memory's musing hour.

Yes, while the loud stroke vibrates on my brain,
My soul entranced in Fancy's vivid dream,
Views Time's long vista opening bright again,
And long lost joys revive in Memory's beam.

To gather flowers in Childhood's fairy grove
Thro' yielding shades the raptured spirit flies,
And views the cherub forms of infant love,
Tread lovelier landscapes, hail far purer skies.

Fondly I gazed thro' the receding gloom,
Till Truth's dread accents broke the magic spell,
Frowning she cried, and pointing to the tomb,
"'There the gay partners of your childhood dwell*."

* In allusion to several of our early companions who are now no more.

Friend of my youth, while dawns the lingering day,
Oh, as you hail the herald of the Year,
O'er the cold forms that mingle in the clay,
Oh turn and shed the tributary tear.

Shrunk is the heart whence living currents flowed,
Heavy the clods that press the ghastly form,
And those now slumber in their last abode,
That we have seen with life's pure spirits warm.

I hold thee closer to my throbbing breast,
While sad I gaze upon their early grave ;
As some worn wretch escaped the watery waste,
Snatches his last best treasure from the wave.

Seven times the sun has crossed the gelid sign,
And faintly beamed on Winter's icy throne,
Since first my soul confessed the powers divine,
That Friendship consecrates and calls her own.

Say, will the changing seasons as they roll
Her flame extinguish on the shrine of Truth ;
Say, will they chill the ardours of the soul,
By Nature kindled in the breast of youth !

No, they shall live the pledge of joys to come,
When souls refined shall hail the light sublime
That streams serene from Heaven's empyreal dome,
Thro' scenes untrodden by the steps of Time.

Yes, they shall glow like Mercy's sacred fires,
Kindling her star to gild sepulchral night,
While youthful Hope on drooping wing retires
Far from the ruin'd altars of Delight.

For thee blest Friendship weaves her deathless bowers,
Bright in the sunshine of a purer sphere,
And Virtue watches o'er the opening flowers
That mock the changes of the varying Year.

No blast shall wither her Elysian grove,
Tho' fierce and strong conflicting tempests roll,
But gales like Eden's vesper hymns of love,
Shall charm to peace the visionary soul.

Ah! while she warmed th' enthusiast's glowing breast
With the pure fervors of her rays divine;
In gentle tones she breathed the mild behest,
To lay this humble offering on her shrine.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, DEC. 31, 1802.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Now, Venus, thou'rt doubled, and two we adore;
The Muses are ten, and the Graces are four.
Nor marvel, ye bards! don't ye know your *Trefusis*?
Trefusis a Venus, a Grace, and a Muse is.

TO MISS GREENWELL,

Anxiously attending the Bed side of a Brother, dangerously Ill.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

FAIR Maid! whose streaming tears incessant flow,
In tender anguish, at a brother's woe;
This tribute from th' admiring Muse receive,
Whose soul the pangs of kindred torture rive.
With midnight vigils for that Brother pale,
Model of goodness and affection, hail!
With anxious cares, and sad forebodings worn,
Thou wilt not from his faithful arms be torn;
Thine the fond painful task his couch to tend,
And soothe the sorrows of my suffering friend,
Doom'd in the bloom of youth, (so Heaven ordains)
To languish on the rack of ceaseless pains.
Oh! never quit the spot—for what can prove,
So rich a balsam as a Sister's love?
Still fix thy station near that mournful Bed,
Raise his faint limbs, and prop his drooping head;
Watch every glance of his faint-beaming eye,
Nor let him breathe a wish, nor heave a sigh,
For aught that this vain transient world can yield,
Through Art's wide range, or Nature's ampler field;

And sweetly whisper in his raptured ear,
THAT GOD CORRECTS THOSE SONS HE HOLDS MOST DEAR.
So, should disease *thy* beauteous form invade,
Ne'er shalt thou want, sweet girl, *congenial* aid!
No lovelier scene, on earth, the sun surveys,
Than when through yonder chamber dart his rays;
A *Sister* of such worth, so fond, so kind,
A *Brother*, midst such dreadful pangs resign'd;
Admiring angels look with transport down,
And seraphs weave, for *both*, the immortal crown.

LINES

On seeing an aged Debtor enter a Place of Confinement.

MAN of Years! and man of Sorrow!
Com'st thou to a place like this?
Ah! for thee, I fear, no morrow,
Rises with new hope of bliss.

Earthward, lo! thy head is bended,
Faint and feeble seems thy frame,
Nearly are thy sad days ended;
Strong for mercy was thy claim!

Mercy!—to thy throne of glory,
God of Mercy! be his prayer.
Vainly hears the world his story;
O! there is no mercy there!

AMICUS.

STANZAS,

Written on seeing the Corpse of a beautiful Young Woman the Night before her Interment.

GLEAM the pale tapers round the couch of death,
Their dim light quivering in the rushing storm;
How my blood freezes as the night-wind's breath
Heaves the white folds that shroud the lifeless form.

With trembling hand I raise the sacred veil
To trace the cold wan features of the dead;
Ah me! the lingering rose, with hues so pale,
Still tints the cheek where Death's chill dews are shed.

Her stiffened lip still wears its mournful smile,
The azure eye thro' half-closed lashes gleams:
Why did my heart from this calm scene recoil,
By Fancy darkened in her troubled dreams?

Oh, while I linger round the midnight bier,
Where the lov'd idol of a friendless breast
Unconscious slumbers—ah, methinks, I hear
Her spirit call me to unbroken rest.

To-morrow's sun shall rise upon the grave,
That opes its bosom to the orient ray,
And ere it trembles on the western wave,
Shall close for ever on that beauteous clay.

Back to thy burning source, unbidden tear,
The dream, the dazzling dream of hope is o'er;
I'll teach my soul this awful stroke to bear,
With deepest reverence, and repine no more.——

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, APRIL 16, 1803.

A SONG,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

To Laura's breast, sweet Rose, repair,
Let no rude hand approach her there;
But guard the treasure you adorn,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

Thy graces there, fond Rose, reveal,
Her bosom deck, but not conceal;
There all thy world of sweets employ,
Within that sweeter world of joy.

For in that Paradise we trace
Lost Eden's long disputed place;
Which doubting Wits in vain had sought,
'Till Laura's bosom fix'd the spot.

ODE,

BY THE LATE MISS RYVES.

What constitutes a man ?
Not high-rais'd titles nor possessions wide,
Rich fields, with corn o'er-ran,
Not servile adoration paid to Pride ;
Not stars, by flattery gain'd,
Not gilded coronets, and blazon'd arms ;
Not souls by meanness stain'd,
Whose low-brow'd baseness, Honour never warms.
No——Freedom, ever bold,
With power of happiness alone endued ;
Not lifeless, dull, and cold
As the vile sycophant's disgustful brood.
Bold Freedom——gift divine—
By Heaven bestowed on th' independent soul,
Which tyrants can't confine
Within the fetters of unjust controul.
This constitutes a man !
And virtuous deeds, by Virtue's dictates taught,
Which fearless dares to scan
With nicest scrutiny, each latent thought.

Struck by her sacred nod,
The fiend *Servility*, unheeded shrinks,
And hard *Constraint's* keen rod
In her great presence, unregarded sinks.
Thus by wise Heaven's decree
'Tis noble Freedom, join'd with Virtue's charms,
That form, what man should be,
Brave man! who shrinks alone at Guilt's alarms.

EPIGRAM.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

The rooted aversion entertained by the late Judge ROBINSON, of the King's Bench, in Ireland, to the Volunteers of that country in the Year 1780, is well known. The following Epigram was occasioned by a circumstance that actually took place about that period, in the court where he was then sitting.

"THAT Soldier so rude—he that swaggers in scarlet—
" Put him out of the court—I'll imprison the varlet,"
As in Judgment he sat, frowning Robinson said.
" A Soldier I'm not," quoth the hero in red;
" No Soldier, my Lord, but an Officer I,
" A Captain who carries his sword on his thigh."
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Roll'd his sharp eagle eye on the vain Volunteer,
And " Tipstaff," he cried, as the Captain grew bolder,
" Out, out with that Officer who is *no Soldier*."

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF VIOLETS.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

THESE Violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of Spring;
Nor thou, dear Girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute to the muse.
  Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.
Wit is a flower, and bards prepare
The flowers of Fancy for the fair.
In flower of Youth, the Loves appear,
Leading in flowery youth the year;
And Beauty's flowery fetters bind,
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the Graces Venus deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck;
That neck whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove and bless the change;
One little hour I'd live—then die—
A violet in that heaven to lie.

Still as you charm, some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
Does Laura lead the courtly dance?
We hail the *Flower of Elegance.*
Does Fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The *Flower of Taste* is Laura now.
In Laura's mien, in Laura's mind,
The twin-born *Flowers of Grace* we find;
And in her blushing cheek, we see
The *Royal Rose of Dignity.*
Yon Lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart the *Flower of Truth.*
Oh, might these violet buds express,
The opening *Flower of Tenderness!*
But not the brightest flower of Spring,
That Fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these, nor all the sweets that blow,
The Rose's blush, the Lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair.
For in thy bosom lives a flower,
Not Time shall spoil, nor Death devour,
A flower that no rude season fears,
And VIRTUE's sacred name it bears.

EPIGRAM.

WHENEVER God, for his mysterious ends,
Press'd by all evils, destitute of friends,
Presents a Chatterton to human view,
The Devil conjures up a Walpole too!

THE EMIGRANT.

In my desolate dwelling, the cave of the hill,
When the dim distant ocean rests awfully still,
I pillow my child on my cold shivering breast,
And the winds of the mountain, they lull him to rest:
They sing his night-song, viewless wanderers of air,
For my voice would affright him—the voice of Despair!
Then ope not, ye moon-beams, that play from on high
The long silken lashes that shade his blue eye.
How calmly he slumbers, tho' bleak the night blows
That chills on his cheek the faint tinge of the rose;
Poor innocent exile—in dreams of the brain,
He revisits the scenes of enchantment again,
When playful he trod the green turf of the vale,
Ere his full coral lip quiver'd ghastly and pale;
When his light fairy ſtep brushed the new fallen dew
From the soft pallid flower that scarce waved as he flew.
Oh weave thy bright visions oblivious power,
And waft his pure soul to the opening bower,

Whose withering leaves fall round yon mouldering
dome!
But tell not my child 'tis his ruined home!
When conscious existence his bosom informed,
And the first blush of life his dimpling cheek warmed,
When I kissed from his eyelid its first glistening tear,
Oh, Heaven! thought I then, I should cradle him
here?
In that night of distraction, what horrors were
mine,
As I gazed on the wave of the gore-mingled Seine?
The wandering blood froze in my horror-shrunk
vein,
As Murder's loud shrieks smote the whirling brain;
The harsh sounds of Winter swept hollow and wild,
As I wrapp'd my torn robe round my trembling
child;
The far-flashing flame from the battlements height,
On my snow-covered path threw its dark lurid light,
In the fierce midnight blast of the startling sky,
'Mid the tumults of death rose the vestal's shrill cry,
Whose starting eye met the fixed gaze of the slain,
Ere she dash'd on the altar her maddening brain.
From the halls of my fathers an exile I fled,
To hide in this desart my storm-beaten head;
Yet Nature has form'd in this desolate wild,
From the haunts of Ambition and Terror exil'd,
The proud soaring mountain, the wide-spreading tree,
The deep sheltering cavern—for wretches like me.
Though my shuddering bosom is palsied and numb,
And my last lingering hope now sets in the tomb,
Like the pale lamp that dies in the piercing winds
breath,
That long, long, has gleamed in the charnels of death,

Yet my soul, unsubdued, o'er these horrors shall rise,
And linger awhile from the gate of the skies,
My boy to inspire with the ardours of truth,
Or yield him her martyr in dawning of youth!
Though dear to my heart is that sweet cherub-form,
The last precious wreck that I saved from the storm,
Ere he bows to a tyrant the knee of a slave,
Oh shroud him, just Heaven, in the night of the grave,
Or bid me behold him in tortures expire,
On the scaffold yet red in the blood of his sire.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, JULY 30, 1803.

EPIGRAM.

O thou! whose stream of heavy prose
Unwearied and unvaried flows,
For Mercy's sake, no longer bore;
Great Lecturer! we can bear no more!
Dost thou not see how yawning, staring,
Fidgetting, groaning, almost swearing,
We sadly sit, and strive in vain
To listen to the eternal strain!
If thou art doom'd by Fate severe,
Sad curse! to seize on every ear,
No more your *friends* in torture keep,
But while you prattle let them sleep!

R. A. D.

SIR ARCHIBALD,

OR, THE BARK OF HELL.

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM, ESQ.

Founded on an old Scotch Tradition.

'Mid battlements fair, in the county of Ayr,
Resided a baron of might,
Sir Archibald Kennedy eke was his name,
Bold, bloody, ferocious in fight.

Now fishers four stood on the shore,
Launching their boat to sea;
To catch their prey, they went their way,
All fill'd with mirth and glee.

The sky was calm, without a cloud,
The moon shone bright and clear;
No hostile object met the eye,
No sound appall'd the ear.

When midnight was past, a furious blast
The fragile vessel tost ;
The seamen dismay'd—now trembl'd—now pray'd—
They gave themselves up as lost.

But it was not dark, when an unknown bark
Hove nearer and nearer in view,
As nearer it came, the ocean grew tame,
Nor longer the whirlwind blew.

Her sails were set,—they're black as jet,
Her masts, her hull the same——
" From hence to whence? from hence to whence?"
The seamen all exclaim.

" From hence to whence?"—they ask again,
" To us I pray ye tell ;"
When a hideous imp, like a tyger, growl'd,
" We come from the gates of Hell."

" For what ? for what ?" the seamen cry,
All shuddering with affright :
" To fetch Sir Archibald Kennedy's corpse,
" Who dies at Colone to-night."

Straight bursting out, like a water spout,
From the deck thick mists arise ;
The bark is drown'd, in darkness round,
Enveloping ocean and skies.

The damps as they fell, had a sulphurous smell,—
Now lo ! on a sudden it clear'd ;
The mists melt away, it is lighter than day—
But the black bark no longer appear'd.

The fishers four swift sought the shore
To the Abbot their tale they unfold;
With breathless stare, and bristled hair,
As the marvel strange they told.

" God bless us all!" the Abbot cried,
" God bless the fishers four!
" And save us all! for on my life
" Sir Archibald is no more.

" Let's haste to the grave, the corpse to save,
" Tho' spectres bar the way;
" Thro' midnight gloom we'll seek the tomb,
" Where the monks for his soul do pray."

When the bell was rung, and the mass was sung,
When the priests the service close;
As the stone coffin broke at the sledge hammer's stroke,
A vapour of blue arose.

They unclose the lid, they uplift the shroud,
All scream with a horrible yell—
For no corpse was there, and the Monks they declare
That Sir Archibald's gone to Hell.

A mass of lead is what once was his head,
With sulphur the black coffin shone,
Fell serpents glare where once was his hair,
And instead of his heart—a stone.

Astound they stand, the priestly band,
Oppress'd they quake with fear;
For each saint in his shrine, and the martyrs divine
To their dim sight moving appear.

With sudden shock the huge arches rock,
Loud pealing thunders roar,
When a bright being came like the lightning's flame,
Nor enter'd by window, or door.

His wings were of the raven's plume,
With sun-beams his temples were bound,
His all-piercing eye none dar'd to descry—
They shudder'd, and fell on the ground.

On their knees they fell, and their beads they tell,
O'ercome with terror and dread,—
When waving his hand in majestic command,
Th' avenging angel said:

" These wonders dark in silence mark,
" Which line Sir Archibald's tomb,
" Them awe-struck behold, when by me you are told
" They're the symbols of his doom.

" Now molten lead is pour'd on his head,
" Of his body corroding each part,
" Tortur'd in fire, see! he cannot expire,
" Yet mill-stones grind his heart.

" For while on earth, even from his birth,
" No Baron so cruel as he ;
" But the streams of blood, which he shed like a flood,
" Shall now avenged be."

As a beam of light, he shot from sight,
Full swiftly the vision withdrew,
The tapers went out, as the Arch-Angels shout
Extinguish'd the vapour of blue.

Now all was dark, and all was mute,
Each cold as a corpse in his shroud,
If another they feel, their spirits congeal,
They shrink back, and shriek aloud.

Each luckless wight with out-stretched arms,
When he reach'd the church-door wide,
Ran fleet as wind, nor look'd behind,
'Till he stood at his own fire-side.

With terrors deep, too strong for sleep,
Watching the morning ray,
Each soul that fled, thought his comrades dead,
As he bless'd the dawn of day.

THE KISS.

First when the lips of Lovers meet,
That Kiss—of kisses, ô how sweet!
Time, while it steals each featur'd grace,
But treasures more that ſweet embrace;
For, ah! no after-kiss so sweet,
As first when lips of lovers lips do meet!

P. L. C.

AN ANACREONTIC.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

HASTE thee Cupid, haste away,
Hie thee hence, nor more delay:
Quit, O quit my aching heart,
Or I'll make thee feel its smart,
And avenging all thy tricks,
Hurl thee headlong over Styx;
First thy plumy pinions bind
In a rosy wreath behind;
Then away thine arrows throw,
Snap the quiver, break the bow;
Last, thyself I'll sacrifice.—
Now, what death shall I devise?
If I hang thee up, you will
Round my heart be hanging still;
If I slay thee—then indeed,
I beneath the blow shall bleed;
Or should'st thou in flame expire,
Shall not I consume in fire?
Then to ease, to end my cares,
I will drown thee in my tears.

WAR SONG.

BY MISS PEARSON.

COME! ye generous, gallant band,
Bulwarks of your native land,
In determin'd phalanx stand,
Firm as rocks, to meet your foe.

Lo! the fiend of France draws nigh!
——Now your noble hearts beat high:
Hark! he threats that ye shall die,
Die—or groan in slavery.

Europe's scourge! he now aspires
Here to quench bright Freedom's fires,
Cherish'd by our warlike Sires,
Many a splendid century.

Thinks he that we fear his power?
No!—he comes to meet his hour,
Here his evil angels lour,
Death, and scoffing Infamy!

All in vain his demon-band
Pant to tread this sacred land,
Britons circle hand in hand,
Sworn to conquer or to die.

Lo! the savage horde arrives.
——Now to save your homes, your wives,
Now to save your childrens' lives,
Men of England crush the foe!

Hark! he raves, in fury dire;
Men of England! rouze your ire!
Hearts of iron, souls of fire,
Guard your country's liberty!

If you hate the name of slave,
Fight, your liberties to save,
Win the field, or find a grave,
Where freemen may nobly die.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

TO A QUACK.

Tom, you tell us, has treated you ill past example:
He's sick—go prescribe—your revenge will be ample.

R. A. D.

STANZAS

FROM A SENTIMENT IN

LE CONNOISSEUR OF MARMONTEL.

If, my Louisa, it be true
That souls transmigrate when we die,
May mine, existing but for you,
For you a rose-bud vivify.

And if by eyes unhallow'd seen,
By hands profane, approach'd too nigh,
I'd shrink beneath my thorny skreen,
And sheltered there indignant lie.

But by Louisa's presence grac'd
I'd spread to meet her brilliant eyes;
If on her swelling bosom plac'd
Where love in chaste concealment lies.

I'd there display my gayest bloom,
Exhaling all my fragrance there,
That mingling with her breath's perfume,
I might congenial sweetness share.

F.

CONSOLATIONS OF VICISSITUDE.

WHY, o'er the tomb of what his soul held dear,
Hangs the wan youth with agonizing tear?
Nature, to thee 'tis sacred! yet shall Mind,
From Reason's store, some consolation find;
Of change, or chance, tho' he awhile complain,
O, let him pause and meditate again!
O Thou! who in the clear blue sky art seen,
Jocundly smiling, soothingly serene!
Or, veil'd in dreadful Majesty afar,
Hurl'st the red shafts of elemental war!
Winging thy lightning, which to mortal sight
Falls not where Man, vain Man, would deem aright;
Teach us to put our guilty doubts to rest,
For this we know, "Whatever is, is best."
Nor yet e'en here, in Life's uncertain day,
Is there no twilight joy to cheer the way;
Mark how the sun with gently-dawning light,
Dries up the pearly tear-drops of the night,
Or o'er the parched earth steals th' evening dew,
And mellows all the landscape to the view;
So too, shall softening Time with downy wing,
Heal the fierce smarts which from Misfortune spring!

And, as the dark autumnal storm, when o'er,
But by remembrance interest the more—
—What tho' the morn may rise on gilded pride,
Low in the dust to fall at eventide;
Yet something e'en in mortal change can please,
And lull the giddy spirits into ease.
Tho' giant Fear may haunt the sombre shade,
Hope yet shall pour a glimmering thro' the glade;
And tho' a timorous doubt the soul employ,
Brighten the future with a promis'd joy.
Take from that sacred law which stamps our fate,
The power to raise the fall'n, or lower the great,
Say to the Merchant, lo! no adverse gale
Shall vex your ships, or reef your bellying sail.
Where then those secret thrillings of the heart,
Which hope and fear of change alone impart?
Dull is the sense which wakes the slumbering soul,
Kindles mankind, and animates the whole!
Low in the dust keen Industry must lie,
Worse than the peace of savage apathy,
When War's loud din on Oroonoko's shore,
Rouzes the unletter'd soul to feats of arms no more!
Grant, as of hedge-rows, we may see the end
Of all our views, and know a foe from friend;
Nor to Experience all our knowledge owe,
Of what concerns our welfare here below!
With all that expectation ever drew,
Away! and all the fears which Fancy knew;
Go measure fleeting life, exact, by rule,
Confound at once the wise man and the fool!
Down, down our joys, our griefs forever fall,
And dull fore-knowledge antedates them all!
Yes! in the changes of our mortal state,
Whate'er the unkindness of our wayward fate;

Still from our varying lot must Nature draw,
Each finest bliss, for such is Nature's law!
Say o'er the plains of Araby the blest
What to the traveller gives the mighty zest,
As from the tented land of neighbouring wilds,
Wide on the tufted scene the welkin smiles?
Whence are those charms which all his bosom move
While o'er the varied lawns his eye-balls rove,
When his ears listen to the distant rill,
Or as he scents the odours of the hill?
Say, does he never charms like these compare
With the hot whirlwind's pestilential air?
—Go, where on Alpine heights the trembling guide,
With lab'ring breath along the mountain side,
On tiptoe forward strides, lest the rent air,
Convuls'd with sound, from sidelong ridges tear
The snowy masses; when the toil is past,
And gales Hesperian, gladden you at last,
Say! while you tread the gaily-scented ground,
And pluck the juicy grapes which cluster round,
What but the contrast wakes the rapturous sigh,
Heaves the big tear, and swells the starting eye?
Dull are those sands where suns unceasing glow,
And dull the pall of blank December's snow,
Dull too the life, where never ſhade is seen,
Chast'ning the lights—each anxious pause between;
Where little shadows never pass the sky,
Nor with light clouds the scene diversify;
To these must Novelty her pleasures owe,
And all the sweets from varying life which flow,
All which in pleasing quick succession rise,
And give to life the many-colour'd dyes;
On these must all the pleasing trifles wait,
Which cheer the peasant or amuse the great,

And while the dull routine of years the same,
Moves on a stranger to the voice of Fame,
And to each fierce desire; tis these can charm,
And the stale hours of languor can disarm,
And the more serious toys of statesmen o'er,
Beguile a Scipio at Caieta's shore.
Ye shades of Venta! where my earlieft youth
Drank from the purest fount of claffic truth,
Sure, in my little hour, some clouds were seen,
The sunshine gleams of happiness between!
Sure, in the feuds of boys I 'gan to find
The adverse workings of the human mind;
Saw Honor, Justice, chaste ingenuous Worth,
'Mid Malice, and Hypocrisy break forth,
And pictured to myself ere half Life's day
Was o'er, the mournful remnant of my way;
Whence then those charms which Memory numbers o'er,
Which Fancy tells of what is gone before?
Ah! 'tis those thousand changes in the van,
Which with their varied baubles fool the man;
Those pleasures ever new, for ever fled,
And every tear forgot as soon as shed!
'Tis not when slumb'ring stillness o'er the earth
Cramps every noblest action at its birth;
'Tis not when nations are in torpor lost,
Nor ever by one wild commotion tost,
That Genius starts from slumber into life,
Which lives by enterprize, exults in strife!
No! 'tis some Athens struggling which inspires,
And kindles in the soul else dormant fires;
Such are the themes by Homer's muse approv'd,
By great men foster'd and by Freedom lov'd!
Is it the tranquil scene, the peaceful hour
Monotonous, which with a tragic power

Command our awe, impassion the dull sense,
And shew the fearful hand of Providence?
Is it the gaily circling hours which bring
The fruits of Autumn and the smiles of Spring?
'Tis the red light'ning and the angry blast,
The fields embrown'd, the horizon o'ercast,
The doating lover who but now was blest,
Torn from the only darling of his breast—!
'Tis not at festive sports, or humble woes
That with the choicest forms the canvass glows,
But when a Manners, Wolfe, or Pearson die,
Falling amid the shouts of victory,
When meaner mortals look in silence on,
And wonder how by man such deeds are done!
  And why? along the cloister'd pale to roam
Where kings are gone to their eternal home,
Why, for the relics of some mouldering fane,
Should the full heart more cheerful scenes disdain?
There are some secret sympathies which glow,
And make us find a luxury in woe;
And though we mourn, yet 'tis some bliss to weep
For what the lot of man forbade to keep—
—Nor vain the tear, if haply it ſhould raise
Our panting soul beyond the present days,
Or wean us for a while from worldly care,
To wing the soul for heaven, and teach to bear.—
But should you still lament God's fix'd decree,
And sigh that Fate should not be mov'd for thee!
Ask thy own heart, if he who rules on high,
The vast eccentric orbits of the sky!
Whilst others in their fixt rotation move
On golden hinges of eternal love,
Who bade, around the great unwearied sun
Their course still changing, yet unalter'd run—

Who to each season charms peculiar gave,
Who bade old Ocean's never-ceasing wave
From shore to shore pour forth his boundless tide,
And o'er the vast expanse th' obeisant billows ride,
Ask thy own heart! if his Almighty hand,
Tho' thou but half the scheme may'st understand,
Could Age in vain, by impotent decree,
Have pour'd, Affliction's bitterest cup on thee?
—Nurs'd in the tempest, cradled in the storm,
Teems the young earth with vegetable form,
And from dark Winter's cold and barren wing,
Peeps the first dawning of the new-born spring;
So too shall man, Life's wintry season past,
Range in a spring, perpetual spring at last!
Meanwhile must Time, with ever-various dye,
Tinge the dark colours of Life's fleeting sky.
Yet tho' their sombre touches may erase
The tints of gladness in the human face,
And cast a pall of sadness o'er the soul
Borne down by tyrant Fortune's fierce controul;
Yet can they never quench that inner light
Which shines in sadness most divinely bright,
Which from afar illumes the realms of rest,
From the fair sunshine of an honest breast;
Which soothes in Friendship and in dreams of Love
Dimly anticipates that bliss above,
Where Hope alone shall every thought employ,
With unmixt ardour for the coming joy.

WICCAMICUS.

OXON.

ANACREONTIC. *

HEED no more the coming morrow,
Laugh at future care,
Snatch the present hour from sorrow,
Revel light as air!
Shed around a shower of roses,
Call on Music's powers:
We, while Dulness safe reposes,
Live the passing hours!

Fly, ye moody sons of Sadness;
Fly to desarts drear!
Here each bosom swells with gladness,
Mirth is master here.
Life to us its sweets discloses,
Strews our path with flowers;
We, while Dulness safe reposes,
Live the passing hours!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

* This song was written for a German Air, the words of which begin with "*Bin ein braunes Schweitzer Mädchen,*" &c. or, in the English translation, "*I'm a ruddy girl of Grison,*" &c.

SONG.

AIR.—*Jess Macpharlane.*

WHY ceaseless do I sigh ?
What mean my broken slumbers ?
From busy crouds why fly ?
And breathe but mournful numbers ?
O 'tis love, 'tis love !
O my heart, why beating,
Dost thou ask to die,
That wish each hour repeating ?
O 'tis love, 'tis love !

Alas ! to soothe my pain,
No hope my soul can borrow:
Still must I love in vain ;
Still nourish silent sorrow ;
O my love, my love !
O my love ! though sighing,
I will not complain,
But bless thee even in dying:
O my love, my love !

R. A. DAVENPORT.

INSCRIPTION

For a Monument to be erected in Weybridge Church, Surry, to the Memory of the late Mrs. Bunbury.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

SWEET is the memory of departed worth,
And holy is the tear Affection sheds
On the cold urn of one beloved. Here oft
The faithful Friend shall come and heave a sigh
O'er Katherine's honoured relics. Where are now
The beauty that once charmed, the faultless form,
The mind-illumined features? What availed
Favor or high distinction?* She has dropped
From the bright orb where once she shone, and made
The dust her dwelling. Gladsome rose her morn
Of life, with many a smiling prospect fair
Of blissful years in view, but soon o'ercast
It loured in sorrow. Heaven was pleased to try
Her faith by suffering, and to wean her soul
From Earth's allurements. To its high behest
Meekly she bowed: but not Fate's darkest frown

* This Lady was honoured by the particular regard of her Royal Highneſs the Duchess of York.

Could ruffle her calm spirit, or subdue
The generous feelings of her heart which glowed
With pure benevolence. In Friendship's school
Well had she learnt those lessons which exalt
The noble mind above each selfish aim;
And she was ever ready to speak peace
To others woes, and in the mourner's breast
To pour the balm of comfort. Thus her days
Ran in a blessed course, with Hope and Joy
And Patience in their train; and when she died,
These seraph-virtues to the throne of God
Attended her. Stranger, if chance thine eye
Glance on this tablet, pass not heedless on,
But pause; and know it is a warning voice
To be thyself prepared: and should thy strength
Be insufficient for the task, and thou
Needest the grace divine to be thy help,
Ask it of God, and he will give it thee.

WEYBRIDGE, DEC. 6, 1803.

INSCRIPTION

On a Natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.

HEALTH, rose-lip'd cherub, haunts this spot:—
She slumbers oft' in yonder nook:—
If in the shade you trace her not,
Plunge——and you'll find her in the Brook!

SONG.

Intended to be sung in the Character of Miss Alton, in General Burgoyne's Comedy of the Heiress.

AIR.—"*Je suis Lindor.*"

WHY heaves my heart, to learn a menial's duty?
In early youth, I shar'd with infant hands
Each little toil that Poverty demands;
Nor in soft ease indulg'd my opening beauty.

Why heaves my heart? To peace so long a stranger,
Poor trembler, rest in humble quiet here:
No Uncle's power, no Lover's treachery fear,
In this low state obscurely safe from danger.

Yet, yet it heaves! That safety, whence I borrow
Each soothing hope, too safe, awakes new woe.
Be still, fond heart! I fear myself to know
The secret source, that feeds this wayward sorrow.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF

AIKIN'S SONGS.

SWEET rival of thine Hannah's numbers! sage
  Above the promise of thy sex! whose care
  With Virtue and with Wisdom forms our fair
At once to' improve and grace the rising age,
If mid these useful toils, that well engage
  Thy graver hours, the muse of lighter air
  May hope uncensur'd thy regard to share,
Here pleas'd thy hand may turn the' amusive page.
Yet, not too deeply drink her tender tale,
  Lest to thy soul her amorous lays impart
The soft infection: Though the' ætherial mail
  Of Wisdom arms around thy virgin heart,
Ah! little, even those boasted arms avail,
  To' avert the wound when Love directs the dart.

††

SONNET.

To Mr. HAY DRUMMOND,

On Reading his Volume of Poems, entitled

"VERSES SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC."

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

OUR Scotian Petrarch's amatory verse
So long hath made the name of DRUMMOND dear,
That oft I've sigh'd, near Esk's meandering course,
To place a garland on the poet's bier;
But doubly priz'd by my enamour'd thought
Shall that lov'd name to latest life remain,
Since HAY's pure strains, with hallow'd feeling fraught,
Gave to each throbbing pulse delicious pain:—
And though no mortal hand may hope to twine
The myrtle garland for a widow'd brow;
The palm of christian piety is thine,
The wreath of amaranth, which saints bestow,
And the high meed that waits the blest above,
Who here have train'd their course by the mild star of Love!

SONNET.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

ALL, all is finish'd! From that cross of pain
His last expiring gaze in mercy gleams :—
Rent is the mystic veil of power in twain,
And light in thickest darkness shrouds his beams.

Then bow'd thy sacred head, thou sent of God!
Ev'n in its last disgrace, our form to share,
Hallowing for evermore that dread abode,
Whence Nature shrunk in doubt—or in despair.

Shall mortal homage now, the might that bow'd
From highest Heaven to Earth, with tears bewail?
Rather let glad Hosannas shout aloud,
Rather let pealing adorations hail
The kingly Victor, who descended here
That trembling penitence no more might fear.

APRIL, 1803.

SONNET.

EASTER.

BY THE SAME.

—His kingdom comes! Reveal'd as now, from high
Shall Faith again behold her Judge return;
When Faith shall worship, with adoring eye,
The blest effulgence of celestial morn.

—Bursting the grave He comes—the First that rose—
Pledge of immortal life to them that sleep!
Pledge of Dominion o'er the last of foes,
"That they who sow in tears, in joy shall reap."

Yes! they shall reap in joy, ev'n now who bear
Life's fitful storm, or wait the king of fears!
—When *That* transcendant glory stoop'd to wear
Death's icy fetters, whose eternal years
Had seen the advent of created Time?
Shall man reluctant bow, to purchase bliss sublime.

SONNET.

O cruel Love! with what a true delight
Thy fatal fires extinguish'd did I deem;
And hope no more to loath Day's sacred beam,
To waste in sleepless anguish the long night,
Or slumbering, start, scar'd by some fearful dream!
And sure if memory of keenest wrong
That ever stung to agony the brain,
If bitter thought of all my former pain,
If rival beauties, or if absence long,
Might aught have done, my hope had not been vain:
Yet vainly I have hop'd! Again I see
The faithless and the fair; my throbbing heart
Resigns itself once more a slave to thee;
And feels from short repose severer smart.

R. A. D.

1798.

SONNET.

Written in a blank leaf of a Lady's book of Poems.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

ALL in a rose-bud infant PITY lay:—
Heaven's liquid lustres that impearl the morn,
Bathed the sweet babe, that weeping seem'd to say,
" Ah *Senſibility*, how sharp thy thorn!
" But ah! how sweetly sharp!"—The tear-born child,
Pathos embraced, and *Rapture* rush'd to claim,
And *Genius* waved his sunny locks, and smil'd,
And *Fancy* with her wand of wonders came.
Embosom'd in the rose the babe they found:—
In *Wit's* rich mantle of ætherial hues,
They laid it, breathing purple airs around:
Then kiss'd, and call'd it " VIRTUE'S FAIREST MUSE."
E'er since the soft-ey'd cherub sings in tears,
Blooms a new Grace, and Sappho's person wears.

SONNET.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FIVE years have past since here I saw thee borne,
Friend of my early youth! saw with that grief,
That deep distress, that cannot loudly mourn,
That vainly asks of tears the sad relief.
Here, many a dark and dreary night, alone,
A wanderer wild, with bleeding heart I came,
To the deaf marble utter'd many a groan,
And call'd in anguish on thy much-lov'd name.
Yet now, though still as ever thou art dear,
No more I feel those agonies severe,
But sky-born thoughts of consolation greet:
Yes! now to righteous Heaven's high will resign'd,
This spot I view with calmly-pensive mind,
In holy hope that we shall shortly meet.

R. A. D.

1799.

SONNET.

To the Memory of the Rev. Dr. Henry Leslie, Rector of Tandragie, in the County of Armagh, Ireland, who departed this Life, February 16, 1803.

BY THE REV. H. BOYD.

LITTLE I thought, when, on the morn, that shone *
First of the year, I gave the figur'd page
That marks the limits of each solar stage,
And the short journies of the changeful moon,
That heaven's eternal year would soon be thine;
And that those eyes that with benignant ray
Beam'd on my parting, soon in purer day
Should ope to beatific sights divine!
But thou wert ripe for bliss; the numerous train,
Whom thy long labours for the realms of light
Gradual prepar'd, with many a choral song,
Hail thee, ascending to the blest domain,
Or lead thee onward thro' the orders bright,
Where the good shepherds round their master throng.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY 17.

* The author had (on a visit to Dr. Leslie on New Year's Day) presented him with an almanack.

SONNET.

O! when will morning dawn with friendly light
On these sad eyes, that call in vain for sleep,
Their burning lids with poppied dews to steep.
Alas! how long and weary is the night,
And I am faint at heart with grief and pain.
Meseems that ceaseless round my thorny bed,
Of varied forms unnumber'd phantoms tread;
A solemn, gloomy, strange, portentous train:
Grimly they smile, and sternly-muttering tell
That I with worms shall soon in darkness dwell.
Morn! I implore thy beams, thy gentle gales:
Yet, wherefore idly do I sigh for thee?
Thou soon shalt come, but canst not succour me;
To the sick soul no earthly help avails!

R. A. D.

1799.

SONNET.

WHEN Pain for some few moments sets me free,
The ready flatterer Hope exerts her powers,
And, smiling, bids me think that I shall see
Of friendship, peace, and love, yet many hours:
She whispers too, that there may come a time,
When I no longer trifling with the Lyre,
Its heavenly chords shall wake to strains sublime,
That future ages hearing will admire.
Soon fade these prospects, like the gaudy cloud
Of Summer's eve: again I feel the sting
That rankles in my side, and stern and loud
I hear the dark, inexorable King;
He cries, "fond fool! those golden dreams resign;
"Thy hours are number'd, thou wilt soon be mine."

R. A. D.

1799.

SONNET.

TO A SICK BED.

WHAT though thy pillow's set with many a thorn;
And round thee wait the family of pain,
With nightly phantoms of the fever'd brain;
Yet oft a ray of comfort gilds the morn;
Etherial forms thy waking dreams adorn:
When we an interval of ease obtain,
Nor throbbing pangs acute the fibres strain,
We muse on things divine, and worldly scorn.
Reflection calm, Devotion's spirit pure
Breathe joy, like gales from Paradise that blow;
The passions still, the soul of aid assure,
And teach it well itself, and friends to know.
Thus Mercy to the couch of woe has given
To prove the heart of man, and bless the hand of heaven.

G. H. D.

EDINBURGH.

SONNET.

TO AVARO.

BRING forth thy gilded Car, and mount the throne,
'Tis a new purchase! see, it featly swings,
And seems to dance on its elastic springs;
Nor mind the wheels that mock yon exile's groan,
'Tis all but fancy—drive your pamper'd steeds
O'er that wide Champaign, all you there survey
Is yours—the hapless Swains are far away,
Whose looks might else arraign your wrongful deeds.
You think the very air which you inhale
Your property; insatiate tho' you be,
Your craving shall be sated soon, my friend!
Yonder the Demon hovers in the gale,
That brews the vapour of Mortality—
Soon other wheels thy mourning gate shall tend.

A NEW SONNET.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

THE Moon-beam slumber'd on the silent wave
That gently kissed the shore; and all was still,
Save where the murmur of the distant rill
Whisper'd its banks between, or laps'd to lave,
Irriguous, the faithful Henry's grave.
Ah! me! beneath the foot of yonder hill
He sleeps pale ghosts among, where damp and chill
The green turf bends its grassy head to save
Eugenia's gentle spirit:—Saint divine!
Whose vows for Henry's life not Henry knew.
But Death's embraces in one tomb confine
Their mingled souls. Now, reader, tell me true,
Dost understand my Sonnet?—"Every line."
Why faith, that's strange: 'tis more than I can do.

BELSHAZZAR.

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

How curs'd the wretch, to dire Ambition held
In vassalage, thy fate, *Belshazzar!* speaks
A loud memento.—What though at the hour
When Treason, shunning the broad eye of day,
Pall'd in the gloom of night, with blushless front
Stalk'd forth, to jocund feast and waſſailing
Thou gavest up thyſelf——thrice happier he,
The meanest son of Babylon, his cares
In balmy slumber hush'd! Though at thy throne
Innumerous Satraps bow'd the servile knee,
And kiss'd the hand they fear'd, and troul'd the tongue
Of flattery, they could not hail thee heir
Of Heaven's sweet Eden! Though thy palace walls
Rang with the full of Harmony; nor sound
Of flute, or cornet, sackbut, psaltry, harp,
Or dulcimer, could lull the harrowing pangs
Of Conscience to repose. What though a robe
Sidonian, with the gold of Omphir wrought,
Thy limbs so gaily mantled—though a tiar,
Borrowing new lustre from the dazzling gleam
Of countless tapers, and the spiral blaze
Of incense-breathing vases, on thy brows

In all the pride of Ormuz beam'd—those gaudes,
Those pageant trappings ill avail'd to hide
The deep, the dread damnation of thy sins
From Salem's righteous God!—Ah! why recoil'd
Thy soul in speechless horror from those signs
Of most mysterious import, character'd
By fingers more than human? Why, O King!
But that it found in one disastrous hour
Its fancied greatness vanish, and its pride,
Sky-vaulting pride, abash'd in mid career!

ON A BEAUTIFUL LADY

WHO HAD BUT ONE EYE.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

If one bright eye such mischief singly do,
How many murders had she done with two!
But if I perish once by that one eye,
Give her a second, and I twice shall die.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO LATIN.

BY EDMUND SWIFT, ESQ.

Tot clades tantasque Oculus si spargeret unus,
Cum gemino laté quas daret illa neces!
Si tamen hoc oculo peream semel ictus ab uno,
Accedat Geminus, bisqùe necatus ero.

A SONG,

BY DR. OGILVIE.

WRITTEN IN EARLY LIFE.

Beneath a cool shade,
Where fair Chloe had stray'd,
Her wishes, unseen, to discover;
To the Gods oft she cried,
And implored as she sigh'd,
That great Jove would but grant her a lover.

Poor Cupid behind,
In a grove lay reclin'd,
Whither Venus to rest had convey'd him;
When he heard out the pray'r,
He soon found with despair,
That though blind, yet his ears had betray'd him.

He tugg'd at the dart
That stuck fast in his heart,
And he tried the soft passion to smother;
Till he heard once again,
And soon found by the pain
That his breast had been pierced with another.

Then he stamp'd, and he swore,
Till he could do no more,
When by his own darts he was wounded;
And he cried, as he strove
Both with rage, and with love,
Was there ever poor God so confounded?

To the Nymph then he came,
And first told her his name,
Then cried, " Madam, I swear that I love ye,
" And vow by old Styx,
" (For a speech were prolix)
" That no other shall ever remove ye."

Fair Chloe rejoin'd,
" Sir, your vows are but wind,
" Without pledge I'd not credit my mother:
" When these shafts I secure,
" 'Tis but then I'll be sure
" That my Cupid can ne'er love another."

So the bargain was made
For the tools of his trade;
In her love-darting eyes she has set 'em;
Where they're always at will,
And can ne'er fail to kill,
As oft as the Fair will but let 'em.

Now ye Beaus have a care,
Of this Charmer beware,
If you venture one look you are dead Sir;
In vain were your hope,
When once caught, to elope,
Though your heels were as light as your heads are.

VERVERT.

CANTO I.

Translated from the French of Gresset,

BY MISS PEARSON.

O YOU, near whom each solitary grace,
In unaffected charms, preserves its place;
You, whose pure mind celestial truths impress,
Who know to lead in Virtue's awful train
Taste, Freedom, Pleasure, in their loveliest dress
Listen in soft complacence to my strain,
Since at your wish I venture to relate,
A winged wanderer's miserable fate.
O be my muse—give me the glowing fire,
Teach me the tender strains breath'd from your lyre,
When fair Fidelia, in life's early bloom,
Torn from your arms, was shrouded in the tomb:
For my illustrious hero well may claim
Tears from the brightest eyes that read his fame.
His virtues travers'd by his wayward fate,
His wanderings, and his errors, known too late,
Might to another Odyssey give rise,
Sealing with drowsy charm the reader's eyes;
Might ask Mythology's creative aids.
Call Gods and Demons from ideal shades,

With one month's action fill succeeding years,
In lofty tones fatiguing patient ears,
Singing the luckless race a Parrot ran,
A bird of talents, brilliant as the man
Who bore his parent, and his lovely boy,
From the fierce flames and falling towers of Troy;
Not less devout, but far more wretched he,
Whose sufferings to recite remains with me.
Then come, my lyre, and lest attention fail,
Too long suspended, hasten to the tale;
For the young Muses, versatile as bees,
Love not the tedious song, but quickly seize
From each poetic flower its fine perfume,
Then wing their flight where sweets untasted bloom.
This art you learnt when first the immortal maids,
Foster'd your genius in their vocal shades;
Thrice blest your friend, if in his verse you view
The effect of lessons he received from you.
If urg'd by love of sacred Truth I paint,
With human frailties many a blooming saint,
Disclose the convent-parlour's deep intrigues,
Or whisper of the grate's mysterious leagues;
Tell what grave nothings fill the idle day,
What poor resources help the time away,
From you forgiveness I may surely claim,
Exempt from every foible I can name;
Your vigorous reason takes a higher flight,
You form your conduct by your sense of right,
That sense submissive to Religion's power,
Dictates the noblest use of every hour,
Your soul mere pageantries could never bind,
It soars to worship the Eternal Mind;
You know full well the deep habitual sigh,
The uplifted hands and graceful energy,

Unless the bleeding, prostrate heart be there,
Is far less pleasing to the Power Divine
Than the true penitent's half-utter'd prayer,
In which his humble soul, his grateful spirit shine.
If Virtue from her native realms of light,
On Earth descended to our mortal sight,
She would not in Hypocrisy's dark vest,
Or by the Furies in fierce scorpions drest,
Seek on our minds her maxims to impress,
But if adorn'd with your benignant grace,
Her heavenly origin the world wou'd trace,
And round her blazing altars fondly press.
Full oft I've read, in many a well-wrought page,
What joys we lose when for the world's wide stage
We quit with beating hearts our native seat,
And under foreign skies fatigue our burning feet.
For seldom by our change of place, the mind
Becomes enlighten'd, or the heart refin'd;
While Error's limed snares too often grow,
Still more entangled as we onward go;
Far happier they who in their first abodes,
In the calm bosom of their Household-Gods,
Experience no tormenting wish to roam,
But in-born virtues cultivate at home,
As social crowding round their evening fire,
They learn the golden maxims of their sire;
Far happier they than he, blind Fortune's heir,
Who roves thro' Europe with unmeaning stare,
O'er ample continents is madly driven,
And gathers half the follies under heaven,
Then proudly hastens to his native shore,
And gives his blushing land one coxcomb more.
My Hero's tale a mournful proof displays,
Of what dire evils fill the traveller's ways;

But if, incredulous, you doubt the lay,
Hear what Nevers' sweet Nuns themselves will say,
Their dismal parlours still resound the cries
Pour'd for their hapless favorite to the skies.
Where the gay Loire its silver current pours,
And proud Nevers erects her crowded towers,
Beneath the Visitandine's holy roof,
Liv'd, not long since, a parrot of great fame,
Of Education's force a shining proof——
From India's splendid clime a youth he came,
Bright were his emerald plumes, and Ververt was his name.
Untaught, with intuitive arts he charm'd,
With generous manners, and with playful grace;
And if stern Fate to excellence gave place,
His wondrous merits had her wrath disarm'd.
Unknown to evil, mutable as young,
Docile as beautiful, and frank as youth,
Susceptible and tender, but in truth
Yet pure as from his natal shell he sprung;
What wonder if within this lonely bower,
Where from all quarters words in torrents pour,
He soon among the vestals found his tongue.
In fine, full well became his holy cage—
Worthy within a convent's lonely bound
To keep the eternal mill-clack whirling round—
Never was bird so brilliant, sweet and sage.
Here the first object of each sister's care,
In Beauty's kiss he drank ambrosial air,
And every mother (save her ghostly guide)
Loved Ververt more than half the world beside;
Not even her bosom-friend 'tis thought stood higher,
And hence a worthy chronicler declares
The plumy favorite gave himself great airs,
And often carried it before the friar;

Always partook of each delicious treat,
The cordial syrups, and the spiced buns,
Which the young novices and sweet-lip'd nuns
To cheer the fathers' sacred bowels brought,
Who, not being better nourished than taught,
With well-bred perseverance drank and eat.
Each fair recluse permitted to caress him,
And to her downy bosom fondly press him;
Living in luxury without controul,
Ververt became the convent's life and soul:
Except a few old crabbed nuns, who fain
O'er sportive youth would hold too tight a rein,
Whom, by the bye, he car'd not for a souse,
Our hero was beloved by all the house.
His reasoning faculty not yet mature,
They let him act as he lik'd best:
Whate'er he said or did, the spark was sure
To be applauded and carest.
If at their works the languid vestals sat,
He charm'd the tedious morning with his chat;
Wou'd oft the veiling bandeau slyly peck,
Or twitch the kerchief from the snowy neck;
In short such winning ways he had about him,
No pleasant party cou'd be formed without him;
His vivid plumage, while it cheer'd their sight,
Fill'd his own breast with innocent delight.
All life, he wheel'd, he fluttered, whistled, sung,
Ceaseless his indefatigable tongue
Jested, but yet in such a timid tone,
So archly, yet so modestly would speak,
The chariest nun might make his phrase her own,
Nor call a deeper vermeil o'er her cheek.
To questions ask'd at once on every side,
The bird with strict propriety replied.

Thus Cæsar formerly, historians say,
Having a world of business on his hands,
To four at once made known his high commands,
In styles as different as the night and day.
Received without reserve in every place,
Ververt the dining-room ne'er fail'd to grace,
There every dainty form'd his rich repast
Which Mother-Church allows her sons to taste,
Nay, every tid-bit which indulgence bought,
Close to his lovely bill the sisters brought,
Besides all which each nun to do him pleasure,
Emptied her anple pockets of their treasure,
When from the table they retir'd to stray
Thro' their long cypress walks, till closing day;
A thousand sweetmeats then his taste invite,
And pique his pallet with intense delight:
These little kindnesses which warm the heart,
And to the social bond new strength impart;
These elegant attentions authors say,
Amid the Visitandine Nuns were born,
And this the happy Ververt proved each day,
With every setting sun, with every rising morn.
More humour'd than if bred within a court,
Secur'd from all things that might taint or teize him,
With youth, and health, and innocence, in short
All that could make his new existence please him,
In happy leisure flew the white-wing'd hours
For ever varied with fresh opening flowers.
And oft as night her silver lamp suspends,
And sleep's soft balm on mortal lids descends,
Within the ample Dormitory's space,
Ververt, O envied bird! might chuse his place;
How blest the mother near whose favour'd bed
He condescended to repose his head,

But seldom had an aged Nun this honor,
'Tis natural to presume, conferr'd upon her.
The neat alcoves, where youthful beauty lies,
Breathing thro' coral lips unconscious sighs,
Scenting the ambient air, more harmonize,
With Ververt's taste—then, wrapp'd in deep repose,
He rests till Venus in the horizon glows.
Awake, beholds the toilet's mystic rite,
Which e'en midst convent-glooms can yield delight.
What have I said! catch not the sound ye gales!
The Muse, a female, loves not spiteful tales,
Else she could tell with what assiduous care
The blooming novice braids her glossy hair;
And oft, while gazing on her radiant eyes,
Dims the clear mirror with her fragrant sighs;
For Vestals too require the mirror's aid,
No less than she who lives mid court parade;
The simple veil demands appropriate grace,
No less than heads adorn'd with pearls and lace.
As in the world Fashion's decisive voice,
Commands our fancy, or directs our choice,
So in the purer convent's calm domain,
Taste, and the humbler graces, hold their reign.
'Tis theirs to teach the stubborn robe to bend,
Or with the harshest lawn an ease to blend,
Close o'er the breast to bid the manteau meet,
And fall redundant o'er the modest feet,
While oft the wanton Loves assist the Fair,
Darken her eye-lash, and improve her air,
The Loves, who force their way thro' massy towers,
And leap o'er lofty grates at midnight hours;
Some in the plaitings of her bandeau lie,
Or curl the ringlet o'er her downcast eye;
With infant archness some her neck reveal,
Then with decorous haste the charm conceal,

And sliding thro' the kerchief's varied fold,
Within its shade their blissful station hold.
Attir'd, she hastens to her parlour friends,
Yet ere she goes a parting glance she sends
At the dear mirror—" yet, but one look more!"
She smiling cries, then—slowly shuts the door.
The Muse hates scandal, therefore let this be
A secret, my dear friend, 'twixt you and me.
Returning to our Hero—in the breast
Of ease, of elegance, and peace carest,
So apt at conversation, song, and play,
He quite eclips'd the favourites of the day.
For him all earlier darlings were forgot;
For him her sparrows sister Clare neglected;
And one day, yielding to their little rage,
At seeing this fine stranger so respected,
Four young canaries in their lonely cage,
Tore their bright plumes, and died upon the spot;
While two great cats, long in the convent cherish'd,
Unnotic'd now, with downright envy perish'd.
Who could foresee in these delicious times
How vain the toil to cultivate his manners, [crimes,
That those dark days would come when, stain'd with
This beauteous idol of each tender heart,
Would from his Convent's purity depart,
Forget the chaste delights that bless'd each day,
Become, of vice the unresisting prey,
And proudly swell beneath her tainted banners.
Ah! ye bright Vestals, to the future blind,
A bitter recompence your labours find.
Parrots are faithless even as mankind!
The Muse desists, for to her mental view
The dreary visions in sad prospect rise,
Tears of pure sympathy bedew her eyes,
Her tender bosom bleeds, sweet maids, for you!

TO MY RIVAL.

Tell me, poor Rival! tell me why,
The fruitless, hopeless chace pursuing,
To Lelia's presence still you fly,
By many a prayer her favour wooing?

Dost thou not mark, how deaf an ear
She turns to all thy soft advances?
Dost thou not mark, what looks severe
On *thee* my Lelia often glances?

In vain her face and form you praise;
No praise of thine, believe me, charms her;
For, firm against each artful phrase,
My ever-present image arms her!

Each gem that Earth's dark caves contain
Did Fate permit thy hand to proffer,
My Lelia still would *mine* remain,
And proudly spurn thy dazzling offer!

No! never shalt thou triumph o'er
Her heart, for me with passion glowing!
One smile of mine she prizes more
Than boundless wealth of thy bestowing.

What madness in thy soul would dwell!
How the detested sight would wound thee!
To see with bliss her bosom swell,
As fond she clasps her arms around me;

To see me on her breast recline,
Entranc'd in more than mortal pleasure,
While from her lips she showers on mine
Of kisses her ambrosial treasure.

Then soft she breathes th' impassion'd vow—
"Dearest! no time our bands shall sever;
"For, truly as I love thee now,
"So truly will I love thee ever.

"Yes, my belov'd, thy Lelia lives
"For thee alone; nor wilt thou doubt me;
"Yes, all that e'er existence gives,
"Is cold and valueless without thee!"

More close to mine her lovely form
With tender violence she presses;
And, with such smiles as Death might warm,
She lavishes her sweet caresses.

Quit then, poor Rival! quit a chace
In shame and disappointment ending;
Nor more delusive hopes embrace,
Both vanity and folly blending.

Yet, still mayst thou pursue my fair,
With amorous suit and love-lorn ditty,
Nor fear my rage; thy fruitless care
Moves not my anger, but my pity.

IGNOTO.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN DURING A STORM, A. D. 1804.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

WHAT Demons wing the troubled air,
And howl infuriate in the blast!
What thunders bid the world prepare
For murd'rous rage, and changes vast!
On what dire errand are ye past,
Ye fearful Ministers of Death,
Who plough the billows with portentous breath?

Oh, rage ye thus, that man may find
An image of the mortal coil,
That agitates the general mind,
That dies, with blood, full many a soil;
While vain Philosophy, and Pride,
With mad Ambition swell Confusion's tide?

Again, again, the pealing storm!
How long, ye Demons, will ye roar?
How long the cultur'd plain deform,
And strew with wrecks the cruel shore?

To stain the wintry flood, with gore,
Say, do ye call the Sons of France?
Say, do ye bid Rebellion grasp the lance!

The songs of death I hear you sing,
Denouncing woe to ravag'd earth,—
The ministers of wrath ye bring,
Ye summon giant ills, to birth,
Intestine wars, and flame and dearth;
Each mighty plague, at heav'n's commands,
That waves her iron scourge o'er guilty lands.

Again—I understand that yell—
Ye call the ships from *Gallia's* coast—
" Waft—hither waft the dogs of hell,
" Imprison'd, for a day we boast,
" To keep the matchless naval host,
" That Albion's conquering thunder bear;
" To fill th' astonish'd world with awe and fear."

If led by destinies of ill,
That human prudence may not mar,
The foe th' advent'rous course fulfil;
Then comfort shall be distant far;—
And dire must be the tug of war;
What blood shall stream! what flames shall burn!
How late—how late—shall blessed Peace return!

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to joy and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view, with tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
  By ev'ry thrill of joy, of woe;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
  Of warmer youth's empassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed
  Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep, too blest, the reverend dead,
  Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say! can Helvetia's patriot child,
  A wretched exile, bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
  Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home? no home has he—
  He scorns in servile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
  Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose mighty mound,
  Great NATURE's adamantine wall,
In vain opposed your awful bound
  To check the prone-descending Gaul;

What Hunter now with daring leaps
  Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
  Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
  Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To Freedom true, the stubborn soil
  Shall pine, and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your ravening bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes,

What seek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptur'd trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth,
Our trophies are our tyrants' bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
MORAT's proud glories on my view;
Heroic scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Beyond the dread Atlantic deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

COLUMBIA hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with Patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here!"

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew;
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

L. A.

EPITAPH,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

CLUER DICEY,

Who died the 3d of October, 1775, aged 60.

O THOU, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
These solemn mansions of the silent dead,
Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
No more shall tell the spot where Dicey lies;
When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
Mould'ring itself, resigns his moulder'd dust;
When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
And earth, and sun, and skies, dissolve away;
The soul this consummation shall survive,
Defy the wreck, and but begin to live:
Oh pause! reflect, repent, resolve, amend!
Life has no length—Eternity no end.

HANNAH MORE.

AN ECLOGUE,

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

SYLVIA.

COME, my gentle RUSLAND, come, forsake this barren mountain,
Lead for me my thirsty flocks to yon refreshing fountain;
Weary, love, I really am, and sick at heart with sorrow—
For I have been a slave all day, and must be so to-morrow.

Scorch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold, what serves to say I'm weary?
Ten long lonely miles must I the fowls to market carry:
I must early rise to lead the cattle forth at morning,
Mine the task to count them too, and fold them at returning.

All the houshold cares are mine; I glean in harvest weather;
At Christmas fetch in wood for fire, and spin whole nights together:
Ah! were but my lover by, how easy were my labour!
Not so light the village dance, nor half so brisk the tabor!

Lack-a-day, the moments creep, or RUSLAND loiters sadly;
Mournful does his absence seem—but then we meet more gladly!
Have I miss'd the leafy shade that screens us from intrusion?
Oh, no, the spot that Lovers choose, admits of no delusion!

Didst thou not, young hunter, say, provided I came hither,
We should talk of fairy feats, or sit and sing together?
Wherefore dost thou tarry then? If I have any notion,
Swifter than an arrow's flight, should be a Lover's motion.

Say, can any artful Nymph, more fair or more prevailing,
Bid thee disannul thy vows, nor heed my sad bewailing?
Had thy love been true as mine, the Nymph had been rejected;
RUSLAND had not linger'd thus, nor SYLVIA thus expected.

Oft have I heard wise ones say, "Ye beautiful, believe us,
"Men by nature faithless are, and study to deceive us."
Tell me, RUSLAND, is it true—can I no more delight thee?
Indeed no, no, it is not so; yet why then do you slight me?

Surely such a courteous youth can never mean to leave me;
Truth ripen'd on his ruddy lips unfashion'd to deceive me:
What so long detains him then? May no mishap betide him!
An hour's as tedious as a year, if I am not beside him.

This playful Kid the Hunter saw, full well do I remember,
Shivering, wet, half-starved, and cold, a victim to December:
Up the dangerous steep he climbed, most hazardly to save it,
Pitied it, and nourished it, and to his Mistress gave it.

Go, thou little wanton, go, inform him by thy bleating
How often I have sigh'd in vain, how long have here sat waiting:
Tell him flowery wreaths I weave to chain my fickle rover,
What my fearful blushes hide, these tell-tale wreaths discover!

Tell him how the roses weep, like me with heads reclining,
Paler all their colour fades, they sicken too with pining;
Tell him though, if he return, his presence will revive them,
Make their bloom more vivid glow, and sweeter fragrance give them.

Say for him alone I stay, for him shall I be scolded,
Soon must all the goats be milked, at dusk the sheep be folded;
Else silently my father frowns, my cruel step-dame chides me,
And peevishly her fretful son with bitter taunts derides me.

My love is wise, and, so belike, disdains a simple creature;
If so, why did he kiss her cheek, or why so fondly treat her?
Why carve her name on rinds of trees, why comfort her when weeping?
Why tune for her his beechen flute, or watch beside her sleeping?

Soon the nightly dews will fall, the sun is fast descending,
And see along the watry moor the mountain shades extending;
Did he come, the time were short to talk of mutual pleasure,
Oh would the chace were earlier done, or I had longer leisure!

Hereafter I will love no more;—hence, hence, capricious passion:
RUSLAND's false, and so will I, for falsehood is the fashion:—
Methought I heard his distant horn—my resolution's broken;
And that I love my RUSLAND still, this beating heart's the token.

ODE TO TERROR.

MONARCH of the gloomy train!
Which haunt the fear-distracted brain;
I feel—I feel, my laboring breast,
Grim Terror, by thy potent spells possess'd:
As thy dismal scenes unfold,
The flagging stream of life grows cold;
My trembling limbs, my bristly hair,
My hurried breath, and starting eye,
Fix'd, tho' blasted—all declare,
Tremendous power, thy ghastly form is nigh!

Upborn by thee, amid the darken'd air,
Now dimly breaks the boiling deep below;
While the livid lightnings glare—
While the raging whirlwinds blow!
Hark! by starts, what mournful cries
'Mid the mingled storm arise!
Some vessel strikes, with sudden shock,
Upon the lurking pointed rock:
O mercy! hear the dying crew!
See how aloft the straining surge they gain!
'Tis past—the dim discover'd fragments view,
Snatch'd in wild eddies o'er the fiery main.
Their agonizing cries are o'er—
Deep, deep they sink—to rise no more.

Too well that cruel smile I read,
Turn'd on the spot, where thousands soon must bleed,
Whose bright arms, gleaming from afar,
Now swell the savage pomp of war.
As array'd, on either hand,
Front to front the squadrons stand;
Ere the shrieks of death resound—
Ere they bite the crimson ground;
See grim Havoc, hot from hell,
With all the furies in her train,
Hovering low, with dire delight,
'Twixt the closing ranks of fight;
Prepar'd the tide of blood to swell,
And scour the groaning plain:
Now the thundering peals arise,
Vengeful shouts and dying cries;
Till Victory waves her purple flag on high,
And echoing triumph rends the tortur'd sky.

'Tis night! now o'er the silent field,
By the pale moon's light reveal'd,
I see thee steal to view the feast of death!
To hear the faint expiring groan,
The mutter'd prayer, the hollow moan,
The parch'd throat gasping hard for breath;
Arm'd with a dagger deep imbru'd,
While coward Rapine prowls the slippery plain,
And giant Slaughter, smear'd with blood,
Reclines his weary limbs on heaps of slain!
But who is she? Misfortune's child,
With hurried step, and aspect wild,
Who hither seems to move?
And bending oft, surveys each pallid face,
As if she wish'd some friend to trace?
Alas! she seeks her love!

And, lo! his breathless corpse she spies—
She cannot weep—swift frenzy lights her eyes,
She shrieks, she falls, and on his mangled bosom dies.

Now waving high, in proud disdain,
His broad red pinions o'er the tainted plain,
See savage War exulting flies,
Wafted on a million's sighs,
Where Ambition points the road,
Scenting afar new scenes of blood;
Yet, wherefore lag yon fiends behind,
By earth accurst—by life abhorr'd—
Wheeling, like vultures, on the infected wind,
Dreadful followers of the sword?
Famine and pestilence! I know you now,
The country's blasted as you tread;
The groaning city's chok'd with dead,
Your horrid work's complete!
No face is seen, no sounds arise,
Save where some wretch infected flies,
And screams along the empty street!

Grim power! O spare my aching sight,
Nor call thy foul unreal train to light,
By Superstition formed of old,
In sickly Fancy's giant mold!
Yet, lo! they come—along the midnight air
What spectres dire in wild confusion sweep!
See by yon dim and dismal glare,
At once they sink into the yawning deep;
While faintly from the gulf below,
Rise the shrieks of tortur'd woe!

Now deep within the tangled dell,
I hear the wisard's mutter'd spell:

Round him flit a ghastly brood—
The setting moon is turn'd to blood!
Prompt his orders to perform,
Rush the spirits of the storm;
Pitchy darkness veils the skies—
Piping loud the winds arise.
Hark! they howl along the heath,
  While the fiends, with mournful yell,
  To the benighted wretch foretel,
Scenes of woe and death!

The storm is past! and o'er yon mouldering tower
  Steals through yon sable clouds a silvery beam:
Avaunt! thou visionary power,
  Nor lead me to the haunted stream,
That laves its ivy'd walls.
  In vain—its gloomy paths I tread;—
What horrid phantom now my sight appals?
  From the green pavement bursts the shrouded dead;
A clear blue flame conducts it through the gloom,
'Mid broken ruins to the fatal room;
  And now it points the blood-stain'd bed!
—The firm-built turret shakes, with dismal sound,
'Mid lonely courts that spread their echoes round;
The iron clank of chains I hear,
While shrieks of torture swell more near.
Scarce the crazy boards uphold
  The armed spectres that advance;
While one behind, of horrid mold,
  Impels them with his fiery-barbed lance;
And oft, transfixing each, in fury, cries,
'Thus, every hour, the guilty murderer dies!'

Fearful yawns the dark profound!
Muttering thunders heave the ground!
Down, through her riven entrails, lo! we sweep,
'Till a dim distant light just glimmers from the deep.
Behold the damned crew—
O'er the furnace blue;
By the brimstone's livid flame,
Doing "a deed without a name:"
Around them heavier hangs the cavern'd gloom:
While summon'd to foretel
The dark designs of hell;
In accents dread the monstrous throng,
Chaunt the strange prophetic song,
And write, in blood, the fated warrior's doom.

S. W.

EPIGRAM.

Ned's thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
Is charm'd with every thing she sees,
And every thing she sees she buys:

Ned feels at every sale enchanted—
Such costly wares! so wisely sought!
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

S.

HOPE'S INVITATION.

BY MISS L. S. TEMPLE.

THE shades of the night are now passing away,
And morn in her balmy effulgence is seen;
The lark pours his cadence to welcome the day,
And the pipe of the shepherd steals soft o'er the green.
What voice is't I hear so harmoniously sweet?
Thro' the woodlands its melody bursts on my ear;
Rosy Health on the mountains it tells me to greet,
And loudly proclaims, 'tis the prime of the year.

"Why musest thou here, lonely wanderer, it cries,
While Pleasure's soft warblings call thee away,
While the roses of morning are feasting thine eyes,
And thou seest the bright smiles of the monarch of day?
For thee the gay breeze of the summer awakes,
For thee are disclos'd the fair tints of the sky;
Each beauty of Nature with eloquence speaks,
And tells thee, that youth is the season for joy.

With the happy then mingle, like others be gay,
Nor thus all in silence and solitude mourn;
O haste from this gloom to the radiance of day,
And enjoy the bright moments that ne'er can return.

See Phœbus ascending his glory reveals,
  On the green-wave gay dances his glitt'ring ray;
And hark how the merry bells ring out their peals;
  Why ling'rest thou here? Come away, come away!"

Begone, thou false Siren! thou charm'st me no more;
  In vain thy soft accents to me are address'd;
Thou canst not the peace of this bosom restore,
  Nor lull the dark storms of misfortune to rest.
Too long have thy visions deluded my sight,
  Too long have thy flatteries poison'd my ear;
But fled is each sun-beam of transient delight,
  And now all thy arts and thy falshoods appear.

When life's glowing landscape first smil'd on my view,
  And each throb of this heart beat to Joy's lively strain:
When Content o'er my path her mild drapery threw,
  And unfelt was the turbulent empire of Pain;
Then gladly my mind thy sweet nectar receiv'd,
  And careless I wander'd on Fancy's light wing;
Too fondly was each blooming fiction believ'd,
  Which told me that life would be always a spring.

Still, still the wide prospect all lovely appear'd,
  The flow'rs were unfaded, the skies were serene,
And still the gay structure of Fancy I rear'd,
  Still, still, in bright colours the future was seen.
Ah! treacherous calm, that so soon was to cease!
  Wild phantoms, vain thoughts, that laid Reason asleep:
Full short was the sun-shine, and transient the peace,
  And those too, Enchantress, soon left me to weep.

Then seek not, deceiver, to tempt me anew,
Or to dupe the sad heart thou already hast wreck'd;
Not for me does the spring its soft violets strew,
Not for me are the woodlands with verdure bedeck'd!
The smiles of the morning I welcome no more,
For gone is the season when beauty could please;
In vain may the warblers their melody pour,
And unfelt is the breath of the wantoning breeze.

And thou too, bright orb! what hast thou to bestow?
Canst thou give to my eyes the lov'd forms they have lost?
Can thy radiance disperse the thick low'rings of woe?
Can it thaw the stern rigour of Fate's bitter frost?
And youth too, that oft-boasted period of joy,
When life's mantling current mounts high in each vein,
What, alas! can *its* lively emotions supply,
When all those emotions are waken'd by pain?

Oh shades of the past that successively rise!
Pale spectres of joys that forever are fled!
At whose mournful presence gay happiness dies,
My footsteps who follow wherever I tread:
'Tis ye that my soul of all rapture beguile;
Ye fade the luxuriance of summer's soft bloom;
Ye dim the fair lustre of morn's sunny smile,
And from the gay throng call my mind to the tomb.

When day's golden lamp has descended to rest,
And is lord of the wild blushing landscape no more;
When the veil of the evening steals slow o'er the west,
And the night breeze, awaking, blows fresh on the shore:

'Tis then that I wander to welcome its sighs,
And to muse o'er the slumber of Nature's soft charms;
More lovely this twilight than noon's vivid dies;
How soothing the silence no tumult alarms!

But what are those accents I hear in the breeze?
And what is that pale form, which weeping I view?
Where now is the power of each beauty to please?
Where now the repose which my sad bosom knew?
Wherever I gaze, the dear features appear,
In the world's busy haunts, or the dark lonely grove;
When the sighs of the low breeze of evening I hear,
I hear too the sweet warbling notes of my love.

Fly, fly, then, Remembrance, where Happiness reigns;
O visit some sky more unclouded than mine:
Reside in the breast where no canker remains,
Where the broad beams of pleasure unceasingly shine:
So shall thy approach be with rapture beheld,
And there may'st thou spread thy gay page to the sight,
And I taste those blessings thy presence withheld,
While Hope's dear illusions still, still may delight.

NEWARK, JAN 10, 1803.

ELEGY.

'Twas sweet as violet-breathing gale,
'Twas soothing as the moon's faint beam,
'Twas tender as the ring-dove's tale,—
—Alas! and was it but a dream?

Methought I saw him once again,
Again I listen'd to his voice;
It calm'd the tumults of my brain,
It made my throbbing heart rejoice.

O! with what eager, keen delight
I trac'd a form distinct and clear,
That cheated my enraptured sight,
With the blest thought that he was near.

Love still was weeping in his eyes,
As first the little traitor stole,
Conceal'd in Pity's soft disguise,
To pierce and agonize my soul.

Upon his cheek the lingering tear
Told me in absence he was true;
And that pale cheek was far more dear
Than had it glow'd with Joy's bright hue.

His glistening eyes long fix'd on me,
A thousand tender hopes impart;
For such the looks 'twas heaven to see,
When first he sought and won my heart.

Methought they bade my sorrows cease,
And charm'd despondence from my breast;
Methought they promis'd joy and peace,
And for a moment I was blest.

But ah! too soon I wake and weep!
Too soon the hated morning beam
Dispels the phantasies of sleep!—
Alas! and was it but a dream!

N. S. S. L.

ZEPHYR AND THE STORM,

BY THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE laughing Zephyr thus the Storm addrest:
" Relent, fierce foe, and calm thy angry breast;
" On every breath bewitching odours bring,
" Whisper voluptuous secrets to the Spring,
" Kiss the soft rose, amidst the lilies play,
" And hail the dawn, and greet the close of day—
" Like me be blest." " Like thee!" the tempest said;
" My pride is havoc, and my joy is dread!
" With blasts of terror I infect the air,
" Destroy the hamlet, and the village tear!
" Begone, fond Hope, at my approach begone,
" Unalterable Nature drives me on."

INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR

A STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

BY THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

HERE let no symbols of destructive war,
No blood-stain'd conqueror's triumphal car,
No sculptur'd trophies, to the pensive mind,
Retrace the miseries of human kind;
Where happier emblems celebrate his worth
Who liv'd, not to despoil, but bless the earth!
With anxious care, and deep research to scan
That first of sciences—the GOOD OF MAN;
To cherish CULTURE's progress thro' the land;
Stretch forth to INDUSTRY a fost'ring hand;
To feel, on principles severely just,
In rank pre-eminent, a sacred trust;
To prize in riches but their power to grant
Reward to MERIT and relief to WANT;
Praise of such high desert, say, who shall claim?
And, hark! a nation's voice re-echoes—RUSSELL's name!
How, tho' the annals of their country, shine
The unfading honours of his patriot line!

Disastrous days of civil strife they saw,
When vaulting POWER o'erleap'd the bounds of law:
Their temp'rate wisdom strove, alas! in vain,
Those threat'ning flames of DISCORD to contain,
Which soon blaz'd forth:—the Fiend's infernal brand
Spread devastation thro' the fated land;
And PEACE, from ALBION's mangled bosom driven,
With virtuous BEDFORD, wing'd her way to heaven.
Again, when POWER's unquench'd, and quenchless thirst,
The sacred boundaries of RIGHT had burst,
Another RUSSELL Freedom's champion stood,
Nor spar'd for her, nor wish'd to spare, his blood;
But died, Oh, victim of perverted laws!
An unrepining martyr in her cause.
Far happier thou! Thy more auspicious day,
Of lawful Rulers own'd the chasten'd sway;
Who, on the downfal of a Tyrant's throne,
Had fix'd the just foundation of their own.
But, ah! too soon was veil'd in endless night
The accomplish'd promise of a dawn so bright.
All-ruling Power! by whose mysterious doom
LIFE's fleeting tenants sink into the tomb,
With lavish NATURE's richest gifts adorn'd,
Still must a RUSSELL be belov'd and mourn'd.
Cease, fond complaint! tho' man's precarious breath
Yield, unresisting, to the shaft of DEATH,
The lasting good a PATRIOT's cares achieve,
The sigh which millions o'er his ashes heave,
The bright example of that generous mind,
Whose godlike impulse was to serve mankind,
Bequests to unborn ages shall remain,
And mark—that VIRTUE HAS NOT LIV'D IN VAIN.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from Heav'n receiv'd no motion—
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign, or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock:
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder, and louder, it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And bless'd the Priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun, in heav'n, shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day:
The sea birds scream'd, as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck, on the ocean green;
Sir RALPH, the Rover, walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the chearing power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful, to excess—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float—
Quoth he, my men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Priest of Aberbrothok.

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir RALPH bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir RALPH, the next who comes to the Rock,
Will not bless the Priest of Aberbrothok.

Sir RALPH, the Rover, sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich, with plunder'd store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land;
Quoth Sir RALPH, it will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.

Canst hear, said one, the breakers roar;
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Tho' the wind hath fallen they drift along;
'Till the vessel strikes with a shiv'ring shock—
Oh, CHRIST! it is the Inchcape Rock!

Sir RALPH, the Rover, tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear;
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell.

EPIGRAM,

On a Lady who beat her Husband.

COME hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?
I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.

STANZAS TO A CANARY BIRD.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

DELIGHTFUL Bird, whose little throat
  Resounded joyous through the Hall,
What means that melancholy note?
  Or wherefore was that dying fall?

Thy ruffled plume, thy head reclin'd,
  Thy swelling breast, and tremulous strain,
Betray the fever of the mind,
  As hot as burns a lover's brain.

Say, hath thy faithless mistress fled,
  And left thy tender soul to wail?
Or does that hand whose bounty fed,
  Reward some flattering rival's tale?

Like thee, sweet Bird, allur'd and bound,
  I mourn a wretched captive here;
Like thine, too late, my bonds are found,
  Though gilded, yet the most severe.

Yet were I free as thought to rove,
  To wear her chains I still would fly;
Live in the maddening breath of love,
  Or frozen by her coldness die.

THE MAMMOTH

RETURNED TO LIFE.

Soon as the Deluge ceas'd to pour
The flood of Death from shore to shore,
And verdure smil'd again;
Hatch'd amidst elemental strife,
I sought the upper realms of life,
The Tyrant of the plain.

On India's shores my dwelling lay,
Gigantic, as I roam'd for prey,
All Nature took to flight!
At my approach the lofty woods
Submissive bow'd—the trembling floods
Drew backward with affright.

Creation felt a general shock:
The screaming Eagle sought the rock,
The Elephant was slain;
Affrighted, Men to caves retreat—
Tygers and Leopards lick'd my feet,
And own'd my lordly reign.

Thus many moons my course I ran,
The general foe of beast and man,
Till on one fatal day,
The Lion led the bestial train,
And I, alas! was quickly slain,
As gorged with food I lay.

With lightening's speed the rumour spread;
" Rejoice! Rejoice! the Mammoth's dead,"
Resounds from shore to shore.
Pomona, Ceres, thrive again,
And laughing join the choral strain,
" The Mammoth is no more."

In Earth's deep caverns long immur'd,
My Skeleton from view secur'd,
In dull oblivion lay;
Till late, with industry and toil,
A Youth subdu'd the stubborn soil,
And dragg'd me forth to day.

In London now my body's shown,
And while the crowd o'er every bone
Incline the curious head;
They view my form with wond'ring eye,
And pleas'd, in fancied safety cry,
" Thank Heaven, the Monster's dead!"

Oh mortals, blind to future ill,
My Race yet lives, it prospers still;
Nay—start not with surprize:
Behold from Corsica's small isle,
Twin-born in cruelty and guile,
A second Mammoth rise!

He seeks, on fortune's billows born,
A land by revolutions torn,
A prey to civil hate;
And, seizing on a lucky time,
Of Gallic frenzy, Gallic crime,
Assumes the regal state.

Batavian Freedom floats in air,
The patriot Swiss, in deep despair,
Deserts his native land;
While haughty Spain her Monarch sees
Submissive wait, on bended knees,
The Tyrant's dread command.

All Europe o'er the Giant stalks:
Whole Nations tremble as he walks,
Extinct their martial fire:
The Northern Bear lies down to rest—
The Prussian Eagle seeks her nest—
The Austrian Bands retire.

Yet ah! a storm begins to lour,
Satiate with cruelty and power,
At ease the Monster lies:
Lion of Britain, led by you,
If Europe's sons the fight renew,
A SECOND MAMMOTH DIES!

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE's form'd by the Graces to please,
She's tempting, rich, lovely and young;
I die whilst reflecting on these,
But *revive* at the *noise of her tongue.*

SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Of that old wall the rock was part,
The rude and native stone,
But what had been the work of art,
Nature now had made her own;
For tufted weeds the wall o'ergrew,
And where between their varied green
Here and there the stone was seen,
Its varied surface met the view
With lichens rich of many a hue;
Here spreading round a rougher crust
In many a spot of white,
Here like the sunny orange bright,
And redder here as rust,
Above, below, on either side
The moss of many a year was seen,
And long thin grass spir'd up between,
And fern that wav'd in plumy pride;
And clust'ring richly over all
The dark green ivy crown'd the wall,
Here its loose tresses drooping down,
Or with a verdure pale and young,
That hid but half the under moss,
Close rooted to the stone it clung;
And here along, athwart, across,
In leafless shoots of bearded brown,
Like veins loose swelling, that emboss
The leathery neck of age.

THE WARRIOR TO HIS BOY,

AN ODE.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Be busy, Boy! uncase my breast;
Thy wearied Master pants for rest;
Unclasp the morion on my brow,
And loose the blood-stain'd spurs below.
Though conquest on my banners wait,
And triumph make my battles great;
Yet 'tis not love of power or might
That arms me for the clashing fight—
But love of her, whose blessed smile
Approves my strength—o'erpays my toil.
Though burns my breast with furious heat,
When thronging multitudes repeat
My praises to the babbling air,
And clog my chariot with their care;
Yet more delightful—dearer far,
Than sounds of trumpets—songs of war—
Than hosts of heroes pu[illegible]light—
To idle in my fair-on[illegible]
Come, come, be brisk, the tables spread,
And o'er the grey-stone pavement shed
A shower of roses;—through the hall
On statues rude, or columns tall,
The myrtle and the flaunting vine
In clustering wreaths luxuriant twine.
The richest feasts with haste prepare,
With burning perfumes cloud the air;

With sparkling wine the goblets fill—
Obey thy Master, and be still.
When o'er yon deep and dusky stream
The moon has hung a silvery gleam;
And Echo multiplies the roar
Of waters dashing on the shore,
Shall I command thee, Boy, to sing,
And touch the tight Theorbo's string:
Then trim thy voice to Sonnets quaint,
That hope, and fear, and rapture paint;
To warm desires her bosom move,
And speak the ecstasies of love.
But, oh! peruse her features well;
Her reddening blush—her bosom's swell;
So may no gift of light regard,
Thy faithful diligence reward!
When fast she breathes of youthful sighs,
When liquid radiance fills her eyes,
When palpitations seize her soul,
And tender thoughts in tumult roll;
Oh then with wildering madness fly
O'er all the chords of minstrelsy,
Till fearful, and in wild amaze,
Her meekness shuns my frantic gaze,
And, listening what she dreads to hear,
She seals my wishes with a tear.
Then snatch thy torch, and run before;
Scarce let thy footsteps touch the floor;
Till, by her passion'd Lover led,
My Charmer mounts the bridal bed.
Oh then let every sound be mute,
Save the soft warble of the flute:
For there I yield to GERTRUDE'S charms,
Till battle calls again to arms.

OTHRYADES,

A MONO-DRAMA.

ARGUMENT.

A dispute had arisen between Sparta and Argos, for the possession of Thyrea, a small, but valuable territory, which lay contiguous to the borders of both states; it was to be decided by three hundred combatants from each side. Two Argives, Alcinor and Chromius, survived and returned to Argos. Of the Spartans, all were slain, except Othryades; he passed the night in collecting the spoils, and erecting a trophy. Then, unwilling to survive his friends, with his blood he wrote upon his shield ΝΙΚΗΣΑ, "I have conquered," and stabbed himself.

SCENE—*The Field of Battle—A Trophy erected—The Sun rising.*

'Tis done—yon high-rear'd trophy shall record
Thy conquest, Sparta: Argos now no more
Shall lead her thousands forth in proud array,
O'er Thyrea's plain disputed—Thyrea's plain
Sparta has won in fight.

'Twas a fierce fight,
Worthy the cause, and worthy Sparta's sons.
Bravely we fed the vulture. Not a man,
False to his country, cast the backward look.

Scarr'd in the war of heroes, Sparta's sons
Fought worthy of their race, and Argos then
Deserv'd the foe she met.—We broke the shields,
We carved the wolf's repast. Then man met man—
The foot firm-planted mov'd not from the war.

My wounds bleed fast—the cold damp dews of night
Pervade the gashes.

Sparta will rejoice
In her Othryades: the song of praise
Shall sound his name, and virgins hymn the lay,
The meed of Valour:—round my brows shall bloom
The never-fading wreath. My mother, too,
Shall hear the praises of her victor son;
How will her fond heart beat, to find her son
Dishonours not his sire! already Hope
Views the glad scene;—my wife—how will she fly
To clasp her conquering husband to her heart!

Fairly yon opening morning gilds the sky—
The faint mists die away, and roll along
The plain; on yonder olive shines the dew,
Nature's best gem. But not on this red plain,
Shines the clear dew.—Here the red earth is drench'd
With blood! The Sun, that yesterday beheld
This scene so terrible, in all the pomp
And dread magnificence of threat'ning war,
Now beams on carcasses. Six hundred chiefs,
Here yesterday, uprear'd their might elate—
Now cold in death! By flight alone secure,
Two coward Argives fled my single sword—
They live to tell defeat.

But Fate reserves
For me the tale of conquest. From my lips
Sparta shall hear the sound of victory,
And deck my forehead with the laurel wreath,
Immortal meed!

But what will Sparta deem
Othryades, alone surviv'd the fight?
Three hundred warriors for their country fought,
Othryades surviv'd!

How terrible
Lies yonder clay-cold heap! each warrior bears
Deep in his breast the wound. Still yonder face
Retains its wonted character—that hand
Still grasps the useless falchion. I have seen
That rigid eye beam pleasure, when we met
At daily exercise—Away, fond tear!
Nor stain a soldier's cheek! he fell:—he felt
Victorious and avenged.

But what remains
For me?—Shall I return to tell the tale
Of dear-bought victory? Shall I return—
Hear the last praises paid the mighty dead;
Hear how they died for Sparta, and behold
The bay-strewn bier? Meantime the public eye
With jealous glance, shall view Othryades—
There is the Spartan who surviv'd his friends!

My fame is full—to deck my laurell'd head,
Time has no wreath in store: and shall I live
To see the laurel wither on my brow?
Live till my unnerv'd arm shall sink beneath

The falchion's weight—till drivelling age hangs down
The moping head; and I shall wish in vain,
That I had perished here with my dead friends?
Perish the thought!—No, let my infant boy
Hear grateful Sparta pour my dirge of praise,
And lisp his father's fame. My wife!—again
This womanish tear!—Sure she would curse the hour,
That gave her beauties to a recreant's arms.

Yes, Sparta shall receive the glorious tale
From her Othryades: and when she reads
Thus on my shield, the tidings traced in blood
Victorious, " I have conquered," she shall rank
Othryades amid the hero train.

Come then, good falchion! thou hast often fed
On wounds; now batter'd is thy gory edge
On Argive bucklers, yet the point retains
Strength for this last best deed. [*Stabs himself.*

S.

JULY 20.

THE CONSTANT WIDOW.

So oft to this sequester'd spot,
What secret impulse draws thee nigh?
Or why forsake thy cheerful cot,
In these lone haunts unheard to sigh?

This spot! oh, be it ever blest,
And mine the grateful task alone,
To wander where his ashes rest,
Whom mutual love ordain'd my own.

In youth's gay scenes we join'd the throng,
Where artless mirth with friendship vied;
Or listen'd to the neatherd's song,
Or shepherd's pipe at eventide.

Around our humble straw-topt shed
Contentment's purest radiance shone;
Till health, that rosy inmate, fled,
And pale disease usurp'd its throne.

Ere three short weeks had wing'd their flight,
(Sad respite from severer woes)
I saw him sink to endless night,
And time's eventful journey close.

And now, when infant sports beguile,
And playful tricks their cares enslave,
I leave my helpless babes a while,
To seek their much-lov'd father's grave.

And whilst remembrance prompts the tear,
Religion's sweetest hopes arise;
That we, who once were happy here,
May meet again beyond the skies.

TWO ODES,

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ. OF AMWELL,

TO A FRIEND, 1761*.

AMID thy ——— 's pleasant meads,
Where winding through the whisp'ring reeds
Thamesis' waters stray,
As fancy prompts to grateful change,
'Tis thine from field to field to range,
And tune the rustic lay:

And much, my friend, I praise thy choice,
To shun the City's smoke and noise
For peace and purer air;
The rural scene was priz'd of old,
When heroes deign'd the plough to hold,
And tend the fleecy care:

Content with them her dwelling made,
And Health her kind attendance paid,
The recompence of toil;
And sure they found sincerer joy
To foster life than to destroy;
T' improve, than to despoil.

* This, and the next Ode, are on the same subjects as two Ode in Mr. Scott's Poems, but very much altered.

I leave my favorite shades awhile,
But find on Stansted's neighb'ring soil
A sweetly-varied scene;
Where woods the wand'ring sight confine,
Or op'ning vales in prospect shine,
A length of level green.

The grassy croft with pales inclos'd,
The elms in shady rows dispos'd,
The antique chapel nigh;
The tufted grove, and sloping hill,
The straw-roof'd cot, and silver rill
That murmurs gently by;

By turns delight, as ling'ring here
I mark the progress of the year,
In many a changing hue;
And o'er the various-colour'd ground,
Behold the swains, dispers'd around,
Their toilsome tasks pursue.

Thus peaceful pass my lonely hours,
'Midst fruitful fields and shady bow'rs,
Where envy comes not near;
But oft the Muse her presence deigns,
With visions fair, and tuneful strains,
My solitude to cheer:

Yet cautious then, I shun their fame
Who to some worthless patron's name
Devote the venal lay;
Or who, to wanton rage resign'd,
Deal satire round on human kind,
Their genius to display.

That independence bids disdain,
From this good nature must refrain;
May these attend me long:
Suffice it me with these to rove,
And view the sylvan haunts I love,
And paint them in my song.

And oft by them (for well I know
That virtue only can bestow
The meed of lasting praise)
Some useful truth to recommend,
And pleasure with advantage blend,
My easy verse essays.

The ivy climbs each shrub around;
The bramble spreading o'er the ground
Annoys the pilgrim's feet;
The oak, that bold and graceful grows,
To me a fair example shows
Where use and beauty meet.

ODE TO HOSPITALITY, 1761.

Social Power! ere while rever'd,
Where on Syria's palmy plain,
Where in polish'd Greece was heard
Many a Muse's lofty strain;
Gentle Hospitality!
Patron of the festive day,
Deign t' accept the grateful lay
I devote to thee.

When fair Truth and Valour bold
  Claim'd rude Albion for their own;
In those happy times of old,
  To rude Albion thou wert known:
    In the abbey's darksome cell,
In the rural-trophy'd hall,
Girt with moat and moss-grown wall,
    Thou wert wont to dwell.

Huntsmen in the heat of day,
  With the tedious chace o'ertoil'd,
Travellers doubtful of their way,
  On the pathless forest wild,
    Oft amid the verdant waste
Mark'd the distant rustic tow'r,
Sought the Castle's shelt'ring bow'r,
    Shar'd the free repast.

Midst the city's crowded street,
  O'er the landscape glittering gay,
Stands the pompous modern seat,
  But disdains to own thy sway;
    There, instead of thee, reside
Blithe of tongue, of aspect free,
False of heart, Civility,
    Or unsocial Pride.

Yet, amid the lonely farms,
  By fair fountain, vale, or hill,
Pleas'd with Nature's simple charms,
  Oft 'tis thine to linger still:
    Thus with woods and fields around,
Once in Lycon's rural dome,
Where I met a second home,
    Thou by me wert found.

Nor to haunts of Sylvan swains,
  Deem we thy resort confin'd;
Ev'n where splendid affluence reigns,
  Thou wilt rule the gen'rous mind:
    From where Thames' waters fall,
By fair ———'s pleasant groves,
Where my friend, my Cynthio roves,
    Have I heard thy call.

Wheresoe'er be thy retreat,
  Come, kind Pow'r! and dwell with me;
Make my humble rural seat,
  For the wise and virtuous free:
    Nor amid the welcome train,
Modest Poverty exclude,
But observe that none intrude
    Of the vicious or the vain.

EPITAPH.

Here Dubio rests! the strangest wight—
  All common rules of conduct scorning,
In scenes of riot pass'd the night,
  And pray'd with Whitfield all the morning.

True to his text, now out, now in,
  A Christian infidel he went hence:
Repentance smooth'd the way for sin,
  And sin equipp'd him for repentance.

CAIUS FITZURBAN.

GLEE,

BY W. SOTHEBY, ESQ.

Set to Music by Mr. Cooke, Organist of St. George, Bloomsbury, and performed at the Prince of Wales's new Catch Club.

On a Gold Cup, with embossed Figures, dedicated to the God of Mirth, by the Harmonic Club.

MIRTH! be thy mingled pleasures mine,
The joys of music, love, and wine,
While high the votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold!

Beneath this vine, lo! Bacchus laid,
Round Venus twines the ivy braid;
While each light Grace, with zone unbound,
Weaves the dance their bow'r around.

Here, with gay song, and sportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads the' Idalian choir,
Where the crush'd grape, from every vein,
Dyes their foot with purple ſtain.

CHORUS.

I heard the God's ecstatic notes,
Each sense in sweet delirium floats;
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,
And echo music, love, and wine.

* SIR ROLAND:

A FRAGMENT.

——THE Knight with starry shield,
Chas'd the gigantic spoiler from the field:
But soon each sorrow of his soul returns,
With jealous rage and fierce revenge he burns;
Spurs his fleet courser on in wild despair,
And calls aloud his violated fair.
Now midnight reign'd, and thro' the troublous skies
The sharp hail drives, and yelling blasts arise;
Yet brave Sir Roland with unslacken'd force,
O'er the lone heath pursues his eager course;
With curses rends the air, and dares to war
The potent Wizard of the shadowy car.
Far off he view'd a solitary light,
Whose paly lustre pierc'd the gloom of night;
Thither the love-lorn hero bends his speed,
While mountains answer to the neighing steed.
Soon as arriv'd, his wond'ring eyes behold
A pensive damsel, deck'd in robes of gold,

* To excite horror by description has already succeeded in Horace Walpole's Castle of Otranto, and in the Sir Bertrand of Mrs. Barbauld; the above is an attempt of the same kind in verse, though the author is very sensible that the jingle of rhime must in a great measure destroy the effect.

While mingling diamonds their effulgence shed,
With the pearl's modest white, and ruby's red.
Beneath an aged cypress she reclin'd,
A pendant lamp was waving in the wind,
That scatter'd far a melancholy gleam,
And ting'd the watry waste with feeble beam.
For near, an ocean roar'd and dash'd around
Its foamy billows, with terrific sound;
And ever and anon was heard the cry
Of shipwreck'd men in dying agony.
At his approach she starts, then lifts her veil,
And shews a sunken visage ghastly pale;
On the intrepid Knight her languid gaze
Intently fixes, and at length she says:
" The wish'd for hour is come, by Fate's decree,
" And thou shalt traverse yonder deep with me.
" The bark attends; and lo! the wanton gale
" Swells the soft bosom of the' impatient sail.
" Then linger not, but all-enraptur'd share
" The promis'd bliss, nor mourn thy ravish'd fair:
" I love thy manly form, thy youthful face,
" Admire thy valour, and adore thy grace."
The Knight observ'd her with astonish'd eye,
And much he wish'd, but more he scorn'd to fly;
For as the breeze assail'd her gorgeous vest,
The opening folds disclos'd a putrid breaſt.
Nearer he comes, and marks, depriv'd of skin,
Her haggard jaws display a direful grin:
Onward she goes; by incantation's laws
Th' amaz'd Sir Roland unresisting draws.
" Here leave thy steed, she cries, and never more
" Shalt thou behold him on this hated shore.
" But gentlest joys th' approaching hours await,
" And Beauty spreads for thee her couch of state."

Then beck'ning mounts the bark, the Knight obeys,
Nor quits her guiding lamp's unhallow'd rays.
  Soon as the vessel cuts the foamy tide,
Around strange spectres and fell monsters glide:
One bathed in tears rose from the liquid bed,
With the soft semblance of a virgin's head;
Thrice wav'd her hand, and shook her sedgy hair,
And heav'd a piteous sigh, and cried—" Beware!"
Next came an aged seer, whose feeble breath
Could scarcely utter,—" Knight, beware of death!"
Then plunging downward in a serpent's form,
They curl'd the surges like an angry storm.
Now thousand other grisly shapes were seen,
Rolling their fiery eyes the waves between:
Here shrieking maidens felt the forc'd embrace,
There Murder laugh'd, and shew'd his guilty face.
A moment after all was hush'd, and o'er,
And such portentous phantoms threat no more.
  But now the female at Sir Roland's side,
Who silent long the dauntless youth had ey'd
With foul grimaces, on a sudden press'd
The Knight abhorrent to her mangled breast:
Strove with the winning voice of love to speak,
And laid her bare skull on his lily cheek;
Imprints the bony kiss, and fain would win
The chaste Sir Roland to the deadly sin.
But when she finds not magic art inspires
The wild commotion of unholy fires,
Observes him shrink beneath her love's excess,
And turn in anguish from the loath'd caress,
Starting she left him, and in fury cried,
" O Knight accurs'd! thou soon shalt rue thy pride:"
Then seiz'd her lamp, and scowling with disdain,
Sought the calm bottom of the roaring main.

Dark was the night, and o'er the pathless way
With rapid force the ship appear'd to stray.
In vain the youth with eye attentive seeks
The first faint dawning of the eastern streaks:
But all was hopeless, and no glimm'ring light
Gave the wish'd earnest of departing night.
Now to a shore the bark quick-striking came,
And as the shock sent forth a sudden flame,
The hero leaps upon th' uncertain strand,
And lifts his unsheath'd sword with desperate hand.
While slow he trod this desolated coast,
From the crack'd ground uprose a warning ghost,
Whose figure all-confus'd was dire to view,
And loose his mantle flow'd of shifting hue;
He shed a lustre round, and sadly press'd
What seem'd his hand, upon what seem'd his breast;
Then rais'd his doleful voice, like wolves that roar
In famish'd troops on Orcus' sleepy shore.
" Approach yon antiquated tower, he cried,
" There bold Rinaldo, fierce Mambrino died:
" Thou too, perchance, shalt tread the self-same road,
" Approach (so Fate commands) the dark abode."
The Knight advancing struck the fatal door,
And hollow chambers send a sullen roar.
As slow it opens, there appears a page,
With limbs of pliant youth and face of age:
" Welcome, he cried, from dangers thou hast shar'd,
" The banquet's ready, and thy bed prepar'd."
Thro' winding passages the Knight he leads,
And often sighs, and often tells his beads;
Stops at an entrance stain'd with blood, and said,
" Accept, brave youth, the banquet and the bed."
Then screaming loud he vanish'd from the sight,
And the bell toll'd amid the silent night.

Sir Roland enters, where, throughout the room,
One taper shews the melancholy gloom;
And rudely hanging by her twisted hair,
A slaughter'd female's starting eye-balls glare;
While from the curtain'd bed such groans arose,
As spoke the anguish of severest woes,
And smote his heart ———

R. M.

IMITATION,

FROM CORNELIUS GALLUS.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Erubuit vultus ipsa puella meos; &c.

When Lesbia to her lover dear,
Though many a teizing trick expert in;
Heard my approaching footsteps near,
She slunk behind the window curtain.

Yet as she tripp'd along, she turn'd—
To watch if I perceiv'd her running;
Her cheeks with crimson blushes burn'd,
Her eyes glanc'd forth a smile of cunning.

She spread her fingers o'er her face,
And wish'd I might not wholly view her;
And yet she wish'd her hiding place
Should shew me where I might come to her.

STANZAS,

BY OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST, ESQ. F.A.S.

STELLA! at twenty, o'er my heart
You may remember, girl, you gain'd
An undivided rule; by art
Till now the empire have maintain'd.

Twelve months, unconscious of your pow'r,
Flew by, unmingled with alloy;
I heeded not the fleeting hour,
But shook my bonds with thoughtless joy.

As in the sportive dance I press'd
Thy hand, what sense of bliss was mine!
What thoughts of transport throng'd my breast,
With thrills of ecstasy divine!—

When circulates the festive cheer,
And each their favourites impart,
I hide the name to me most dear,
But toast thee, Stella! in my heart.

How oft with fondness on the voice
That utter'd from thy lips I've hung,
How oft have gaz'd upon those eyes
That lend enchantment to the tongue;

Enraptur'd watch'd the crimson dye
  Upon thy cheek quick come and go,
And caught the half-suppressed sigh,
  That frequent from thy breast would flow.

Then curb ambitious beauty's scope,
  Disdain the coquet's wand'ring part,
Nor " make the promise to my hope,
  " And break it to my heart."

In pity to my anxious pains,
  Let love pronounce my destiny;
Bind me with thee in wedlock's chains,
  Or set my heart for ever free.

So shall I, as life's sorrows press,
  Meet her stern frowns with brow serene,
Or mourn, in heart-sunk heaviness,
  That love and hope are but a dream.

STAMFORD.

EPIGRAM,

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.

On Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
  I'll dine with you, and take a bed.—
You may believe him, Will replies,
  Where'er Tom dines, he always LIES.

LINES,

TO A REMONSTRATING FRIEND.

Ah! chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answered with disdain.

Yes, I confess, 'tis poor, 'tis weak,
To droop, to sit with folded arms,
To bear a fever in my cheek,
And sorrow for an ingrate's charms.

Yet let me still my cares retain,
Still droop, with folded arms still sigh;
Nor mock me that I still remain
The willing captive of her eye.

For Love, with all his keenest smart,
Divine enchantment mingles still;
And, while he fires the conquer'd heart,
He charms with many a pleasing thrill.

And tortur'd thus, thus doom'd to mourn,
I still must feed this cherish'd grief,
And could my peace once more return,
My heart would scorn the poor relief.

Then chide me not, if yet once more
I seek that love long sought in vain;
Nor blame me if, while I adore,
My vows are answered with disdain.

TO ROSA.

Had I, my charmer, all the gold
That earth's unfathom'd caverns hold,
And every gem that ocean's wave
In secret views, and loves to lave;
Jewels of gold and silver more,
Than Queen e'er wish'd, or Sultan wore;
Or fond Arabian fram'd in tales
Of sapphire waves and diamond vales;
I vow by this enchanting kiss,
Nay, had I more than ten times this—
All worlds of wealth, of ev'ry sort,
You should be ne'er the richer for 't.

O.

LIONEL TO LYDIA,

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

If to have eyes that shed such goodly light
As lustrous stars upon the brow of Night;
If tangled tresses that in ringlets creep
Like russet leaves about the blushing grape;
Or if a song, like a clear brook fast flowing,
That stays the thirsting traveller's farther going;
If ought of these have any charms to move,
Surely, my sweet one, I have leave to love.
For these, and more, possess'd by thee, invite
The willing sense to banquet on delight.
Oh, I have seen thee lead old age astray,
That he hath sorrow'd o'er his setting day;
Mourn'd that the summer of his years were past,
And chid his strength for being spent too fast.
Ah, happy, Mistress, is the boyish time,
When the enthusiast, Youth, in wild amaze,
From burning beauty turns his dazzled gaze,
Sighs to excess, and eager to impart
The soft sensations of his restless heart
Chants the quaint sonnet in uneven rhyme.

'Tis then, in misty woods entranc'd to rove,
He flies the frolics of the noisy hall,
Where jolly-hearted HUMOUR laughs with all,
And, near the murmurs of some falling stream,
Pursues the image of his witching dream,
Sickens in thought, and languishes with love.
Oft in the evening's melancholy shade
He haunts the footsteps of his darling maid,
And hopes and fears, by young Desires led,
To steal the promised kiss with rapturous dread;
Yet all in vain—the dear delusion's o'er,
Till passion urge him to the suit once more.
Soul of myself, 'tis thus my fears conceal
That poignant wound my brimming eyes reveal;
Known, yet unseen, I follow in thy train,
Or near thy chamber window pour the strain,
Which idly whispers of my ceaseless sigh,
Although you slumber at its lullaby.
Most surely, love, I cannot be to blame
To spend my leisure moments at thy side,
In whom such graces as my pencil paints,
Are heightened by the purity of Saints,
Free from the tinges of caprice or pride.
Oh! no, to such Divinity as thee
To offer incense, or to bend the knee,
Is not idolatry, nor shame!
And yet I have been laugh'd to scorn
For wasting thus my short and precious morn,
Rather than learn the task assign'd
By RIGOUR with his stern precisive care;
Or with PHILOSOPHY in Spring prepare
To reap the golden harvest of the Mind.

ODE TO CHEARFULNESS.

BY DR. GRAINGER *.

O CHEARFULNESS! celestial Queen,
Of sparkling eye, and easy mien;
Whether in bow'r or hall,
Where coyly-wanton Beauty wounds,
Where music breathes impassion'd sounds,
Thou smil'st, to thee I call.

Tho' Love my cup of pleasure sours,
And stops the too—too lagging hours;
If thou, heart-easing fair,
Once deign to grace my lonely roof,
Pale fac'd Dejection keeps aloof,
And Sorrow melts to air.

In vain the Bacchanalian crew
Thee mild with wine and roses woo,
To grace their orgies wild;
Where laughs Debauch, where Riot sings,
Thou fly'st the rout on equal wings,
Thou Health and Virtue's child.

* Author of the "SUGAR CANE," &c. &c.

Let shy Suspicion seek the glade,
Of social intercourse afraid,
  Inwrapp'd in double gloom;
See Cacodæmons rule the skies,
At every step see terrors rise,
  And yell his dismal doom.

Tho' sunny Afric own'd my sway,
And in my stores Potosi lay,
  Each craving wish supply'd;
Unless thou com'st, Euphrosyne,
And bring'st thy nurse, Content, with thee,
  'Twere irksome all beside.

In vain I importune the Nine
Around my brows their wreaths to twine,
  To strike the Tean lyre;
My blood without thee anxious flows,
Nor fit nor just my judgment knows,
  My fancy feels no fire.

Regret and mopish bodings fly,
Enliv'ning Queen, when thou art by,
  Chagrin nor dares to stay;
Rash Suicide lets fall the bowl,
Fond Expectation warms the soul,
  And whispers, " Be thou gay."

In vain foul Vice assumes thy mien,
Alone fair Virtue smiles serene,
  Serene, tho' Kings disgrace;
The thorns that goad the villain's breast,
The secret dread that breaks his rest,
  Bely the vizor'd face.

Let dire eccentric comets glare,
Let fire-ey'd plague infect the air,
  Let earthquakes rock the ground;
No sunk despondency repines,
No cavil taxes God's designs,
  Where thou, Divine, art found.

Blithe Hope, in amice green array'd,
And meek-ey'd Peace that wooes the glade,
  Thy genuine offspring are;
Thou paint'st with purpler streaks the dawn,
Thou tint'st with brighter bredes the lawn,
  And fairer mak'st the fair:

For, if not fabulous my lore,
Thou art the magic zone she wore,
  She, Queen of wreathed smiles!
By thee she fix'd in ev'ry heart
The pleasurably-painful dart,
  From thee she stole her wiles.

If, with thy sweetly-winning ray,
Thou gild'st the close of life's decay,
  Old age has pow'r to charm;
Without thee, Goddess debonnaire!
Not youth, not breathing youth is fair,
  No gazer's breast can warm.

Wherever, Queen, thou deign'st to go,
Fruits hang, flow'rs bud, clear streamlets flow,
  The echoing banks between;
Mild vernal airs around thee throng,
And all is sun, and all is song,
  And all fair fresh'ning green.

Staid pleasures in thy presence wait,
Superior thou to frowns of fate,
To fretful Hymen's chains;
Thou art Religion's genuine look,
Thou art Philosophy's rebuke,
That wins while it restrains.

O Chearfulness! thy steady beam
By far outshines Mirth's transient gleam;
Mirth, Mourning's firm ally!
Rash apish Folly is his guide,
Wisdom is ever at thy side,
And chaste Hilarity.

Alas! I court thy smiles in vain,
Love throbs with keener, fonder pain,
While Mem'ry paints the past;
Yet, Chearfulness, I'd not forego
This pleasing anxious sense of woe,
For all the joys thou hast.

EPITAPH.

HERE rots the son of meanness and of pride,
Who liv'd unlov'd, and unlamented died.

R. A. D.

DAMON TO PHILOMEL,

BY MR. WEST *.

As love-sick Damon lay along
  Beneath a melancholy shade,
Sooth'd by the nightly warbler's song,
  Thus the unhappy shepherd said:

Sweet Philomel! who haunt'st the grove
  Where I lament my wretched fate,
Our joint complaint, alas! is love,
  The difference of our fortune great.

Relief to me no seasons bring,
  For ever doom'd to sigh in vain;
But you, sweet Bird! who mourn in spring,
  In summer's pleasure lose your pain.

Already from yon blooming spray,
  Your willing mate your plaint returns;
Already seems to chide your stay,
  And with an equal ardour burns.

Go, Philomel, accomplish all
  The joy that happy love bestows;
Obey the tender warbler's call,
  And leave poor Damon to his woes.

* Father to R. West, the friend of Gray.

And when the next returning year
Again invites you to the grove;
Sweet Philomel, you'll find me here,
Complaining still of hapless love.

EPITAPH

ON A MONUMENT, IN LYDD CHURCH, KENT,

WRITTEN BY MR. ANSTEY.

On an amiable Lady, who died after a lingering illness in the 31st year of her age, and had earnestly prayed that her only child might not survive her.—The child died in a short time after its mother.

An Angel is represented on a Monument in basso relievo, holding up a Child to its Mother in the clouds, and is supposed to speak the following lines:

THY prayer is heard—releas'd from mortal harms,
Receive thy darling infant to thine arms—
Sweet Saint! on thee when pining sickness prey'd,
Thy beauty canker'd, and thy youth decay'd,
'Twas *thine*, with patience meek, to Heav'n resign'd,
With Faith that arm'd, and Hope that cheer'd thy mind,
Death's ling'ring stroke undaunted to sustain,
And spare thy pitying Friends' and Husband's pain;
Studious thy heartfelt anguish to disguise
From sympathizing Love's enquiring eyes,
Conceal the tear, repress the struggling sigh,
And leave a bright example how to die:—
'Tis *mine* to crown thy wish, reward thy worth,
To wean each fond, each yearning thought from earth;
And bring this much lov'd object of thy care,
Thy joys to perfect, and thy Heaven to share.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

HARD is the heart that does not melt with ruth,
When care sits, cloudy, on the brow of youth;
When bitter griefs the female bosom swell,
And Beauty meditates a fond farewel
To her lov'd native land, prepar'd to roam,
And seek in climes afar the peace denied at home.
The Muse, with glance prophetic, sees her stand
(Forsaken, silent lady) on the strand
Of farthest India, sick'ning at the roar
Of each dull wave, slow dash'd upon the shore;
Sending, at intervals, an aching eye
O'er the wide waters, vainly, to espy
The long-expected bark, in which to find
Some tidings of a world she left behind.
At such a time shall start the gushing tear,
For scenes her childhood lov'd, now doubly dear.
At such a time shall frantic memory wake
Pangs of remorse, for slighted England's sake;
And for the sake of many a tender tie
Of love, or friendship, pass'd too lightly by.
Unwept, unhonour'd, 'midst an alien race,
And the *cold* looks of many a *stranger* face,
How will her poor heart bleed, and chide the day,
That from her country took her far away.

C. L.

ODE, ON THE PAST.

BY P. L. COURTIER,

Author of the "Pleasures of Solitude."

DAYS of my Youth! too quickly fled;
Visions of Love and Bliss, adieu!
Ill are acquir'd the aching head,
And manhood's sorrowing heart, for you!
Ah! what avails, with hopeful eye,
The raptur'd Future to descry?
In mercy hid, the dark unknown,
Our's be the pleasures past, since our's the Past alone!

Why lingers Recollection still,
O'er the fair scenes of lost delight;
What time, from yonder eastern hill,
Beam'd the mild sun of Being bright?
'Tis, though the calmer Reason turn
From wilds where Fancy's meteors burn,
Fondly we give the pensive tear
To joys by Truth approv'd, and held by Memory dear!

O! come the forms by Feeling wrought,
And chace the soul's sad gloom away!
O come! for years have only taught
How soon the seeds of bliss decay.

Lo! by the tempest, sternly rude,
Life's blooming promise all subdued;
And Manhood's yet-unwithering prime,
Shrinks at the wintry blast of unpropitious Time.

If high ingenuous Honour charm—
If Beauty win thy fond esteem—
Warmth, prompt at Friendship's call to arm,
Woman, what Lovers sweetly dream;
The mind from bitterest anguish free,
If days unsullied thou would'st see;
Then, close thine eyes on Youth's gay lawn,
While yet thy Eden bloom, while now the morning dawn.

Why restless glows the wish to gain,
With wearying steps, Fame's arduous steep?
Madly why seek the faithless Main,
To grasp Profusion's glittering heap?
All that e'en Conquest still adorns,
How often but a crown of thorns;—
Still, the proud banner that he rears,
Greeted by orphan-cries, and drench'd with widow'd-tears!

Shall letter'd Glory's generous toils,
A grateful recompence bestow?
Ah! what are Learning's envied spoils,
But slight, and penury, and woe!—
Deep to the winds poor Genius sighs;
Unsought he roves, with tearful eyes;
Nor pitying friends his fate enquire,
Till, borne, by misery down, unaided Worth expire!

Since riches, honours, genius fail
To soothe and satisfy the mind,
I turn to that Elysian vale
Of loves and graces, yet behind!—
There, Fancy best her scene arrays;
There, Nature at the heart-strings plays;
There, sweetly wild the varied Year;
There, Joy's extatic thrill, and April's cloudless tear!

Days of my Youth! too quickly fled!
Visions of Love and Bliss, adieu!
Oh! ill-acquir'd this aching head,
And Manhood's sorrowing heart, for you.
Intent no more with hopeful eye
The rapturous Future to descry!
But kindly veil'd the dark unknown,
Mine be the pleasures past, for mine the Past alone!

FROM THE GREEK

OF PHILODEMUS.

TO RHODOCLEA.

To thee, fair Beauty, taught by Love, I bring
A chaplet, wreath'd with all the sweets of spring;
Sweet blooms narcissus—sweet the blushing rose,
In modest hue, while many a violet glows;
Accept the wreath, thyself a fairer flower,
As soon the victim of the fatal hour.

F. Æ. C. D.

PLEASURE AND DESIRE.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping,
When, lo! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried step, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare,
"Wake, Pleasure, wake," exclaims Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But soon the maid, in luckless hour,
Desire asleep is doom'd to view;
"Try, Pleasure, try, she cries, your power,
And wake Desire, as he 'woke you."

Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure,
Distinct his province each must keep,
Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

VERSES

TO HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.

On his Series of Pictures from the Poetical Works of Milton.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

SPIRIT of him who wing'd his daring flight
Tow'rds the pure confines of primæval light,
Say, whilst this nether world thy powers confin'd,
Weak child of dust, frail offspring of mankind,
Thy station'd barrier this terrestrial mound,
Th' incumbent vault of Heav'n thine upward bound,
Thy means the common energies of man,
Thy life a shadow, and thy years a span,
How could'st thou, struggling with opposing Fate,
Burst thro' the limits of this mortal state?
Thence, soaring high, pursue, with stedfast gaze,
The opening wonders of th' empyreal blaze,
Where countless Seraphs pour, in burning zone,
Concentric glories round th' eternal throne?
Or hear, and hearing live, the dread alarms
Of heavenly war, and Cherubim in arms?
See in th' abyss the proud apostate hurl'd,
And rising into light the infant world?

Fav'rite of Heaven! 'twas thine on mortal eyes
To pour these visions, rich with rainbow dyes,
Peopling the void of space with forms unseen,
Rising from being to what might have been!—
Nor he not breathes a portion of thy fire,
Who "bids the pencil answer to the lyre;"
Marks the bright phantoms at their proudest height,
And with determin'd hand arrests their flight;
Bids shadowy forms substantial shape assume,
And Heaven's own hues in mortal labours bloom.
For toils like these, whate'er the meed divine,
That glorious meed, my Fuseli, is thine,
Who first to Truth's embodied fulness wrought
The glowing outline of the Poet's thought.
Artist sublime! whose pencil knows to trace
The early wonders of thy kindred race!
Not thine to search th' historian's scanty page,
The brief memorial of a fleeting age;
Not thine to call, from Time's surrounding gloom,
High deeds of cultur'd Greece, or conqu'ring Rome;
Not thine, with temporary themes to move,
Of Hope, Aversion, Pity, Rage, or Love.—
Beyond whate'er the Drama's powers can tell,
Beyond the Epic's high impetuous swell,
Alike by clime and ages unconfin'd,
Thou strik'st the chords that vibrate on mankind;
Op'st the dread scenes that Heaven suspensive ey'd,
A world created, or a world destroy'd;
Recall'st the joys of Eden's happier prime,
Whilst life was yet unconscious of a crime,
Whilst Virtue's self could Passion's glow approve,
And Beauty slumber'd in the arms of Love;
Till, dread reverse! on man's devoted race
Th' insidious Serpent work'd the dire disgrace.

Then first, whilst Nature shudder'd with affright,
Of Sin and Death was held th' incestuous rite;
Then, first, o'er vanquish'd man began their reign,
The fiends of Woe, the family of Pain!
Disease the poison'd cup of Anguish fills,
And opes the lazar-house of human ills!—
See Frenzy rushes from his burning bed;
See pining Atrophy declines his head;
See mute Despair, that broods on woes unknown;
And Melancholy gaze herself to stone!
Then, pouring forth from Hell's detested bound,
Revenge, and Fraud, and Murder, stalk around;
Till opening skies declare th' avenging God,
And Mercy sleeps, whilst Justice waves the rod.
Yet, whilst the bursting deluge from the earth
Sweeps the rebellious brood of giant birth,
One proud survivor rolls his vengeful eyes,
And with last look the living God defies.
But now the waves their silent station keep,
And vengeance slumbers o'er the mighty deep;
Again, rejoicing o'er the firm-fix'd land,
The favour'd Patriarch leads his household band;
With sacred incense bids his altars blaze,
And pours to God the living song of praise.
Thus, as th' immortal Bard his flight explores,
On kindred wing the daring Artist soars;
Undazzled shares with him Heaven's brightest glow,
Or penetrates the boundless depths below;
Or on the sloping sun-beam joys to ride,
Or sails amidst the uncreated void;
Imbibes a portion of his sacred flame,
Reflects his genius, and partakes his fame.

THE LAST ADIEU,

BY LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

" And Death, with Nature's noblest works at strife,
" Quench'd the fair star that smil'd upon his life."

LANGHORNE

Now the hollow drum resounding
Fir'd each valiant soldier's breast,
High the youthful spirits bounding
Future hours in conquest drest.

Brightly beam'd the eye of morning,
Gaily smil'd the face of spring,
Balmy sweets the sense delighted,
Borne on Zephyr's trembling wing.

Hark to the Cymbal's brazen clangor!
Hark to the trumpet's shrill reply!
Each brave heart shakes off its languor,
Proudly the crimson banners fly.

Now a cadence softly warbles,
'Tis the flute's melodious sound;
Now the measure loudly swelling,
Flings its awful thunder round.

See the gallant band advances!
  Glitt'ring sabres brandish'd high;
Hope in ev'ry bosom dances,
  Courage speaks in ev'ry eye.

But who is he that slowly follows?
  Mark the grief that fades his form!
In each wan feature passion struggles,
  Passions wild tumultuous storm.

View his glances quickly shifted!
  View the mis'ry they express!
Now to Heav'n his eyes are lifted,
  Now cast down in mute distress.

To him are lost Hope's siren accents,
  Harsh are those spirit-waking strains;
On his lorn mind no morning opens,
  There a night of sadness reigns.

But Honour's pow'rful voice prevailing
  Breaks the spell that Fancy wove,
Tow'ring Fame at distance hailing
  Drowns the timid voice of Love.

Now his footsteps fondly linger,
  Mark! oh mark, the soul-fraught gaze!
He views the fair departing lustre;
  The last—last glimpse of beauty's rays.

So the lost wretch whom Fate pursuing
  Exiles from the light of day,
Once more the lovely landscape viewing
  Dwells on each charm—then hastes away.

Thus did *he* seek the beauteous vision,
And thus each well-known grace explore,
Catch the soft day-break of those glances,
Whose brightness he must view no more.

Ah! ne'er again on him they rested,
Those liquid suns have ceas'd to roll;
Of all their sparkling pow'r divested,
No more they fire the raptur'd soul.

Pale is the cheek of polish'd texture,
Where once the rose of summer smil'd;
And those sweet lips, where Love resided,
Are of their honey'd store beguil'd.

Cold is that breast, of Heav'n the dwelling,
Which once with noblest feeling glow'd;
No more with soft compassion swelling,
No more of Truth the pure abode.

Beneath the turf now pow'rless lying,
Those limbs where Grace its magic spread;
Of death she tastes the leaden slumber,
While bleak winds whistle o'er her head.

EPIGRAM, FROM THE FRENCH.

"Alas! I've been robbed." "Friend, I join in your grief."
"All my verses are gone!" "How I pity the thief!"

R. A. D.

A SONG.

My slumbers were pleasant when last I reclin'd
On my pillow, and thought of my love:
Our hearts were in mutual endearment intwin'd,
And Gladness sat smiling above.

Our hands were united, and swiftly we flew,
My Eliza! o'er mountain and vale;
With the beams of the morning we brush'd off the dew,
And sang with the breath of the gale.

On the wings of the wind we embark on the waves,
And dance on the face of the deep;
Our vessel the billowy wilderness braves,
And music lulls Ocean asleep.

The transports that charm'd us, while deaf to the roar
Of the wind and the thundering stream,
Were alas! but the creatures of Fancy—no more
Than the shadowy sport of a dream!

W. EVANS.

ELEGY.

LAURA'S BIRTH-DAY.

STILL with the world and with myself at strife,
Where'er I pant beneath this load of life,
'Midst haunts of men or solitary groves,
Where'er forlorn this restless spirit roves;
Still shall this day, as rolls each year along,
To Laura hallow'd, claim th' impassion'd song.
Perhaps the hour that wafts to heav'n the pray'r
Warm, for her bliss, may steal me from my care;
One day, may Laura's friend (enough remain
For brooding mis'ry and her sullen train)
One day forbid th' unmanly tear to flow,
And feign that calm his breast can never know.
  In sacred silence be my grief suppress't;
Why wound the softness of my Laura's breast?
What tho' in vain long years of anguish roll,
And future pangs oppress my tortur'd soul;
Yet let them come—thy friend can still endure
Those wounds a word, a smile from thee can cure—
But should my Laura, chang'd by time or fate,
In cold reserve conceal her silent hate;
With force decisive may the blow descend,
And end at once her friendship and her friend!
  Ah! turn my soul from the dark scene awhile;
One hour let Fancy wake and Nature smile;

And cease, vain sorrows, and thou flutt'rer, cease,
While bursts the glowing pray'r for Laura's peace:
Be her's each gentle, each refin'd delight,
Keen as her sense, and as her fancy bright;
Each nameless joy, beyond the pow'r of art,
That souls like her's can feel, and can impart;
No pale disease her seraph form impair,
But rose-lip'd Health and gay Content be there:
And ev'ry bliss deny'd thee, round her wait,
And friends as constant, with an happier fate.

W. P.

ELEGY.

Did those bright eyes, untaught by Genius, roll,
Nor strike thro' fools the day-break of your soul;
Yet should I gaze entranc'd, and now admire
Their milder lustre, now their fiercer fire.
Did from those ruby lips no accents flow,
But nice debates on scandal or on show;
Yet should my eyes, with rapt attention, trace
Their rosy softness and expressive grace.
Or did that bosom heave in vacant play,
And boast no light but Beauty's roseate ray;
My soul were thine, and female wit in vain
Might show my thraldom, not unloose my chain;
And liveliest eloquence, and happiest art,
Might strike my ear, not vibrate on my heart.
But round your friend her chain while Beauty throws,
Why must the Muse superfluous bonds impose?
On my lost heart, ah too much thine before,
Why beam new charms to sigh for and adore?

Day after day new rays of genius rise,
And brighter show the bliss that Fate denies.
Fly hours, and shed o'er Laura in your flight
Gay lively joys, and unallay'd delight.
O may no pangs of passion ill-repay'd,
Or ceaseless agonies her peace invade,
No charms fallacious, lure her youthful eyes,
Illusive arts, or well-dissembled sighs.
But should her heart—thou wretch, forbear awhile—
Enough for thee her pity or her smile—
O may his bosom feel th' etherial fire,
Heave with my sighs, and glow with my desire!
Meanwhile, for me long lonely hours remain,
Of tears unpitied, and unpitied pain;
By day the fix'd and inattentive eye,
The' unmeaning answer, and unfinish'd sigh;
By night, the luxury of hopeless care,
And the short slumber waking to despair.
O dire estate of still-increasing woes,
Essential gloom, where never sun arose!
My Laura's hand, severe and strong as Fate,
On pensive Peace has barr'd th' eternal gate.
Rapt from the vulgar throng with purer flame,
How rush'd my heart a kindred soul to claim!
That kindred soul, with calm indiff'rence fraught,
Wak'd to no tender sympathy of thought,
Can coldly mark the ruin she has made,
And wish me happy, yet withhold her aid.
As round this busy world my eyes I throw,
The world appears a drear abode of woe;
My soul, 'midst beings of some diff'ring kind,
Roams wild, repuls'd from its congenial mind;
And ne'er can Peace revisit my sad heart,
Tho' godlike Friendship plies her lenient art.

W. P.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

TO THE VOLUNTEERS,

Spoken at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Friday, 25th Nov. 1803, after the Performance of the Play of King Henry the Fifth, for the Benefit of the Patriotick Fund.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

In Spartan bands to wake heroic fire,
Renown'd Tyrtæus strung his martial lyre;
Tyrtæus, lame and weak, unskill'd to wield
The flying spear, or grasp the ponderous shield;
Nor by experience taught in just array
To form the files, and guide the doubtful fray:
Yet, heaven-inspired, he knew, beyond controul
With strains sublime, to rouse the torpid soul,
Swell with proud hopes the heart, and, by his breath,
Kindle the love of Fame, the scorn of Death.
And shall the British Muse, 'midst War's alarms,
In silence rest, nor rouse her sons to arms?
Shall Britons yield an unresisting prey,
And own a base Usurper's foreign sway?
No—when ye march to guard your sea-girt shore,
" * Return victorious, or return no more!"
Greece, in her freedom's most propitious hour,
Waged impious wars, in quest of spoil, or power;

* The above line was first taken from the celebrated Speech of Mr. Mackintosh; in which it appears, as a citation, but without any reference; but the Author of this Address has since learn'd that it is to be found in the Prologue to Mr. Home's Tragedy of Agis.

And Rome, through many an age, unjustly brave,
Fought to oppress, and conquer'd to enslave.
E'en the bright wreaths our EDWARDS, HENRIES, claim,
Crown'd not the cause of Freedom, but of Fame;
While fond Ambition, with misguided zeal,
Sought England's glory more than England's weal.
But when, of old, to chase a foreign host,
The painted guardians of our Albion's coast,
O'er her white cliffs descending, from afar
On CÆSAR's legions pour'd the tide of war,
When scythed chariots swept th' ensanguined plain,
Then Bards, enraptured, sung this patriot strain:
" Ye generous Youths, who guard the British shore!
" Return victorious, or return no more!"
Again Britannia sounds her just alarms;
Nor lures by Int'rest or Ambition's charms,
But prompts to deeds, which fairer trophies yield
Than graced e'en Agincourt's immortal field,
And bids you guard, in free and gallant strife,
All that adorns, improves, or sweetens life.
Your Homes, by faithful Love and Friendship blest,
Each pledge of Love, now smiling at the breast,
Your Daughters, fresh in bloom, mature in charms,
Doom'd (should he conquer) to the Spoiler's arms;
Your Sons, who hear the Tyrant's threats with scorn,
The Joys, the Hopes of ages yet unborn,
All, all, endear this just, this sacred cause,
Your SOV'REIGN's Throne, your FREEDOM, FAITH, and LAWS.
Champions of Britain's cherish'd rights ye stand:
PROTECT, PRESERVE, AVENGE your native land!
For lo! She cries, amidst the battle's roar,
" Return victorious, or—return no more!"

O RUS!

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

Ye fields! where once, with careless feet,
The fairy forms of Spring to meet
  My childhood lov'd to roam,
Again to view each laughing scene,
Your flowrets fresh, and daisied green,
  Ye genial fields! again I come:

And with me bring a grateful meed
For pleasures past, my rural reed,
  To you its notes belong;
And while my artless simple strains
Re-echo to my native plains,
  The Shepherd-girl shall love my song:

And while beneath yon hawthorn shade,
For lonely Peace and Pleasure made,
  My listless length I lay,
Kind Fancy from her magic bow'r,
Shall call the grove, the field, the flow'r,
  And bid the Muse the scene survey.

The Woodland Nymphs and Naiads 'round,
From every stream, and every mound,
  Shall see the voice obey'd;
And o'er each spring of gentler flow,
Each forest tall of wider show,
  With hallow'd hand, the Muse shall lead.

The Muse, entranc'd in new delight,
Shall dwell on each alluring sight,
  And bless their woodlands high;
And every hill, and every dale,
The tufted grove, the cottag'd vale
  Shall catch, with joy, her charmed eye.

Now when the morn shall wake the hours,
And call them from their beds of flow'rs
  To rise in brighter glow,
The Genius of the mountain hoar
Shall learn her song, of sacred pow'r,
  And bear it to the vales below.

And Health with dewy buskin bare,
Shall breathe with her the upland air,
  And tread the dells around;
With her shall hear the " slumb'ring morn,"
By op'ning hound, and echoing horn,
  " Chearly rous'd," in sylvan sound.

The grass with glittering dew besprent,
The lark on airy notes intent
  Again shall draw her eye;
The rural pleasures, in her train,
Shall love the wildly-warbled strain
  The Milkmaid pours, her Shepherd nigh.

But when, with brighter flames bespread,
The heav'ns their fiercest influence shed,
In fiery noon of day;
The Muse shall seek the deepest grove,
Where, breathing sweet, the lute of Love
Shall answer to her softest lay.

The Fawns and Satyrs all around,
And Dryad-girls shall catch the sound,
Their oaken shades among;
The genuine Bard shall these descry,
No vulgar ear, no vulgar eye,
Shall see their haunts, shall hear her song.

But let them hail that hallow'd hour,
When COLLINS felt the forceful pow'r
And tun'd his evening reed;
The sweetest theme, in sweetest strain,
The Poet sung, nor sung in vain,
Him Glory deck'd with deathless meed.

Then now, when Eve with chaster light
Beams softly on the peasant's sight,
And skirts the village-plain;
On every daisy-painted mead
The virgin quire the dance shall lead,
And shepherd-boys applaud the train.

And by each dear and sacred stream,
Near which, by day, the Fairies dream,
Their Elfin Troop shall spring;
And featly as they foot it round,
Encircling swift the dewy ground,
The sylvan Muse shall sweetly sing;

How Innocence with virgin face,
And modest airs of artless grace
  All love the sylvan cell;
And simple Truth, and Pleasure fair
Delight no more in city air,
  No more in riot orgies dwell.

And Contemplation's spirit clear,
Slow pacing thro' the woodlands near,
  These gentlest forms shall view;
And Fancy, with her pencil pure,
Shall paint them strong, and bid endure
  The Poet's eye, to Fancy true.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

I ASK'D my fair, one happy day,
  What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
  Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
  Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

  Ah replied my gentle fair,
  Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line,
  Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
  Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me—*thine.*

HARLEY.

THE PANSY.

WHEN the young Spring her feather'd train recalls,
And when the bee rebuilds his honied walls;
When gentle April sheds her genial show'rs,
And fanning zephyrs breathe on budding flow'rs;
Tufted in grassy rings where Fairies play,
Pansies unseen their rainbow robes display;
Like pigmy peacocks spread their purple plumes,
Shedding at once a season of perfumes.
A jetty star protects their ivory breast,
And velvet saffron forms their decent vest.
But when grey Autumn calls his brother winds,
Unturns the iron key their wrath confines,
Bids dark November's threat'ning tempests roar,
And warns the ant to hoard his winter store;
Void of all shape, all colour, all perfume,
Pale is the jetty star and purple plume;
Resigned, the florets feel the blast of death,
And ere they heave the last long parting breath,
They hide, instinctive, in funereal snows
The treasured capsules which their young inclose.
Round their cold tombs the infant seedlings lie,
To bud and blossom where their parents die.

C. SNEYD EDGEWORTH.

MELANCHOLY.

When the tempest howls rough thro' the dark wither'd grove,
And the rude blasts of Winter all Nature deform;
Amid the dire scenes unappall'd I could rove,
And rest undisturb'd by the rage of the storm.

Yet why, when the wild winds of Winter are flown,
When hush'd to repose are the waves on the sea;
When Spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,
And the sweet voice of Gladness is heard from each tree;

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow,
Combine to inspire me with transports of joy,
O why on my tongue dwell the accents of woe?
Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh?

When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east,
I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore
Where the sea-bird screams wild as she starts from her nest,
And the loud-sounding surge in the hollow rocks roar:

I mark the tall cliff, hoary, rugged, and bare,
That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves,
Where the mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair,
And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.

When the sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,
All lonely and pensive I rest by the stream,
I call to remembrance the days that are past,
And compare all my joys to the sun's setting beam.

I see with regret where the hawthorn once stood,
And the yellow furze blossom'd, the marks of the plough,
Yet pleas'd I behold the rock shatter'd and rude,
And view with delight the bleak mountain's bare brow.

Beneath the green elm waving dark in the air,
Oft I sit while the moon lights her lamp in the sky—
Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there,
And that there all my hopes and my happiness lye?

ARBROATH. W. A.

EPIGRAM, FROM LESSING,

On a Volume of Epigrams.

POINT in his foremost epigram is found:
Bee-like, he lost his sting at the first wound.

ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR 1797.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Lo! to his task the infant year
Comes forth; no boding frown severe
Scowls on his brow *, but smiling mild,
He seems of dove-ey'd Peace the child!
No numbing wand his young hand holds,
No hoary vest his form enfolds,
No angry blasts around him rave:—
The Spirit of the Storm sleeps in his icy cave.

He sleeps. Still wakes a fiercer far,
His dark brow trench'd with many a scar;
His voice loud as the vext-wave's roar,
His sable armour stain'd with gore;
Stern War! his fiery arm the plain
Crimsons with countless legions slain,
While round him Famine, dark Despair,
And the wild grisly forms of Lust and Rapine glare.

* The weather, at the opening of the year 1797, was particularly mild.

Frantic each breathless corse he spurns,
His ardent eye with fury burns.
Scar'd by his lurid frowns, the choir
Of weeping Virtues sad retire;
Far from the battle's horrid yell,
In peace and solitude to dwell,
Where no lorn widow's tender wail,
No shriek, no dying groan, hangs heavy on the gale.

But, with firm gaze, the deathless Muse,
His whirlwind-course indignant views.
Sees him, for conquest and for fame,
Spread wide the wildly-wasting flame;
With lasting infamy she brands
His laurels rent from ravag'd lands;
Then, borne on seraph wings sublime,
She turns from fields of blood, and seeks a milder clime.

How long, alas! must Nature mourn
Her fairest works by rude hands torn,
And tremble as the clarion's breath
Commands her sons to deeds of death?
While, red, before her dewy eyes,
The flames from burning hamlets rise,
Where lost her babes the mother stands,
And calls on Heav'n for aid, and frenzied wrings her hands.

When shall again, at dawning day,
Wak'd by the shrill lark's matin lay,
In safety o'er the furrow'd soil,
The peasant hasten to his toil;

And, at mild eve, his labour done,
Blithe carol, to the setting sun;
Blest once more in his lowly cot,
To clasp his wife belov'd, each gloomy care forgot!

Soon may ye dawn auspicious hours!
Then bright-ey'd Pleasure crown'd with flow'rs,
Shall lead the dance in shady dell;
While feeble Age past woes shall tell,
And gain a sigh from Pity meek:
Then, rosy Love with dimpled-cheek,
His light hair floating round his head,
Shall to the laughing gale his snowy banner spread.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ST. LAMBERT.

Phillis, though nothing less than cruel,
Thinks a good name indeed a jewel;
And round her draws, this prize to gain,
Of pedants and of prudes a train:
With Phillis these, in cynic style,
From morn till eve defame, revile,
And preach against Love's powerful sway.
Alas! like fam'd Ulysses' wife,
Poor Phillis, with herself at strife,
Undoes by night the work of day.

R. A. D.

EXTEMPORE STANZAS,

On reading the following Inscription on a delightful vacant Cottage at Binsted, in the Isle of Wight.

" CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH."

BY EYLES IRWIN, ESQ.

And art thou fled, romantic host?
Thy airy hopes at once bely'd?
Contentment's clue for ever lost,
And life the sport of Fortune's tide!

Such still their fate, who idly dream
In court or cot th' enchantress dwells;
Hangs o'er the cool meandering stream,
Or slumbers in monastic cells.

Tho' Freedom guard the Monarch's throne,
And Innocence the cottage grace;
Dwells, in the mind, her spells alone,
Unchang'd by circumstance or place!

If, stranger! such thy inmate prove
On peaceful plain or stormy sea,
Or in this sweet sequester'd grove,
Contentment shall be wealth to thee!

MAY 12, 1799.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

BY THE LATE THOMAS DERMODY.

To Pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies,
Yet, spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O, stranger! if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flow'r on his head!

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To soothe all sorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful Fancy rear'd,
(Though, ever dumb, he sleeps below!)
The stillest sigh of Anguish heard,
And gave a tear for every woe:

O, place his dear harp by his side!
His harp, alas! his only hoard,
The fairy breeze, at even-tide,
Will, trembling, kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight stream'd around,
To mark the slowly-heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft, when the rosy dawn was seen,
'Mid blue, to gild the blushing steep,
He marked, o'er yonder margent green,
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause the lark to hear,
With speckled wing, the skies explore;
Oft paus'd to see the slow flock near:
But he shall see, or hear no more!

Then, stranger! be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan-child.

The graceful drop of Pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belong'd);
Well, well his doom deserves thy care,
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah! as thou roam'st the checquer'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sun-beam light his tomb.

1794.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE LIVERPOOL THEATRE,

When a Free Benefit was given to the Children of the late Mr. Palmer.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROSCOE.

Ye airy Sprites, who, oft as Fancy calls,
Sport 'midst the precincts of these haunted walls!
Light forms, that float in Mirth's tumultuous throng,
And frolic Dance, and Revelry, and Song,
Fold your gay wings, repress your wonted fire—
And from your fav'rite seats awhile retire!
And Thou, whose pow'rs sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs that move the human heart
With change alternate; at whose magic call
The swelling tides of Passion rise or fall—
Thou, too, withdraw; for, 'midst thy lov'd abode,
With step more stern a mightier pow'r has trod;—
Here, on this spot, to ev'ry eye confest,
Enrob'd with terrors stood the Kingly Guest;
Here, on this spot, Death wav'd th' unerring dart,
And struck—his noblest prize—an honest heart!
What wond'rous links the human feelings bind!
How strong the secret sympathies of Mind!

As Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope or fear, rejoice, detest, or love:
Nor heaves the sigh for SELFISH woes alone—
CONGENIAL sorrows mingle with our own:
Hence, as the Poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul;
And, whilst his pulse concordant measure keeps,
He smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
But, ah, lamented Shade, not thine to know
The anguish only of IMAGIN'D woe!—
Destin'd o'er Life's SUBSTANTIAL ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn!
Then, whilst thy bosom, lab'ring with its grief,
From fabled sorrows sought a short relief,
The FANCIED woes, too true to Nature's tone,
Burst the slight barrier, and became thy own:—
In mingled tides the swelling passions ran,
Absorb'd the Actor, and o'erwhelm'd the Man!
Martyr of Sympathy more sadly true
Than ever FANCY feign'd, or POET drew!
  Say why, by Heav'n's acknowledg'd hand imprest,
Such keen sensations actuate all the breast?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?
Why lingers HOPE around the silent dead?
Why spurns the Spirit it's encumb'ring clay,
And longs to soar to happier realms away?
Does Heav'n, unjust, the fond desire instill,
To add to mortal woes another ill?—
Is there thro' all the intellectual frame
No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream;
Or, in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
Inspires the secret wish—once more to meet?—
There is: for, not by more determin'd laws
The sympathetic steel the magnet draws,

Than the freed Spirit acts, with strong controul,
On its responsive sympathies of soul;
And tells, in characters of truth unfurl'd,
"*There is another, and a* BETTER *World!*"
Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,
For human woes a human tear will fall.
Blest be that tear; who gives it doubly blest,
That heals with balm the Orphan's wounded breast!
Not all that breathes in Morning's genial dew
Revives the parent plant where once it grew;
Yet may those dews with timely nurture aid
The infant flow'rets drooping in the shade;
Whilst long-experienc'd Worth and Manners mild—
A Father's merits—still protect his Child.

EPITAPH.

NYMPH! over thee, chaste, fair, and young,
Each bosom breathes a sigh;
Applauses flow from every tongue,
And tears from every eye.

Still lives, and ever shall, thy name,
Thy beauty only died:
Envy has nothing to proclaim,
Nor Flattery to hide.

THE DRYAD'S WARNING,

BY MR. LEYDEN.

To Robert Anderson, M.D. *on an Excursion in the Country.*

HARK! from the hills a solemn moan
Breathes in the wind's expiring tone!
While sweeps the breeze on circling wings,
Forlorn and sad, some spirit sings!
Down yonder vale, abrupt and low;
Recedes the murmur dull and slow.
What omens, mighty Oak! can make
Thy knotted stubborn heart to quake?
No gale thy rustling foliage heaves;
Then why these fearful, shivering leaves?
The leaves were hush'd, the winds were calm—
A Dryad rais'd her slender palm—
With misletoe her locks were wreath'd,—
And these prophetic accents breath'd:
"What can the Oak's firm strength avail,
When ev'n the radiant Sun grows pale?
In magic chains behold him bound,
Faint yellow circles wreathing round,—
The wan Moon, glimmering through her tears,
At midnight still confess'd her fears.
I feel mine iron nerves revolt
At the deep-rending thunderbolt,

Whose fiery force my frame will rack,
And scorch my fair green foliage black—
Hence, Mortal, like the light'ning, fly
Ere the deluge pour from high,
Ere the blast's impetuous breath
Sweep you to the realms of death."—
  Then died the Dryad's voice away—
Because she had no more to say—
While I the proper time embrace
To seize the story, in her place;
And ask, Dear Doctor! what could tempt
Your placid soul, from cares exempt,
When mystic tomes no longer rise
With magic rhymes to daze your eyes *,
To leave your books, your letter'd ease,
Your power of trifling when you please,
To trace the marsh, the desart moors,
To converse with unlettered boors,
To pore on the bleak morning sky,
And count each cloud that waggles by,
To view the green moon thro' the trees
Swing like a huge suspended cheese,
Or fairy landscapes in the mist,
Like some poetic fabulist?
For sure, as anglers never search
Old Helicon for Trout or Perch,
The polish'd Muses ever shun
The echo of the Sportsman's gun.

* Dr. Anderson had lately finished his collection of "The Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces, Biographical and Critical," in 13 vols. 8vo; a work which reflects honour on Scotland, and which was undertaken solely from public considerations; to vindicate the claims of many too much neglected poets, and to secure a correct and uniform edition of their writings.

No poets in these climes of ours
Have seen your fam'd Arcadian bowers;—
Its fragrance sweet no moss-rose spreads,
Tho' numerous blue-bells paint our meads,—
Tho' high our royal thistle rears
His head begirt with bristling spears—
The linnet warbles faint and low,
But sharp and shrill the jangling crow;
The wintry winds in summer howl,
" While nightly sings the staring owl;"
For swains, you find the surly clown,—
Dear Doctor, haste, return to town.
Where shines the sun on plaster'd walls,
Carts, cabbages, and coblers' stalls;
Now, only think how sweet he smiles,—
His beams reflected from the tiles.
Yet, Doctor, hear my boding voice,
While still you have the power of choice,
Quick fly impending floods of rain,
Nor deem the Dryad's warning vain.
  Vain omens cease—you warn too late:
Impell'd by stern resistless fate,
He goes! while sure as I'm a sinner,
It rains before the hour of dinner.
  Now having seiz'd (by way of trope)
Imagination's telescope,
I see as well thro' stone and timber,
As through the window of my chamber;
Nor highest hills impede my vision,
Nay, mark—and smile not in derision—
Lo! by a stream I see you stray
Where chime the waves in wanton play;
Along with quicken'd pace you go,
And now with steps revers'd and slow,

Still listening to the buzzing crowd
Of idle guests that murmur loud;
Where high the gushing waters spout,
And frequent springs the speckled trout;
While constant in your raptur'd ear
The river's distant hum you hear.
  But heard you not at twilight's break
The wrangling hen's harsh-twittering peek?
And see these crows—in airy rings
They wheel on glossy oil-smooth'd wings,
Aloft they dart, oblique they range
In hieroglyphic circles strange,
And now their mazy folds combine
To form one long continuous line.
That living hillock heaves its head
With crumbling earth so fresh and red,
Where, floundering blindfold from his hole,
Springs forth to light the darkling mole.
  Fly, Doctor, fly, nor longer stay
Till twining earth-worms bar your way;
Till crawling snails their antlers rear,
And *Anne* and *Margaret* * cry "O dear!
How hard yon path-way steep to climb,
And slide o'er slippery tracks of slime."
  The rains descend, the thunders roar—
'Tis well you reach'd that cottage door.
  The roads are floods—on such a day
Would Homer's well-soal'd boots † give way.
With hopeless foot the traveller views
His path who, luckless! trusts in shoes;

* Two young ladies, daughters of Dr. Anderson, who accompanied him on this rural excursion.

† Εὐκνημιδης Ἀχαιοι. HOMER.

But you, perhaps, (ah vain pretence!)
In coaches place your confidence.
In vain in chariot and in horse
You trust to speed you on your course.
That tempest, fit for turning mills,
The coachman's heart with horror fills—
It goes—as well might seamen try
To steer straight in the North-wind's eye—
Beneath the blast it tottering reels,
And heaves aloft its ponderous wheels.
Well, Doctor, since you must delay,
Why, practise patience while you stay—
When tempests shroud the stormy sky
These lines its utmost power may try.

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 6, 1796.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

O! called from hence, dear child, in life's full bloom;
Thy childless parents sorrow o'er thy tomb!
Yet, while they mourn thy early flight from earth,
And cherish fond remembrance of thy worth,
This thought ſtill cheers—that, when their toils are o'er,
Thee shall they meet, and meet to part no more.

R. A. D.

VERSES

On a Butterfly, which came forth from its Chrysalis in a Lady's Hand.

BY DR. SHAW.

BORN in Aspasia's fost'ring hand,
My finish'd form I first display'd,
And felt my plumy wings expand,
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glow'd upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry;
Yet fair each painted pinion grew
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose with gentle gale,
To fill my infant frame with air;
But, fann'd by fair Aspasia's breath,
The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose or lily near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest;
But these in brighter tints I found
Upon the virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus Nature, with indulgent care,
Propitious grac'd my natal hour;
And with superior sweetness gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flow'r!

THE VIRTUOSO *;

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

——————— *Videmus*
Nugari solitos. PERSIUS.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtile wight;
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint; a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study, day or night;
Until, (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth, or air, or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almoſt unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd:
He many a dog destroy'd, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

* "The Virtuoso," "Ambition and Content," and "The Poet," are juvenile pieces of the celebrated Akenside, and are not to be found in his works. They were written in his sixteenth year.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each diff'rent guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities;
Of old habiliments, each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low to him were known;
Each gladiator-dress, and stage-disguise;
With learned, clerkly phrase he could have shewn
How the Greek tunick differ'd from the Roman gown.

A curious medalist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of antient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen ev'ry face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine:
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green-sick damosels for husbands do;)
And when obtained, with enraptur'd eyne,
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look, and look again, as he would look it thro'.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought:
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd;
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
With many a curiosity replete;
In seemly order furnish'd ev'ry draw'r,
Products of art or nature as was meet;

Air-pumps and prisms were plac'd beneath his feet,
A Memphian mummy-king hung o'er his head;
Here phials with live insects small and great,
There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;
Above, a crocodile diffus'd a grateful shade.

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hodiern and antique rarities,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Where thick-besprent of ev'ry sort and size:
Here a Bahaman-spider's carcase lies,
There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine;
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glitt'ring flies;
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine.

Close at his back, or whisp'ring in his ear,
There stood a spright ycleped Phantasy;
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near:
Her look was wild, and roving was her eye;
Her hair was clad with flow'rs of ev'ry dye;
Her glist'ring robes were of more various hue,
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;
Their colour changing still at ev'ry diff'rent view.

Yet in this shape all tides she did not stay,
Various as the chamælion that she bore;
Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,
Now mendicant in silks, and golden ore:
A statesman, now equipp'd to chase the boar,
Or cowled monk, lean, feeble, and unfed;
A clown-like lord, or swain of courtly lore;
Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now, in homely weeds array'd,

The wight whose brain this phantom's power doth fill,
On whom she doth with constant care attend,
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
Or a grand palace in a hogstie find:
(From her dire influence me may heav'n defend!)
All things with vitiated sight he spies;
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,
Seeks painted trifles, and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary toys.

AMBITION AND CONTENT;

A FABLE.

Optat Quietem.——Hor.

While yet the world was young, and men were few,
Nor lurking fraud, nor tyrant rapine knew;
In virtue rude, the gaudy arts they scorn'd,
Which, virtue lost, degen'rate times adorn'd:
No sumptuous fabricks yet were seen to rise,
Nor gushing fountains taught t' invade the skies;
With nature, art had not begun the strife,
Nor swelling marble rose to mimic life:
Nor pencil yet had learn'd t' express the fair;
The bounteous earth was all their homely care.
Then did Content exert her genial sway,
And taught the peaceful world her power t' obey;
Content, a female of celestial race,
Bright and compleat in each celestial grace;

Serenely fair she was, as rising day,
And brighter than the sun's meridian ray:
Joy of all hearts, delight of ev'ry eye,
Nor grief, nor pain appear'd when she was by;
Her presence from the wretched banish'd care,
Dispers'd the swelling sigh and stopt the falling tear.
Long did the nymph her regal state maintain,
As long mankind were blest beneath her reign;
Till dire Ambition, hellish fiend! arose,
To plague the world, and banish man's repose:
A monster sprung from that rebellious crew,
Which mighty Jove's Phlegræan thunder slew.
Resolv'd to dispossess the royal fair,
On all her friends he threaten'd open war:
Fond of the novelty, vain, fickle man,
In crouds to his infernal standard ran;
And the weak maid, defenceless left alone,
T' avoid his rage, was forc'd to quit the throne.
It chanc'd as wand'ring through the fields she stray'd,
Forsook of all, and destitute of aid,
Upon a rising mountain's flow'ry side,
A pleasant cottage, roof'd with turf, she spy'd:
Fast by a gloomy, venerable wood
Of shady planes, and ancient oaks it stood.
Around a various prospect charm'd the sight;
Here waving harvests clad the field with white;
Here a rough shaggy rock the clouds did pierce,
From which a torrent rush'd with rapid force;
Here mountain-woods diffus'd a dusky shade,
Here flocks and herds in flow'ry vallies play'd,
While o'er the matted grass the liquid crystal stray'd.
In this sweet place there dwelt a chearful pair,
Tho' bent beneath the weight of many a year;

Who wisely flying publick noise and strife,
In this obscure retreat had pass'd their life;
The husband Industry was call'd, Frugality the wife.
With tenderest friendship mutually blest,
No houshold jarrs had e'er disturb'd their rest.
A num'rous offspring grac'd their homely board,
That still with nature's simple gifts was stor'd.
The father rural business only knew,
The sons the same delightful art pursue:
An only daughter, as a goddess fair,
Above the rest was the fond mother's care;
Plenty, the brightest nymph of all the plain,
Each heart's delight, ador'd by ev'ry swain.
Soon as Content this charming scene espy'd,
Joyful within herself the goddess cry'd;
This happy sight my drooping heart doth raise,
The gods, I hope, will grant me gentler days;
When with prosperity my life was blest,
In yonder house I've been a welcome guest;
There now, perhaps, I may protection find;
For royalty is banish'd from my mind:
I'll thither haste: How happy should I be,
If such a refuge were reserv'd for me!
Thus spoke the fair; and straight she bent her way
To the tall mountain, where the cottage lay:
Arriv'd, she makes her chang'd condition known;
Tells how the rebels drove her from the throne;
What painful, dreary wilds she'd wander'd o'er;
And shelter from the tyrant doth implore.
The faithful, aged pair at once were seiz'd
With joy and grief, at once were pain'd and pleas'd:
Grief for their banish'd Queen their hearts possest,
And joy succeeded for their future guest;

And if you'll deign, bright goddess, here to dwell,
And with your presence grace our humble cell,
Whate'er the gods have giv'n with bounteous hand,
Our harvests, fields and flocks, our all command.
Meantime, Ambition on his rival's flight,
Sole lord of man attain'd his wish's height;
Of all dependance on his subjects eas'd,
He rag'd without a curb, and did whate'er he pleas'd;
As some wild flame driv'n on by furious winds
Wide spreads destruction, nor resistance finds;
So rush'd the fiend destructive o'er the plain,
Defac'd the labours of th' industrious swain;
Polluted ev'ry stream with human gore,
And scatter'd plagues and death from shore to shore.
Great Jove beheld it from th' Olympian tow'rs,
Where sate assembled all the heav'nly pow'rs;
Then with a nod that shook th' empyrean throne,
Thus the Saturnian thunderer begun:
You see, immortal inmates of the skies,
How this vile wretch almighty pow'r defies;
His daring crimes, the blood which he has spilt,
Demand a torment equal to his guilt:
Then, Cyprian goddess, let thy mighty boy
Swift to the tyrant's guilty palace fly;
There let him chuse his sharpest, hottest dart,
And with his former rival wound his heart.
And thou, my son, (the god to Hermes said)
Snatch up thy wand, and plume thy heels and head;
Dart thro' the yielding air with all thy force,
And down to Pluto's realms direct thy course;
There rouse Oblivion from her sable cave,
Where dull she sits by Lethe's sluggish wave;
Command her to secure the sacred bound,
Where lives Content retir'd; and all around

Diffuse the deepest glooms of Stygian night,
And screen the Virgin from the Tyrant's sight:
That the vain purpose of his life may try
Still to explore, what still eludes his eye.
He spoke; loud praises shake the bright abode,
And all applaud the justice of the God.

THE POET;

A RHAPSODY.

Of all the various lots around the ball,
Which Fate to man distributes, absolute;
Avert, ye Gods! that of the Muse's son,
Curs'd with dire poverty! poor hungry wretch!
What shall he do for life? he cannot work
With manual labour: Shall those sacred hands,
That brought the counsels of the Gods to light;
Shall that inspired tongue, which ev'ry Muse
Has touch'd divine, to charm the sons of men:
These hallow'd organs! these! be prostitute
To the vile service of some fool in pow'r,
All his behests submissive to perform,
Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns
Th' ignoble thought; with generous disdain,
More eligible deeming it to starve,
Like his fam'd ancestors renown'd in verse,
Than poorly bend to be another's slave,—
Than feed and fatten in obscurity.
—These are his firm resolves, which fate nor time,

Nor poverty can shake. Exalted high
In garret vile he lives; with remnants hung
Of tapestry: But oh! precarious state
Of this vain transient world! all pow'rful time!
What dost thou not subdue? See what a chasm
Gapes wide, tremendous! see where Saul enrag'd,
High on his throne, encompass'd by his guards,
With levell'd spear, and arm extended sits,
Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,
Spoil'd of his nose—around in tott'ring ranks,
On shelves pulverulent, majestick stands
His library; in ragged plight, and old;
Replete with many a load of criticism,
Elab'rate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains; snatch'd from the deadly hands
Of murd'rous grocer, or the careful wight,
Who vends the plant, that glads the happy shore
Of Indian Patomack; which citizens
In balmy fumes exhale, when, o'er a pot
Of sage-inspiring coffee, they dispose
Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate.
  Elsewhere the dome is fill'd with various heaps
Of old domestic lumber; that huge chair
Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne:
Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread
With ink and pens, and scroll replete with rhyme:
Chests, stools, old rasors, fractur'd jars half full
Of muddy Zythum, sour and spiritless:
Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils
Of various fashion, and of various use,
With friendly influence hide the sable floor.
  This is the Bard's Museum, this the fane
To Phœbus sacred, and th' Aonian maids:
But oh! it stabs his heart, that niggard fate

To him in such small measure should dispense
Her better gifts: to him! whose gen'rous soul
Could relish, with as fine an elegance,
The golden joys of grandeur, and of wealth;
He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,
Or swell beneath a coronet of state,
Or grace a gilded chariot with a mien,
Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all.—
But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny,
Here he must rest and brook the best he can,
To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit;
Immur'd amongst th' ignoble, vulgar herd
Of lowest intellect; whose stupid souls
But half inform their bodies; brains of lead
And tongues of thunder: whose insensate breasts
Ne'er felt the rapt'rous, soul-entrancing fire
Of the celestial Muse; whose savage ears
Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor ev'n the names,
Of the Venusian Bard, or critic sage
Full-fam'd of Stagyra: Whose clam'rous tongues
Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,
Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent;
Replete with boorish scandal: Yet, alas!
This, this! he must endure, or muse alone,
Pensive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,
Or line imperfect—No! the door is free,
And calls him to evade their deaf'ning clang,
By private ambulation;—'tis resolv'd:
Off from his waist he throws the tatter'd gown,
Beheld with indignation; and unloads
His pericranium of the weighty cap,
With sweat and grease discolour'd: then explores
The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb
Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free

Of age's rev'rend russet, scant and bare;
Then down his meagre visage waving flows
The shadowy perruque; crown'd with gummy hat
Clean brush'd; a cane supports him. Thus equip'd
He sallies forth; swift traverses the streets,
And seeks the lonely walk; Hail sylvan scenes,
Ye groves, ye vallies, ye meand'ring brooks
Admit me to your joys, in rapt'rous phrase,
Loud he exclaims; while with th' inspiring Muse
His bosom labours; and all other thoughts,
Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,
Before her influence vanish. Rapt in thought,
Fancy presents before his ravish'd eyes
Distant posterity, upon his page
With transport dwelling; while bright learning's sons
That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,
Indignant seem to curse the thankless age,
That starv'd such merit. Meantime swallow'd up
In meditation deep, he wanders on,
Unweeting of his way.——But ah! he starts!
With sudden fright his glaring eye-balls roll,
Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosen'd joints,
His cogitations vanish into air,
Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream.
Behold the cause! see! thro' the opening glade,
With rosy visage, and abdomen grand,
A cit, a dun!——As in Apulia's wilds,
Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,
A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,
Unheeding, till upon the hideous cave
Of the dire wolf she treads; half dead she views
His bloodshot eye-balls, and his dreadful fangs,
And swift as Eurus from the monster flies.
So fares the trembling Bard; amaz'd he turns,

Scarce by his legs upborn; yet fear supplies
The place of strength; straight home he bends his
course,
Nor looks behind him till he safe regain
His faithful citadel; there spent, fatigu'd,
He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,
Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinc'd.
Soon as the panick leaves his panting breast,
Down to the Muse's sacred rites he sits,
Volumes pil'd round him; see! upon his brow
Perplex'd anxiety, and struggling thought,
Painful as female throes: whether the Bard
Display the deeds of heroes; or the fall
Of vice, in lay dramatick; or expand
The lyrick wing; or in elegiac strains
Lament the fair; or lash the stubborn age,
With laughing satire; or in rural scenes
With shepherds sport; or rack his hard-bound brains
For th' unexpected turn. Arachne so,
In dusty kitchen corner, from her bowels
Spins the fine web; but spins with better fate
Than the poor Bard: she! caitiff! spreads her snares,
And with their aid enjoys luxurious life,
Bloated with fat of insects, flesh'd in blood:
He! hard, hard! lot! for all his toil and care,
And painful watchings, scarce protracts awhile
His meagre, hungry days! ungrateful world!
If with his Drama he adorn the stage;
No worth-discerning concourse pays the charge,
Or of the orchestra, or th' enlight'ning torch.
He who supports the luxury and pride
Of craving Lais; he! whose carnage fills
Dogs, eagles, lyons; has not yet enough,
Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw

Of that most ravenous, that devouring beast,
Yclep'd a Poet. What new Halifax,
What Somers, or what Dorset canst thou find,
Thou hungry mortal? break, wretch, break thy quill,
Blot out the studied image; to the flames
Commit the Stag'rite; leave this thankless trade;
Erect some peddling stall, with trinkets stock'd,
There earn thy daily half-pence, nor again
Trust the false Muse: So shall the cleanly meal
Repel intruding hunger.——Oh! 'tis vain,
The friendly admonition's all in vain;
The scribbling itch has seiz'd him, he is lost
To all advice; and starves for starving's sake.
Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,
Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth;
But, oh! ye Gods, avert th' impending stroke,
This luckless omen threatens! hark! methinks,
I hear my better angel cry, Retreat,
Rash youth! in time retreat! let those poor Bards,
Who slighted all, all! for the flatt'ring Muse,
Yet curs'd with pining want, as land-marks stand,
To warn thee from the service of th' ingrate.

EPIGRAM FROM THE LATIN.

On two beautiful Sisters who were drowned at Sea.

WHAT to the faithless Ocean now is due!
It gave one Venus, and has taken two!

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE,

BOOK 3, ODE 26.

EREWHILE, alive to Love's alarms,
My breast beat high to Beauty's charms,
I woo'd, I won the fair;
But now the pleasing conflict's o'er,
My arms I quit, my lute no more
Warbles the wanton air.

In sea-born Venus' sacred shrine,
My love's artillery I resign,
Here, here, my levers lie;
Torches and sabres, bearing fate
To many a proud opposing gate,
Which durst access deny.

Oh! thou, that o'er the Cyprian isle,
And Memphis, ray'st thy beamy smile,
Repressing winter's frown;
Oh, Goddess! hear my sole request,
Let youthful Chloe's haughty breast,
For once thy rigours own.

HARLEY.

RECEIPT

TO WRITE BLANK VERSE.

Consider it warrilie, read aftener than ane is,
Weel at ae blink slie poetrie not taen is.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Fam'd Aristotle long ago
Was at some pains, as poets know,
To leave them sev'ral hints that might
Be useful when they meant to write;
And useful doubtless they have been,
Since to this very day 'tis seen,
That learned critics, o'er their bottle,
With rapture speak of Aristotle.—
'Tis known the method that he took
Was, not to scribble in a book
Such rules as he himself thought best,
Or what his fancy might suggest,
But to con over, at his leisure,
Such poems as had giv'n him pleasure,
And met with gen'ral approbation
From men of taste and education;
And with a penetrating eye
Discern the wherefore and the why;
And by what rules they had been written,
That made the world so with them smitten;

And then record, in classic pages,
The grand receipt for after ages.
  Now, gentle reader, that I may
Be also useful in my day,
I'll leave a short receipt behind
For all who feel themselves inclin'd
By writing blank verse to obtain
Renown and more substantial gain;
And lest, should I my precepts cull
From out the inside of my skull,
I might a set of rules produce,
That would be found of little use;
I mean to follow, if I can,
Great Aristotle's prudent plan,
And give no rule, but what in fact is
Of ev'ry Bard the faith and practice,
Who has scrawl'd blank verse since the day
That old John Milton led the way.
  Good reader, if you'll but give heed,
Two rules or three are all you need;
And if aright you but apply them,
I'll hold a groat you'll profit by them.
  Then ye, in blank verse who would shine,
And charm the world with strains divine,
Whatever thoughts you have to write,
Just set them down in black and white;
You need not take up time to dress them,
But just as they occur express them:
Observe to let the lines contain
Ten syllables apiece, and then
You have blank verse at any time,
Altho' you cannot write in rhyme.
  To make your work the more admir'd
As written by a Bard inspir'd,

Give of sublime a proper dose,
And shew your poetry's not prose.
Now, to accomplish this, you may
Turn half the lines the other way;
Reverse them, make their heads their tails,
For that's a plan that never fails;
By this you give them at a start
A grace beyond the reach of art,
Beyond all reason, prose or rhyme,
Incomprehensibly sublime.
It may not be amiss to throw
Into each twentieth line, or so,
Some stiff old word quite out of date,
To give a dignity and state;
Or else some new one, piping hot,
Just from the Greek or Latin got,
Our heads to puzzle, and oblige us
To think your learning most prodigious.
'Tis like your lines will not be full
Of harmony, to make them dull;
Should here and there a word however
Read smooth by chance, if you be clever,
Or, what is much the same you know,
Would have the world esteem you so,
You will not let them thus remain,
To fix upon your work a stain;
But make them, if the words permit,
As unharmonious as you're fit,
Lest critic ears should be offended,
And all their learned praise suspended.
Now, reader, if you wish your name
Recorded in the rolls of Fame,
Engrave these precepts on your mind;
And when the wise scholastics find

That all your matchless verses shew it,
They'll praise you for a glorious poet;
And charm'd beyond description, pore
And scan your numbers o'er and o'er:
And, haply, in their lucubrations,
May grace your work with annotations;
To tell the world the mighty pleasure
You give them by your style and measure,
And what a grandeur, what a spirit,
What a rare genius you inherit!

JOHN HENHAM.

GLASGOW, AUG. 15, 1803.

ODE, FROM GONGORA.

TO THE CITY OF CORDOVA.

HAIL, haughty bulwarks! hail, uplifted tow'rs!
For Majesty and prowess fam'd of old;
Where Betis, King of Floods, his waters pours
O'er yellow sands, but now no longer gold—
Delicious plain! round which those mountains rise,
Adorn'd by heaven with peculiar charms;
Vale! that exults in ever-azure skies,
Alike the seat of letters and of arms.

If, 'mid th' Alhambra's ruins, and the vale
Which Xenil, and the roaring Darro laves,
Of thy delights the sweet remembrance fail:
If aught but thee my anxious bosom craves;
Ill-meriting such rapturous delight,
Ne'er may I view thy tow'rs, or verdant plain;
Ne'er may again thy Betis meet my sight,
O! thou, my birth-place, and the pride of Spain!

HERO AND LEANDER,

A BALLAD, FROM SCHILLER.

See yonder airy turrets rise
On either strand, and mock the skies,
And catch the golden gleam of day;
Where hoary Hellespontus swells,
As through the rocky Dardanells
He proudly works his foamy way.
And mark the storm whose fury tore
Old Asia from Europa's shore;
Yet Love, undaunted, dares to brave
The terrors of the madd'ning wave.

To Hero's eyes Leander bow'd,
Her cheek with yielding blushes glow'd,
And Cupid smil'd and bless'd the pair.
The maid in grace with Hebe vy'd,
The youth, of all the swains the pride,
That gayly urg'd the Sylvan war.
But soon parental hate destroys
The tender blossoms of their joys;
And love's soft accents cease to flow,
And rapture yields to lonely woe.

And now from Sestos' gloomy tow'r,
That echoes to the surge's roar,
  And high o'erhangs the briny flood,
The maid, in silent anguish lost,
Surveys Abydos' shelvy coast—
  Her lov'd Leander's sad abode.
No friendly bridge, alas! was there,
To bear him to the weeping fair;
No gliding bark her eyes survey—
Yet vent'rous Love explores the way.

The Cretan bower's entangled maze
Dædalian art in vain shall raise;
  Inventive Love detects the clue:
The monster's savage rage he quells,
The fire-exhaling steer repels,
  And yokes him to the peaceful plough.
Nor Styx, that ninefold winds his way,
The God's resistless course can stay;
Tho' Hell's dire forms around him glide,
Yet Love redeems the Thracian bride.

Leander too, whose looks impart
The tender griefs that rend his heart,
  With new-born ardour Love supplies.
When day-light pales its fervid ray,
His glowing bosom cleaves the spray,
  And through the dashing surge he hies.
He shoots athwart the liquid plain,
And pants the friendly shore to gain,
Where high upon the darksome tow'r
The flambeau cheers the lonely hour.

Now bless'd with beauty's fondest smile,
The youth forgets his recent toil,
  And ev'ry pang he felt before:
Love's sweet reward the hour employs;
He revels in celestial joys,
  For him alone reserv'd in store—
Till morn obtrusive 'gins to beam,
And chase the lover's blissful dream.
Hard task! her snowy arms to leave,
And tempt again the stormy wave!

Thus thrice ten times had Phœbus' ray
Unbarr'd the orient gates of day,
  And wing'd with joy each moment flew,
In sweetest joys of stolen love,
As Jove himself might sigh to prove,
  For ever young, and ever new!
Nor bliss sincere shall mortals know,
Whose bosom scapes the shafts of woe;
Through ill we ev'ry good attain,
And love rewards an age of pain!

Bright Hesper and Aurora rise
Alternate in the vaulted skies,
  Nor yet perceiv'd the happy pair
That Autumn thinn'd the bow'ry shade;
Nor dreamt that brumal blasts invade
  And chill, and nip the fading year.
But still with secret joy they trace
Each waning day's contracted space;
And bless'd the Gods with fond delight,
That longer grew each welcome night.

Already now had night and day
Held o'er the world an equal sway,
  When, pensive from the castle's wall,
The lonely maid, with anxious eye,
Beheld the sun descend the sky,
  And haste on Thetis' lap to fall.
Each ruder wind was hush'd to sleep,
Unruffled lay the glassy deep,
And all its smooth expanse confess'd
The purpled glories of the west.

Gay shoals of wanton dolphins ride,
Disporting on the crystal tide,
  And glitter to the setting ray;
While, rising from their dark abodes,
A varied train of wat'ry Gods
  Emerge, and grace departing day.
Nor other eyes than their's attest
The story of the nightly guest;
And none the am'rous theft reveal'd,
For Hecate every mouth had seal'd.

She gaz'd, and hail'd the placid flood,
And thus addressed the guardian god,
  With accent bland and tearful eye:—
" Propitious pow'r, canst thou beguile?
Shall ruin lurk in Nature's smile?—
  Ah, no! avaunt the impious lie!
But man shall play the traitor's part,
And anger steel a parent's heart;
Yet thou art kind, and deign'st to prove
The refuge of despairing Love!

" Within these dreary walls entomb'd,
How sad each ling'ring day had gloom'd,
What anguish mark'd the darken'd hour;
Had not thy kindly wave convey'd,
Without a bark or bridge's aid,
The lover to the lonesome tow'r?
Tremendous is thy deep abode,
And dire the fury of the flood;
Yet Love's soft vows could still prevail,
And courage mock the rising gale.

" For thou the pow'r of Love hast known,
And bow'd before his potent throne,
When Helle caught thy fond survey;
What time the golden ram convey'd
Across thy wave the timid maid,
In pride of beauty's brightest day.
A willing captive to her charms,
Thou heldst her in thy eager arms,
And drew'st her 'neath the liquid plain,
To grace and bless thy hidden reign.

" And now, immortal at thy side,
Still blooms the beauteous captur'd bride,
And lists as hapless lovers wail;
She stills the spirit of the flood,
And smooths the sailor's trackless road,
And gently swells his gliding sail;
Auspicious Helle! goddess fair!
Regard thy suppliant's tender pray'r!
Avert each danger of the sea!
And speed Leander's well-known way."

She spoke, when lo! the alter'd sky
Already told the tempest nigh:
  And now she fixt, with trembling hand,
The friendly torch, whose glimm'ring ray
Should point the lover's stormy way,
  And guide him to the welcome strand.
The surgy din still louder grows,
The gale with wilder fury blows,
The stars forsake th' etherial dome,
And Nature shudders at the gloom.

Dun night assumes her dreary reign,
And adds new terrors to the scene,
  And ev'ry cloud pours out its store;
The loosen'd winds with fury sweep
The ruffled bosom of the deep,
  And lightnings glare, and thunders roar.
The storm now lifts the raging wave,
Now bares old ocean's inmost cave;
Nor Hell's grim jaws more horrors breathe,
Than mark the yawning gulf beneath.

"Ah, me!" (the wretched mourner cries,
And lifts to Heaven her streaming eyes;)
  "How rash the boons that mortals crave!
Ah, should the gods have heard my pray'r,
And should Leander's luckless star
  Have urg'd him on the faithless wave;
Each wary bird that haunts the flood
Now homewards plies its airy road;
Each lab'ring vessel speeds its way,
And hastens to the shelt'ring bay.

" And, ah! too sure, the youth, unscar'd,
Still dares the path so often dar'd;
  Still yields to Love's impatient sway;
For, as he left this conscious tow'r,
He swore by ev'ry sacred pow'r—
  And death alone obstructs his way.
And now his vig'rous arm in vain
Repells the fury of the main;
He breasts in vain the dashing wave,
And finds, alas! a wat'ry grave.

" Invidious pow'r, thy placid mien
Was meant thy fell intent to screen;
  Not glossy mirror shone so gay.
Thy waves in false repose were laid,
Till, on thy smiling surface sped,
  Leander urg'd his vent'rous way;
And now, upon thy bosom toss'd,
Ere half the stormy flood be cross'd,
Thou whelm'st him in thy ruthless deep,
And leav'st despairing love to weep!"

And still the storm's increasing roar
Resounds from either rocky shore,
  And each rude billow braves the sky.
The oak-ribb'd bark contends in vain
To stem the fury of the main;
  No aid the pilot's arts supply.
And lo! the torch, whose wonted light
So oft had cheer'd the lover's night,
Now quench'd, withdraws its friendly ray,
And horror holds unbounded sway.

To Venus now the hapless fair
Prefers the vow of soft despair,
And calls her pitying aid divine;
To ev'ry Wind a victim vows,
A wanton steer, whose stately brows
With golden horns resplendent shine.
Each goddess of the dark profound,
Each pow'r on high Olympus crown'd,
The wretched suppliant assails,
To quell the fury of the gales.

" And thou, divinest Leucothe,
Whom oft, upon the shoreless sea,
The storm-beat mariner implores;
Who oft, propitious to his pray'r,
Hast smooth'd the wave and still'd the air,
O hear me from thy coral bow'rs!
And bear my love thy sacred veil,
Whose power can sooth the angry gale,
Each terror of the deep can charm,
And nerve the swimmer's slacken'd arm."

And straight the wild winds softer blow,
And fair Aurora's ruddy glow
Again proclaims the new-born day.
The sea resumes its wonted bed,
Each blast in still repose is laid,
And morning smiles, and all is gay.
Soft roll the lucid waves along,
And gently break the rocks among;
In playful lapse the strand explore,
And waft a pallid corse to shore.

'Tis he, who still his promise keeps,
Tho' wrapt in Death's cold arms he sleeps;
And quick the well-known form she view'd.
Nor one sad plaint escap'd the fair,
Nor dimm'd her eye one single tear,
But lost in torpid woe she stood.
And now the fatal deep she eyes,
Now gazes on the vaulted skies;
And now her kindling cheeks declare
The transient flush of wild despair.

" Ye Gods! (she cries) I own your sway;
Your dreaded might ye thus display!
Nor vows nor tears shall mercy find!
In youth's soft prime my course is sped;
Yet many a flow'r my path has spread,
And sweet the lot that fate assign'd.
While living, to thy pow'r divine,
These hands, O Venus, deck'd thy shrine;
Thy willing victim now I prove,
The victim of almighty Love."

She spoke, and lo! the madd'ning fair,
Her robes all flutt'ring in the air,
Plung'd headlong in the closing wave:
The wave each hallow'd corse sustains;
And, rising from his deep domains,
The God himself supplies their grave.
And now, exulting in his prey,
He gladsome speeds his eddying way,
And thriftless from his urn he pours
His clear and never-ceasing stores.

B. BERESFORD.

BERLIN, JULY, 1803.

TO MEDORA.

Oh! cease, my love, to doubt and fear;
I'll kiss away that stealing tear:
No tear should dim thy azure eye,
But the sparkling tear of joy!
No sigh should heave thy heavenly breast,
But the sigh that speaks thee blest!
My soul from thine no power shall sever:
My dearest girl! I'll love thee ever!

Yet hold, we ne'er can cease to know
And keenly feel another's woe:
But, when thou weep'st, I'll weep with thee,
And thou wilt mingle sighs with me!
Thus e'en from sorrow we shall steal
Joys the selfish never feel.
And can I cease to love! oh! never:
My soul's delight! I'll love thee ever!

I'll swear, if still you doubt my truth,
By all the sanguine hopes of youth
Which gleam amid the gloom of woe,
And bliss ideal still bestow!
By all the joys thy sex can give,
Of which bereft we cease to live!
By these—by these, we ne'er shall sever:
By these dear hopes, I'll love thee ever!

But trust not to a lover's oath:
('Tis like the flame that lures the moth!)
By stronger ties I'm bound to thee—
The magic chords of Sympathy!
I've mark'd thy wealth of intellect,
Thy power to feel and to reflect;
And can I cease to love! oh never!
I'll still adore—I'll love thee ever!

Then cease, my love, to doubt and fear;
Not life itself is half so dear;
Nor promis'd joys of Heav'n above,
As thy pure bosom's heav'n of love!
To me more bright thy dewy eye
Than sun-beams in the eastern sky!
'Twere worse than death from thee to sever!
Light of my soul! I'll love thee ever!

And when the tempest howls on high,
And lightnings cleave the lurid sky;
Or in the more malignant storm
Brooded by fiends in human form;
I'll press to mine thy beating heart,
And never—never shall we part!
My soul from thine no power can sever:
My life, my all, I'll love thee ever!

A. R.

MEDITATIONS OF AN INVALID,

DURING A LONG CONFINEMENT.

ENCHAIN'D in solitude and woe,
I vainly hope or vainly mourn;
While o'er the grave my sorrows flow,
Of joys, that never must return.

Ere while in Fancy's airy choir,
With rapid hand I wak'd the lyre,
To many a blithsome strain;
No tear had ever dimm'd mine eye,
Mine heart had never heav'd a sigh—
Save for another's pain.

Ah! cruel Memory, why renew
The pangs which else might cease?
Why thus the fleeting shade pursue,
Of my departed peace?

On beds of pain my blasted strength reclines,
Slave to disease, and hopeless to be free:
For me no zephyrs blow, no moon-beam shines,
No morning dawns, no seasons change for me.

Farewell! companions boon of youthful joy—
The song, the dance, the banquet and the bow'r!
Torn from the ways of mirth, e'er mirth could cloy,
Silent I mark the slow revolving hour.

Yet let me, with impartial eye,
The long-lost ways of mirth review;
Reason, perchance, may check this sigh,
And peace my weary soul renew.

What are the joys for which I weep?
The bubbles of a day:
The dreams of Pleasure's fev'rish sleep,
That in their birth decay.
Where their unhallow'd footsteps fly,
The virgin bloom of Virtue fades,
Wisdom and Peace their aid deny,
And seek Reflection's tranquil shades.

But heedless of impending fate,
Man wantons in imperial state;
High rears his head, and gazes round,
With fancy'd joy, and fancy'd triumph crown'd:
Bids Mirth and Ease his nod obey—
Bids Thought resign her spleenful sway—
And rushes to the promis'd joys
Of Vanity and Noise!—

See yon fantastic crew,
Pleasure's varying steps pursue:
Jocund they frisk on fairy ground,
In many and many a mazy round;
Now retreating, now advancing,
Joy and Laughter round them dancing,
Spurning Care and mocking Sorrow,
Bidding Reason frown to-morrow:
Till as the flow'ry wilds they tread,
Sudden—the bloom of Youth is fled,
And Age has silver'd ev'ry head.

Age has revers'd the spell—the ſhadowy train
Of roseate smiles is melted into air:
Leafless the trees, and desert is the plain,
Scorch'd are the meads, the mountain summit bare.—
No treasur'd blessings crown the mental store,
To cheer the languid moments as they roll:
Reason too late recall'd, avails no more,
And fruitless, keen remorse corrodes the soul.
But who are they, with eyes of fire,
That seize the rattling car of wild Desire;
And following fast as Frenzy leads
Urge into rage the madding steeds—
And chace o'er Danger's sultry heath,
Guilt and her first-born—Death?
Hostile to ev'ry friendly care,
The warning voice—the parents' prayer,
They hurry to the brink of black Despair:
Then down the dreadful ſteep,
They plunge, ten thousand times ten thousand fathom deep.

To find their woe and wail their folly,
In realms of endless Melancholy—
'Mid pangs that only sin can know —
Vengeance above, and penal fires below !

From such delusions safe immur'd,
In salutary grief I dwell;
From danger by disease secur'd;
And screen'd from furies in my lonely cell.
Far hence Temptation roves,
While Wisdom gilds these gloomy groves;
And Piety, with charms of holy power,
Purges from vain Desire each suff'ring hour—
Presenting nigh, and yet more nigh,
The glories of eternity !

*Why then disquieted, my soul—
Why art thou vexed sore ?
Hope thou in God, thine help of old,
Thine help for evermore.

ÆGER.

* Psalm xlii. 5.

EPIGRAM FROM LESSING.

A long way off—Lucinda strikes the men.
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

TO ——

YES, let the miser count his gold,
And toil and scrape to swell the heap;
Say, can the heart that's winter-cold,
Of wealth the fruitful pleasures reap?

Say, can the soul in self that's wrapt,
The bliss of pure enjoyment taste?
Ah, no! when Feeling's chain is snapt,
How void the heart, how drear the waste!

Was it for this, poor creeping thing!
To pine within a gilded cage,
That Nature gave thee power to wing
The piercing thought, and read her page?

Does she ne'er whisper, in thy dream,
"The wretch who loves himself alone,
"Can never drink of Rapture's ſtream,
"Or conscious warm existence own!"

The sweetest joys which wealth can give,
To light pale Want's lack-lustre eye,
And aid the toil-worn Mind to live,
Are joys which thou canst never buy!

Then count thy hoards of ſhining gold,
And toil and scrape to swell the heap;
The heart like thine that's winter-cold,
No fruits of wealth can ever reap!

Oh! give to me sweet Nature's right,
The balm of life, blest Liberty;
And the warm throb of soft delight
That thrills the soul of Sympathy!

Give me, oh Heav'n, the pow'r to heal
The wounded soul of sinking Woe;
Give me the bosom quick to feel
Affection's purest, warmest glow!

Give me to share in Julia's sigh,
And rest my head on Julia's breast;
To chase the tear from Julia's eye:
Then let the miser take the rest!

A. R.

THE HINDOO LOVER's ADDRESS,

TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

Go, wanton breeze, to Cashmere's wavy groves,
Whose wild and tangled haunts my fair-one loves;
There gaily kiss each soft voluptuous flow'r,
Then hasten to my Abra's secret bow'r.
But oh! forget not as thou fly'st along
To steal the music of each warbler's song;
Then seek the shades where creeping violets spring,
And bear their treasures on thy downy wing;
Nor yet forget the bright and musky rose,
Whose modest face with vermeil tincture glows,
Flutt'ring around it tell thy tend'rest tale,
And win it from its mate the nightingale.*
And now thy silken pinions wide expand,
For Abra's mantling bow'r is near at hand.
Oh! when thou seest the maid my wishes seek,
With spicy whispers fan her damask cheek;
Pant in the ringlets of her ebon hair,
And court the laughing Loves that frolic there;
Breathe on those crimson lips whose honey'd store
The wretched Amurath must taste no more;

* See Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden.

Sport on the liquid heaven of her eye,
And o'er her neck of marble softly sigh.
Then waft, oh waft the melody of song,
Let some sad cadence gently steal along.
Bid the lone night-bird all his griefs relate,
And tell her that he sings of Am'rath's fate;
Tell her, like me he mourns a faithless love,
Like me his thoughts to vanish'd pleasures rove;
Like me he shuns the morn's ethereal dies,
Like me to evening's tender scene he flies.
Go, lovely messenger, these words repeat,
Ere this deserted heart has ceas'd to beat.
" From these deep shades where slumb'ring silence reigns,
The victim of thy perfidy complains.
Where are thy vows, perfidious? whither fled?
Think not to veil from Heav'n thy guilty head.
Those broken vows are register'd on high,
Swift to the awful throne of God they fly,
There in the inky page of Fate they dwell,
There the dark catalogue of crimes they swell.
And hast thou then forgot that smiling hour,
When first this bosom own'd thy beauty's pow'r?
When, as I gaz'd, a warm luxuriant glow
Of thy soft cheek would tinge th' inflamed snow?
How seem'd with love to move thy speaking eye,
How shiver'd through my frame thy smother'd sigh!
Hope fondly whisper'd that thy heart was mine,
And silence seem'd that rapture to refine.
When summer sun-beams danc'd along the vale,
And music trembled in each breathing gale,
Oft would I rove where pines their shadow threw,
Where tawny dates and spicy citrons grew;

There in the twilight of the curtain'd boughs
Where verd'rous Nature kept a deep repose,
There would burst forth my wild untutor'd lays,
And laughing echoes warbled Abra's praise.
Say, did the spring one od'rous bud disclose
That Am'rath fail'd to gather for his Rose?
Did not the anemony's resplendent hue—
Did not the violet with eyes of blue—
Did not the myrtle's sweet and blushing face
With studious care thy flowing tresses grace?
When winter chased the azure from the sky,
And loud rebellious whirlwinds hurried by,
Did not the costly aloe blaze around,
And velvet carpets paint the chequer'd ground?
Thy tissued caftan shone with vivid dies,
And di'monds strove to emulate thine eyes.
Oh hours of transport! never to return,
Oh lamp of bliss! that ne'er again ſhall burn,
This shipwreck'd heart has heard your parting knell,
Long have I bade your melting charms farewell.
Light of these eyes! art thou for ever gone?
Are all the dimpled smiles of pleasure flown?
Then let the tempest rave—red lightning glare,
Let loose the haggard demons of despair—
Fall, fall ye rains! to cool this scorching breast,
And soothe a panting soul by grief oppress'd."
But hark! I hear the battle's distant roar,
Let me then haste and think of thee no more.
See! Honour calls! her laurel'd wreath she shakes,
And all my soul from Passion's dream awakes.
False one, adieu! to distant shores I fly,
To snatch a wreath of Death, or Victory.

LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this Pillow press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
It's little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!
  My friend was young, the world was new;
The world was false, my friend was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, my friend was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For Nature never did impart
A weaker head, a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O Pillow! yet to me,
My gentle friend survives in thee,
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead!
  On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my friend had learn'd to think,

Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsey saw—she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest,
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a mother's love.
Awakening from his rosy nap,
And gayly sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire;
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew:
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder!
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.
  Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in childhood's Eden-bowers,
The fall from infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge, drives us thence:
O knowledge! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise!
As happy ignorance declin'd,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires!)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe thro' every future age,

To clasp the flitting ſhade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span
And live beyond the life of man!
  Then Nature's charms his heart poſſeſs'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast:
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he lov'd, he sung.
Rude were his songs and "silly sooth,"
Till boyhood blossom'd into youth:
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new-moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens thro' the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night:
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining thro' infinite space,
From earth to heaven his Genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God:
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden Majesty of man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur,—meanness, pride;
Pursued along their erring course,
The streams of passion to their source;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought!

—— Yet still thro' all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh,
So sweetly exquisitely wild,
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.
O Pillow! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes, with mild controul,
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charmed into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.
Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire,
Thro' ev'ry chord that strung his lyre,
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue,
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd:
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.
Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow,
That laid his high ambition low;
But ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,

While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consum'd his rest.
  Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel Fair was kind,
That he might more intensely know
The bitterness of waking woe?
  Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd;
They stung remembrance to despair;
" A wounded spirit who can bear!"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirious fancy dwell,
On madness, suicide, and hell!
There was on earth no power to save:
—— But as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion!——Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm and whisper'd peace;
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle spirit rose.

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD.

SONNET.

On reading Mr. Surr's Poem of Christ's Hospital.

My Surr, if yet thy faithful breast retain
Any kind mem'ry of a youthful friend,
In school-days lov'd, I shall not much offend;
When, in no flattering, no injurious strain,
I tell how much I love thy honest rhymes;
Which to my mind so sweetly have restor'd,
Faint and nigh-faded images of times
Long past; of haunts our footsteps have explor'd
So oft together; and that happy age,
When after Learning's pleasant labours done,
And school-tasks ended with the setting sun,
We trod, in puny majesty, the stage,
In boyish tones delighting to rehearse
Southern's (perchance) or gentler Otway's verse.

QUONDAM CONDISCIPULUS.

SONNET,

On receiving, as a posthumous memorial, a pair of green-glass spectacles, which had belonged to the author of "The Task."

Not that there needed, venerable bard!
Aught more impressive than the gifted page*
To guard thy memory, or to latest age
Rivet the fond remembrance that I shar'd
Thy friendly thought; and thy benign regard
Unshaken held. More could not need, meek sage!
My life-long glow of reverence to engage,
Or leave thy lov'd idea unimpair'd.
Yet precious is the relique which did shade
Thy living temples from 'excess of light,'
While Fancy round each emerald circlet play'd,
While Genius flash'd beneath the mimic night,
And Hope, star-crested, shot a lucent ray,
To light earth's pilgrim on his heaven-ward way.

T. PARK.

* The *gifted page* alludes to a copy of Mr. Cowper's Poems, received from the author.

SONNET

TO EMILIA,

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

"SAD is thy verse," you cry; "yet on thy cheek,
The rose appears, still tearless are thine eyes:
Thy converse gay, thy sorrow's truth denies;
All seems thy soul's serenity to speak."
Mistaken maid! say, must the heart that bleeds,
Obtrusive, tell its agony aloud,
And ask the pity of the careless crowd?
Believe me, no; it silently recedes,
And sacred seeks within itself to close
From the world's prying eye, its cureless woes.
Diffusing fragrance, many a flower unfolds,
Fair to the summer sun, its vivid bloom:
Yet in its bosom the fell canker holds,
That, mining, gives it to untimely doom.

1797.

SONNET.

TO MIRTH.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

FAR from my paths, unruly Mirth, retire!
Bend thy light steps to Fortune's favour'd train;
There, while the gay, the thoughtless throng admire,
Fix thy bright throne, and rule with boundless reign.
Be mine to stray where o'er the babbling stream
Its pensive shade the drooping willow throws;
Hid from the sultry sun's intrusive beam,
There let me weep, in silence, o'er my woes.
And oft, when night involves the world in gloom,
Nor e'en one faintly-glimmering star appears;
Sad let me wander to his lonely tomb,
Who never more shall Sorrow's bitter tears
Wipe from my eyes, or charm to rest my fears,
And bid, with honied voice, Hope's roses bloom.

1796.

SONNET.

ANTICIPATION.

BY WM. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Shout, for a mighty victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low,
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again: The work is done.
Come forth ye old men now in peaceful show,
And greet your sons! drums beat, and trumpets blow!
Make merry wives, ye little children stun
Your Grandams' ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph when the very worst, the pain,
The loss, and e'en the prospect of the slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys—
True glory, everlasting sanctity.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

When all the glories of the Muse shall fade,
When dimm'd for ever Valour's ardent flame;
When spotless Virtue, sunk in deepest shade,
No more shall swell the clarion of Fame,
Then, not till then, O Sidney! shall thy name,
Dear to the Muse, to Virtue, Valour dear!
Cease from the tender, and the brave, to claim
The tribute due, of an approving tear;
Till then, thy godlike deeds, thy noble aim,
Thy glorious death, they sighing shall revere:
In bright array, intrepid shall they stand,
To guard from wrong thy memory divine:
Nor shall a trifler's * sacrilegious hand,
Tear the just laurels from thy hallow'd shrine.

* Horace Walpole.

SONNET.

THY balm, oh Time! all other anguish heals,
But falls unsoothing and unfelt by me;
For hopeless passion loves the pang it feels,
And shuns the peace which sorrow finds in thee.
When from the fatal wave the tempest's breath
Casts the poor sailor's mangled corse on shore,
I sigh to taste with him the peace of death—
That peace my heart can feel on earth no more.
And when the bright, the cheerful, sun-beams play
On the smooth bosom of a summer sea;
When ev'ry scene, and ev'ry thought is gay,
The face of Nature smiles in vain on me;
For he is lost, whose smile to joy could move
That heart, which only feels Despair and Love.

SONNET.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

Ye spirits pure, who o'er each plant presiding,
In secret cells their potent gums prepare;
Ye who chase baneful vapours from the air,
Viewless, in legions, on the swift winds riding;
Ye, who through beds of ore your clear springs guiding,
With chymic art dissolve each atom rare;
And ye who make the mineral tribes your care,
Deep in the dark and cavern'd earth abiding;
O mighty bands, your friendly aid intreating,
Trembling I bend, nor let my suit be vain;
Lo, from Miranda's cheek the rose is fleeting;
Her eyes' dimm'd lustre, speaks the force of pain;
I only ask—my heart with friendship beating,
Some sovereign balm to bring fair health again.

1797.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MILTON.

Written during his Travels.

A PLAIN youth, Lady! and a simple lover,
Since of myself a last leave I must take,
To you devoutly of my heart I make
An humble gift, and doing this I proffer
A heart that is intrepid, slow to waver,
Gracious in thought, discreet, good, prompt, awake;
If the great earth should to her centre shake,
Arm'd in itself, and adamant all over;
Not more secure from envy, chance, desire,
And vulgar hopes and fears that vex the earth,
Than wedded to high valour, wit, and worth,
To the sweet Muses, and the sounding lyre:
Weak only will you find it in that part
Where Love incurably hath fix'd his dart.

SONNET.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

HARK! how the demons of intemp'rance yell
O'er yon Circean bowl, whose pois'nous fumes,
Involving Reason's seat, to phrensy swell
The reeling sense, and sink the soul in glooms!
Now frantic Mirth the grinning group illumes;
See how her phosphor flash each visage fires!
Riot unrein'd, her midnight pomp assumes,
And roaring nonsense every tongue inspires.
'Tis done! the furious contest Nature tires;
Oblivious stupor steeps her closing eye;
Yet oft she starts, while dreaming thirst aspires
To catch the fancied potion passing by.
Late morn returns. Faint Nature wakes again,
Stung with remorse, and agonis'd with pain.

HAFIZ.

DROMORE.

SONNETS,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF

'CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.'

SONNET I.

PENSIVE, at eve, on the hard world I mus'd,
And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon
I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—for, ah! how soon
Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd
With tearful vacancy, the *dampy* grass,
Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray:
And I did pause me on my lonely way,
And mus'd me on those wretched ones, who pass
O'er the black heath of SORROW. But, alas!
Most of MYSELF I thought: when it befell,
That the sooth SPIRIT of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear—"All this is very well;
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good."
Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM.

SONNET II.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity!*
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress,
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me!
'Tis true, on lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; yet, tho' I know not why,
So sad I am!—but should a friend and I
Grow cool and *miff*, O! I am *very* sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek SIMPLICITY!

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM.

SONNET III.

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

And this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak, not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the glade!
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What tho' she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, *aye*, she haunts the dale where *erst* she stray'd:
And, *aye*, beside her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white;
As when thro' broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

NEHEMIAH HIGGINBOTTOM.

SONNET.

BY MR. ANSTEY.

TO MY OLD WIG.

—— Aliquisque *malo* fuit usus in illo.

Written in the Year 1795.

Ah, me! full sorely doth it rend my heart,
O Pessimus *, my vet'ran Friend, to view
Thy time-worn front and curls of yellow hue,
And think how soon, unpowder'd, we must part!
And much it grieves me, that thy brothers twain,
Malus and Pejor (both the offspring fair
Of Orchard's † plastic hand,) thy fate must share,
Nor, graceful, wave their mealy locks again!
Yet doth my soul a secret solace find
(Such solace as the wise and patient know,
Who taste the blessings which from evils flow,)
That thou, to Priapean head consign'd,
Shalt scare voracious crows—and, all unflour'd,
Protect the grain thy hungry caul devour'd.

* Pessimus, the oldest of the Author's three perriwigs; to which he hath for some time assigned the names of Malus, Pejor, and Pessimus.

† Mr. Walter Orchard, peruke-maker, in Bath, and patentee of the celebrated elastic wigs.

ODE

TO THE GERMAN DRAMA.

DAUGHTER of Night, chaotic Queen!
Thou fruitful source of modern plays;
Whose subtle plot, and tedious scene
The monarch spurn, the robber raise—
Bound in thy necromantic spell,
The audience taste the joys of hell;
And Britain's sons indignant groan
With pangs unfelt before at crimes before unknown.

When first, to make the nations stare,
Folly her painted mask display'd,
Schiller sublimely mad was there,
And Kotz'bue lent his mighty aid—
Gigantic pair! their lofty soul,
Disdaining Reason's weak controul,
On changeful Britain sped the blow,
Who, thoughtless of her own, embrac'd fictitious woe.

Aw'd by thy scowl tremendous, fly
Fair Comedy's theatric brood;
Light satire, wit, and harmless joy,
And leave us dungeons, chains, and blood;
Swift they disperse, and with them go
Mild Otway, sentimental Rowe,
Congreve averts th' indignant eye,
And Shakspeare mourns to view th' exotic prodigy.

Ruffians in regal mantle dight,
  Maidens immers'd in thought profound,
Spectres that haunt the shades of night,
  And spread a waste of ruin round:
These form thy never-varying theme,
While buried in thy Stygian stream,
Religion mourns her wasted fires,
And Hymen's sacred torch low hisses and expires.

O mildly o'er the British stage,
  Great Anarch, spread thy sable wings;
Not fired with all the frantic rage
  With which thou hurl'st thy darts at kings,
(As thou in native garb art seen)
With scatter'd tresses, haggard mien,
Sepulchral chains, and hideous cry,
By Despot arts immur'd in ghastly poverty.

In specious form, dread Queen, appear,
  Let Falsehood fill the dreary waste,
Thy democratic rant be here,
  To fire the brain, corrupt the taste.
The fair, by vicious love misled,
Teach me to cherish, and to wed,
To low-born Arrogance to bend,
Establish'd order spurn, and call each outcast friend.

S.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

A TALE.

As Yorkshire Humphrey t'other day
O'er London Bridge was stumping,
He saw with wonder and delight
The Water-Works a pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and, wond'ring how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the ballustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout;
And soon with fish-hook finger turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pick-pockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear London thieves,
"I'se not a simple youth;
"My guinea, Measter's, safe enow:
"I've put'n in ma mouth!"

" You'll pardon me," the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes his gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand
With Humphrey full in view,
And now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew:

When thus the elder thief began:
" Observe that gaping lout!
" He has a guinea in his mouth,
" And we must get it out."

" Leave that to me," young Filcher says,
" I have a scheme quite pat:
" Only observe how neat I'll queer
" That gaping country flat!"

By this time Numps had gazed his fill,
Was trudging thro' the street,
When the young pilferer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

" O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
And give the boy his coin,
And Humphrey, with this friendly band,
Most cordially does join.

" There is thy pence," quoth Numps, " my boy,
" Be *zure thee haulds* 'em faſter."—
" My pence!" quoth Filch,—" here is my pence;
" But where's my *guinea*, Maſter?

" Help, help! good folks, for God's sake, help!"
Bawls out this hopeful youth;
" He pick'd my guinea up just now,
" And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws;
And, seizing by the gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out, " Maſters, here's the coin,
" I'll give the child his guinea;
" But who'd have thought to see a thief
" In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey astonish'd, thus begins,
" Good Measters, hear me, pray;"
But duck him, duck him! is the cry:
At length he sneaks away.

" And now," quoth Numps, " I will believe
" What often I've heard zaid,
" That London thieves will steal the teeth
" Out of a body's head!"

SONG

ON THE THREATENED INVASION,

BY CAPTAIN MORRICE.

WHILE deeds of Hell deface the world,
And Gallia's throne in ruin lies,
While round the earth revolt is hurl'd,
And Discord's baneful banner flies:
Loud shall the loyal Briton sing
To arm! to arms!—your bucklers bring,
To shield our Country, guard our King,
And George and England save.

Ne'er shall the desolating woe
That shades with horror Europe o'er,
To us her hideous image shew,
Or steep in blood this happy shore;
Firm as our rock-bound isle we'll stand,
With watchful eye and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And George and England save.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
And prostrate nations mourn its rage,
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To Edward's and to Henry's page.
As o'er their conquering urn he sighs,
Touch'd by their fame's proud fire, he cries
Thus o'er our foes we'll ever rise,
And George and England save.

Oft Fancy views them on the deep,
And turning, as their squadrons roll,
Where great Eliza's ashes sleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's soul.
As Drake and Raleigh catch the glance,
Advance ! he cries—rash fools advance !
The grave of Spain shall ope for France,
And George and England save.

What prompts these restless foes of life,
To dare our dreaded arms again ;
What, but the hope that party strife
Hath broke Britannia's shield in twain ?
But know they not, when France is near,
The war of tongues is silent here,
That ALL may grasp Britannia's spear,
And George and England save.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate,
Shall statesmens' rival feuds be known,
Or faction strive, with thwarting hate,
To break the British bulwark down :

No—round the altar of our land,
Link'd in one soul, the British band
Shall firm in sacred union stand,
And George and England save.

Tho' moral order sink to ground,
Tho' all the virtues trodden lie,
Tho' fury tear the nations round,
And blood and rapine fill each eye;
Ne'er shall the storm HERE turn its flight,
While British hearts at home unite,
To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
And George and England save.

Oh, happy Isle! wise-order'd State!
Well temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If union bind thy sea-girt land!—
Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
While Britain's sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our Country, guard our King,
And George and England save.

OVER THE TOMB OF ANACREON,

BY ANTIPATOR OF SIDON.

MAY the fair field in purple foliage bloom,
And wanton Ivy bind Anacreon's tomb!
Soft milky fountains o'er the marble play,
And sweetest wine in beds of roses stray;
So shall his ashes ſtill some pleasure know,
If pleasure ever lights the shades below!

F. Æ. C. D.

TRANSLATION

Of the Chorus at the End of the Second Act of the Hecuba of Euripides.

Ye breezes, mild and gentle gales,
Whose breath propitious fills the swelling sails,
And bids the vessel swiftly glide
Thro' angry seas, and stem the stubborn tide;
O! whither, whither will ye bear me hence,
To haughty power a slave, and lawless insolence?

Will ye, alas! in Doric lands
Subject me to some haughty Greek's commands?
Or waft me to the fertile coast
Of Pthia, where in wandring mazes lost,
Apidanus pours forth his silver floods
Thro' meads of verdant hue, and shadowy darkling woods.

Or must I to the isle repair,
Sacred to Latona's care,
Where verdant laurels and the lofty pine,
Their friendly shades and blooming branches join,
And with the youthful choir's united lays,
Raise the chaste voice in fair Diana's praise.

For lofty Athens must I part,
To shade the curious vest with nicest art;
To paint Minerva's glorious car,
Adorn the tapestry with scenes of war,
Or point the forked bolt with flaming rage,
On Titans hurl'd, that durst Heaven's awful king
engage.

See blazing fires from hapless Ilion rise,
While clouds of circling smoke obscure the skies;
O dire distress! why only am I left,
Of children, parents, brethren, all bereft,
Why thus reserv'd a prey for lawless hands,
To drag the galling chain far hence in foreign lands?

CANZONET,

FROM ANACREON,

BY J. HURDIS, B. D.

When the maid, that possesses my heart,
Was content at my mansion to stay,
Rapid Time was in haste to depart,
And the moments fled laughing away.

But now, since I see her not near,
And to seek her is not in my power,
Every day is as long as a year,
Every moment as slow as an hour.

HANNAH.

Sacred to the Memory of Her who is dead to me.

At fond sixteen, my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd in every vein—
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but, no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye:
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun enamour'd wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon !

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his train a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ; yet knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye :
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the morning of that day,
When Phœbus marries rosy May,
I sought once more the charming spot,
Where bloom'd the thorn by HANNAH's cot.

O! as I cross'd the neighbouring plain,
I lived my wooing days again;
And Fancy sketch'd my future life,
My home, my children, and my wife.

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in mine eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet;—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday!
I met a wedding—ſtept aside;
O, GOD!——my HANNAH was the bride!

——There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal!
——My heart grew cold—it felt not *then!*
When shall it *cease to feel* again?

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD.

EPISTLE

FROM

LADY GRANGE TO EDWARD D——, Esq.

Written during her Confinement in the Island of St. Kilda.

ARGUMENT.

The Hint on which this Epistle is founded, occurs in *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 8vo. 1786, page 277.—"After dinner to-day, we talked of the extraordinary fact of "Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for "several years without any means of relief.—The true story of "this Lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully "romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She "was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, a "man of the first blood of his country. For some mysterious "reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized "and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and, by "nightly journeys, was conveyed to the Highland shores, from "whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. "Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, "a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, "and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after "her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a con-"fidential friend, by the daughter of a catechist, who concealed "it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at "Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence "of this being received, she was conveyed to M'Leod's Island "of Herries, where she died."—Such is the foundation, on which the following Poem rests. The additional circumstances introduced are mere fictions of the imagination.

RAVE, ye fierce winds, ye angry surges, roar;
Climb the rude cliffs that circle Kilda's shore.

The tempest rolls along the troubled heaths,
The lightning glares, and yet MATILDA breathes.
Blasting the groves the flame-wing'd torrents speed,
Yet glide innocuous o'er this guilty head.
Yes, I have scorn'd *thy* laws, in love sublime,
And glory in th' inexpiable crime!
Strike, strike this tortur'd heart, this den of care,
And bear me from the world,—and from despair!
  And thee, dear sharer of my love and crime,
Whatever region holds, whatever clime,
O'er thee may Peace her downy pinions spread,
And calm Repose her fairy visions shed;
May hovering Pleasure every joy refine,
And shower the bliss—that never can be mine.
Yet while my raging soul with frenzy burns,
Still true to love, to thee she fondly turns;
To thee she flies, her anguish to impart,
And breathe the sorrows of a bursting heart.
The pigmy passions of a pigmy soul,
That move at pliant Fashion's soft controul,
Move as a prudent parent points the chase,
And love or court a fortune, or a face,
Have never robb'd this feverish soul of rest;
Have never flutter'd in this glowing breast.
No—as the mingling tides of Passion rush,
This burning cheek receives the guilty blush;
The wild emotions burst with headlong force,
And sweep cold Judgment in their swelling course;
Till the calm monarch of the turbid seas,
My EDWARD smiles, and all is hush'd in peace.
  While struggling pangs this tortured bosom rend,
The bliss by Heaven denied, Despair shall lend.
Within this lonely cell, this desert cave,
Again I taste the freedom Nature gave.

From splendid cares and toilsome grandeur driv'n,
I share the sullen dignity of Heav'n.
When the gay Sun his youthful journey ran,
Ere man had learn'd to be the slave of man,
No cruel father's avaricious rage
Bade blooming Beauty link with withering Age.
" Go—meet thy tott'ring husband's cold embrace,
" While the tear trickles down that lovely face.
" Go—act the loving matron's tender part,
" Then dream of the fond youth who own'd thy heart.
" Though murder'd Love on every joy must steal,
" Go—feign the transport thou canst never feel;
" Go—vex the midnight couch with many a sigh,
" For crimson folds shall shroud thy misery;
" Go—yield thy soul to frenzy,—to despair,—
" For wealth, that cannot ease, shall gild thy care.
" So shall no pang my parting soul annoy,
" But thy old father's heart shall dance with joy."
O that the hour which heard my sire's behest,
Had bath'd his bloody poniard in my breast;
Then had the traveller mark'd the grassy wave,
As the soft breeze sung o'er my humble grave;
The sacred spot had heard the lover's vows,
Whisper'd with guiltless heart at evening's close.
For still, pourtray'd in Memory's colouring bright,
Rise the dark horrors of the bridal night:
I see my frowning father's frenzied air,
While the priest mumbled o'er th' unheeded prayer.
The chamber with no nuptial splendour gay,
Where a pale taper lent its doubtful ray;
Till crutch-borne Cosmo forc'd some accents mild,
And seiz'd my struggling hand—and grimly smil'd.
My virgin vows already had been given,
Imperial Love the priest—the witness, Heaven.

The second rites profan'd Love's sacred laws,
And Midnight's sheeted spectres scream'd applause.
'Twas you that still'd the transport of my breast,
And calm'd my soul to momentary rest;
When wan Despair her torch wide-waving whirl'd,
And, frowning, beckon'd to another world,
You came, alternate sway'd by love and fear,
To bid a last farewel, and drop a tear;
You sooth'd the fever of my burning brain,
For Heaven and Love were mingl'd in the strain.
" Let Hope," you said, " propitious hov'ring o'er,
" Point your fond wishes to a happier shore:
" My peace is fled—fled every transient gleam,
" For you, MATILDA, mix'd in every dream.
" Yet, when my soul has wing'd her willing flight,
" To bask in regions of eternal light,
" Hovering I'll pour celestial Comfort's beams,
" To sooth your waking cares, your midnight dreams."
You said—warm sorrow bath'd that manly face;
You clasp'd me burning in a last embrace.
—The rapid sense of former joys returns;
From vein to vein the strong infection burns;
Love smiles triumphant, shakes his balmy wing,
And draws with vengeful force the twanging string.
—We curse the stony heart, the maxims sage,
And the cold frozen hand of griping age:
With love, and hope, and grief, I sink oppress'd;
We lov'd—and need I, need I paint the rest?
Ye maiden prudes, your prime of beauty past,
Who curse the present hour, and lost the last;
Who long at guilty Love have proudly rail'd,
Safe in the fortress—that was ne'er assail'd.
Ye gentler maids, whom Love could never fix,
Who never sigh'd, but for a coach and six,—

Who dream of gold and scandal all the day,
And yield your fluttering hearts to Fashion's sway;
Bid the fleet courser smoke beneath the thong,
From street to street, impatient, scour along;
Then weep to hint that sister's faded fame,
Whose heart ne'er own'd a *fashionable* flame;—
And blush, ye wither'd maids, who once were fair,
To hint the pleasure—that ye fain would share.
  Here let me sit, while howls the fitful wind,
And paint the gaudy pleasures left behind;
Review the troubl'd scenes I shar'd before,
Then shield me happy in this cavern hoar;
Recal the vain turmoil of worldly life,
And bless the hour that tore me from the strife.
  The dome expands—How gay the brilliant ring!
Hark! music warbles from the trembling string.
These lustre-darting diamonds glow confest,
The plunder of the desolated East.
How many wretches pin'd the livelong day,
That thou might'st glitter in their kindling ray!
But lo! the mighty ANNA swims along;
Mark how she eyes askance the vulgar throng,
Where bright in native innocence they sit,
Grac'd by no charms, save elegance and wit.
These low-born arts are nobler ANNA's scorn—
Vain is their beauty blooming as the morn,
No pension'd lords, no rogues of high degree,
Exalt to shame their blameless pedigree;
No plunder'd nations curs'd their father's name,
No fawning courtiers wriggled into fame.
Th' untitled patriots speed with sail unfurl'd
To bless with arts of peace a grateful world;
To bid th' enlight'ning beams of Science play
On wilder'd Superstition's misty way;

To rouse to ardent thought the slumb'ring mind,
And shed new dignity on human kind.
Yet frown not, ANNA; malice cannot trace
One crime like these to charge upon thy race.
No gleam of fancy lent its ray divine,
To break the noble dulness of thy line;
No spark of virtue burst the thickening gloom,
To claim the patriot tear at Glory's tomb.
—Sleep undisturb'd, unmix'd with vulgar dust,
Ye princely panders of a tyrant's lust.
  See Lady GRACE her shrivell'd face reveal;
Two sturdy footmen dangle at her heel—
Each back might bear the cares that load a crown—
Yet, lo! they tremble at the slattern's frown:
Peevish she bids the stream of malice flow,
And manhood answers—with a silent bow.
  Bid the bold youth, whose heart to virtue warm,
In ev'ry change beholds th' Almighty's arm,
Sees haughty man, by Heaven ordain'd to reign
Lord of the world, and Nature's wide domain,
O bid him mark his sovereign man's disgrace,
And burn with pity for th' insulted race.
  Here proud Oppression drives her victims pale,
To seek a western world,—or find a jail.
The icy lord beholds, with anguish wild
The frantic mother clasp her famish'd child,
And wrings the hard-earn'd morsel from th' opprest,
To squander on a fiddler, or a feast.
  But sure th' aspiring soul by Heav'n design'd
To share the transports of th' Eternal Mind;
The soul where knowledge, taste, and worth combine,
To deck with every flowret Virtue's shrine;
Basks in the glow of Fortune's fostering blaze,
And reaps the harvest of undying praise.

Warm with the love of virtue, and of man,
The daring youth pursues the arduous plan;
Starts in the race of Fortune and of Fame,
And deathless praise already crowns his name.
Yet why that faded bloom? that alter'd eye?
Why the pale look of pining misery?
—Struck with unkindness, that he ill could bear,
Stung by neglect, and stupified with care,
He views his faded prospect with a sigh,
And lays him down on Misery's couch to die;
Or dark Despair close fans the inward strife,
Prompts the dark deed, and lends the murd'rous knife;
—Or Madness mark'd his blasted hopes—and smil'd,
And nurs'd the rising frenzy of her child.
Is this the world that twines bright Glory's crown?
Whose smile is honour, and its breath renown?
Proceed, if kindred wrongs can yield relief,
And let me drink oblivion of my grief.
The hardy sailors spread th' impatient sail,
Ride the rude waves, and court the prospering gale;
Moon after moon their onward course they keep;
No trace of man appears upon the deep.
—But ah! from far the whitening canvas plays,
And the smooth main receives the pictur'd blaze.
—Eager they rush, the social joy to share,
And jovial, smooth the wrinkled brow of Care.
Their honest souls are link'd in danger's chain,
For every passion slumbers on the main.
—Ah no! the mimic lightnings burst away,
And clouds of rolling smoke involve the day:
The thunder rolls in artificial night,
And Nature trembles for her injur'd right:

Hark! the masts crash:—the rifted oaks descend,
And curses dire with dying groanings blend.
Cold Carnage sits upon the mangled piles,
And Murder grasps the wreath of Fame,—and smiles *.
Far from the crimes and follies that I trace,
Kind Nature holds me midst her favourite race.
—Escap'd the sever'd world by happy stealth,
A skiff their navy, and a rock their wealth †,
Rough as the stormy element they brave,
Fearless they ride upon the heaving wave.
For them the ocean rears her finny store,
And rustling legions cloud the darkening ſhore:
Pure from the rock the dimpling fountains play,
And wind and glitter to the orient ray;
Nor haughty Wealth, with proud contemptuous sneer,
Nor Poverty, the child of Wealth, is here.
When now the morning trembles o'er the main ‡,
Brown Labour calls them to the rocky plain;

* J'ai vû dans le vaste océan, où il devroit être si doux à des hommes d'en rencontrer d'autres, deux grands vaisseaux se chercher, se trouver, s'attaquer, se battre avec fureur, comme si cette espace immense eût été trop petit pour chacun d'eux. Je les ai vû vomir l'un contre l'autre le fer et les flammes. Dans un combat assez court j'ai vû l'image de l'enfer. J'ai entendu les cris de joie des vainqueurs couvrir les plaintes des blessés, et les gemissemens des mourans. J'ai reçu en rougissant ma part d'un immense butin: Je l'ai reçu, mais en depôt; et s'il fut pris sur des malheureux, c'est à des malheureux qu'il sera rendu.—*Rousseau, La Nouvelle Heloise, Lettre* 122.

† "The inhabitants of St. Kilda have but one boat in the isle, "and every man hath a share in it proportionably to the acres of "ground for which they pay rent." *Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland.* London, 1703.

‡ This is not strictly true. See *Martin*, p. 287. The supposition is, however, *poetically* justifiable.

With patient toil each tills his little spot,
And Freedom pours contentment on their lot.
O'er the steep rock, with straggling ivy drest,
Clambering they seek the cormorant's downy nest*.
As up the fractured crevices they wind,
They mark their dwindled partners far behind.
When the sun sinking in the western deep,
Resigns the world to night and balmy sleep,
O'er the high cliff their dangerous trade they urge,
Below, tremendous roars the boiling surge:
As pendent from the straining cord they play,
I mark their slow-descending form decay.
The solan birds are hush'd in deep repose,
Fearless of danger from their hovering foes.
The sentinel betray'd, no signals fly,
And the death-fated squadrons gasp and die.
Till scar'd, the remnant start with hollow croak,
And wildly wheeling, mourn their plundered rock.
When gathering clouds the blackening sky deform,†
And sweeping whirlwinds swell the heaving storm,

* "The inhabitants of St. Kilda excel all those I ever saw in "climbing rocks. They told me that some years ago their boat "was split to pieces upon the west side of Boreray Isle; and "they were forced to lay hold on a bare rock, which was steep, and "above twenty fathom high: notwithstanding this difficulty, some "of them climbed up to the top, and from thence let down a "rope and plads, and so drew up all the boat's crew, though the "climbing this rock would seem impossible to any other except "themselves." *Martin's Western Isles*, p. 293.

† "This little community hath two ropes, of about twenty-four "fathoms length each, for climbing the rocks, which they do by "turns; the ropes are secured all round with cow's hides salted for "the use, and which preserves them from being cut by the edge of "the rocks. By the assistance of these ropes they purchase a great "number of eggs and fowl." *Martin*, p. 293.

"When

While far at sea their solitary skiff,
The faithful matrons climb the shelving cliff;
With tears of love and anguish heaven implore,
To guide the labouring bark to Kilda's shore.
Each marks her shroudless husband, pale, aghast,
Rise from the deep, and ride the driving blast.
—The storm is hush'd: the prospering breezes play;
They mark the whitening canvas far away:
With faithful hearts (the only wealth they boast),
They hail the storm-tost nation to the coast.
Up springs the jovial dance, the festive lay,
And night repays the labours of the day.
The simple maid, whose thoughts, devoid of guile,
Ne'er pass'd the limits of the sea-girt isle,
In every trouble finds a sure relief,
For mild Religion sooths her rising grief.
Does cold Disease slow waste her fading bloom?
Hope cheers her soul, and points beyond the tomb.*
When lightnings flash, on vengeful pinions driven,
She chaunts her ev'ning prayer—and trusts in Heaven.
But me—nor Heaven, nor smiling Hope can cheer;
Wrapt in dark mists my future paths appear;

" When the solan geese are asleep, they put their head under " their wings; but one of them keeps watch, and if that be sur- " prised by the fowler (which often happens), all the rest are then " easily caught by the neck, one after another; but if the centi- " nel gives warning by crying loud, then all the flock make their " escape." *Martin*, p. 282.

A more entertaining and animated account of this mode of fowling is to be met with in *Pontoppidon's Natural History of Norway*.

* And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.—
Mrs. Smith.

Bright to my view the scenes of childhood rise.
But gnawing Conscience blasts their brilliant dyes.
Though rob'd in bliss these halcyon pleasures spring,
Each pleasure bears a curse, each joy a sting.
One boon from Heav'n MATILDA still may crave,
One melancholy boon—an early grave.
  I hop'd, when Passion lent young Fancy scope,
(For Love will trust the syren voice of Hope),
I fondly dream'd our path through pleasure lay,
And EDWARD seem'd to guide my flow'ry way.
O'er his lov'd form in speechless trance I hung,
And drank the raptur'd accents of his tongue.
" O for some happy spot, some shelt'ring shade,
" Some solitary grove," we fondly said,
" Some blissful isle, in whose enchanted bow'rs,
" With woodbine wrought, and Summer's blooming flow'rs,
" Love, fir'd by Liberty, might spurn controul,
" Dart thro' the frame, and rule th' o'erflooded soul!
" There no unpitying father should intrude,
" To check the trance of Love with footstep rude;
" No child condemn'd, a cold reluctant wife,
" To sink a wedded prostitute for life;
" Gay Hope should dwell in ev'ry passing breeze,
" And ev'ry whisp'ring riv'let lull to peace."
Dear, lost delusions! Truth's too fervent ray
Strikes the bright frostwork—and it melts away:
In Kilda's Isle I trace the fancied shore,
But you and Innocence are mine no more.
  Oft when at night in weary trance I lie,
And sleep hangs heavy on my wakeful eye,
Strange visions glance athwart the deepening gloom,
My bleeding EDWARD leaves the silent tomb.

Shivering, the grisly phantom glides along,
And midnight spectres howl the funeral song:
Cold is the tongue that stole my list'ning soul,
And bade the hast'ning suns too swiftly roll;
Fix'd is the eye that passion taught to move,
With all the silent eloquence of love;
Pale is the cheek where bloom'd the living rose,
From his gor'd breast the purple torrent flows:
Tyrant! thou might'st have spar'd his guiltless head,
'Twas I profan'd the violated bed:
—Yet would I rather press these lips so cold,
Kiss his pale cheek—his bloody corse enfold,
Clasp the cold heart, in happier days I press'd,
That throbb'd responsive to my heaving breaſt,
Than proudly tread in Pleasure's flow'ry maze,
While humbler beauties envy as they gaze.
—Fell tyrant! but when all in silence lies,
Stern Conscience bids her tort'ring fiends arise,
See on his thorny couch the murd'rer thrown—
He starts—and hark! that agonizing groan—
In broken dreams his troubl'd spirits reel:
He grimly grasps the visionary steel.
—The restless casement flaps—bleak howls the blast—
His troubled slumbers fly—he starts aghast—
Convulsive pangs his glaring eyeballs strain—
But all is hush'd—he turns to sleep again—
Again the blast returns with hollow sigh—
Again he starts—again his slumbers fly—
List'ning he hears a cautious whisper creep;
He leaves his harden'd couch—and flies from sleep—
Shudd'ring he grasps his sword—he fears to breathe—
But all is silent as the realms of death.
Hence, vain illusions! fly this burning brain—
Though Mirth must ne'er illume these eyes again,

Let dreams less dark my ranging soul employ,
And let me snatch a melancholy joy.
Whisper that EDWARD lives—Bring balmy rest;
Bring peace—so long a stranger to my breast;
O could I clasp once more his angel form,
Without one sigh I'd meet th' o'erwhelming storm;
Hang on his neck—invoke th' avenging fire,
And in an extacy of love expire.
  Lov'd youth! if still in this dim orb you dwell,
Accept your poor MATILDA's last farewell.
Receive——for Death now shakes the fatal dart,
This last sad homage of a broken heart.
My dying breath shall own my earliest flame,
And my last sigh shall mix with EDWARD's name.

W. E.

"I LOVE the Poets," young Narcissa said:
  Quoth I, "The Poets always lov'd the Misses;"
"Give me some verses then," rejoin'd the maid.
  "I will (said I):—give me as many kisses."

She smil'd consent—I kiss'd the lovely maid,
  And, warm with bliss, repeat a glowing line;
She smil'd again, and I repeat the bliss,
  And to my first I add a second line;

Then said—The bee from sweetest flow'rets sips,
  And hence so sweet the honey of the bee;
And lines inhal'd from those nectareous lips,
  Made of thy kisses, must be worthy thee.

G. DYER.

STANZAS.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

'Tis noon, and the cool-breathing zephyr is fled,
And the dew-drop no longer besprinkles the thorn;
I fly from the sun-beam that scorches my head,
And sigh when I think on the beauties of morn.

For oh! vanish'd morn, as I feel thee depart,
I know that life's loveliest season is o'er;
Like thy shades each soft vision is quitting my heart,
And I know that these visions shall glad it no more!

Yet why should I mourn? On my opening mind
Thought early intruded her lessons severe;
E'en in childhood I ponder'd the precepts unkind,
And mingled the revels of youth with a tear!

Sport on then, ye triflers—enjoy the gay beam,
Nor remember the shadows of ev'ning must fall,
When its splendours shall perish, like yesterday's dream,
And silence and night shall envelope ye all.

For me, as the pageant glides by, I can smile,
Since few are the pleasures Time pilfers from me,
And Hope of its terrors my breast shall beguile,
As I welcome the sentence that bids me be free!

CHESTER.

A PITIFUL BALLAD,

OF ENGLISH DEFEATS AND FRENCH VICTORIES.

Showing how *Englishmen ought to stand still and suffer themselves to be beaten, after the example of their forefathers.*

BY THE REV. R. MANT.

WOULD you hear what deeds of wonder
Once by British Arms were done;
How the British Sons of Thunder
Made the Gallic squadrons run;

Deeds I sing renown'd in story;
Listen, every Briton's Son,
Hark to your forefathers' glory,
And match it, match it with your own.

EDWARD * first his English Bowmen
Pour'd upon the plains of France;
Full twice sixty thousand Foemen
'Gainst him rais'd the Gallic lance.

Five to one the Frenchmen vaunted,
To one Briton five Mounseers;—
But by that was EDWARD daunted?
Cressy, say; and say, *Poictiers.*

* The Black Prince.

Cressy saw him single-handed
Make the nimble Frenchmen fly,
With half his troops against them banded,
While the other half stood laughing by.

When proudly summon'd to surrender
Poictiers saw him bold advance,
Hurl back defiance on the sender,
And captive lead the Crown of France.

Rival of EDWARD'S fame and power,
Next young HARRY * show'd them sport;
Long did Frenchmen rue the hour,
When they met at *Agincourt*.

Tho' Dukes and Counts and Princes muster'd
'Gainst our troops with sickness worn;
Tho' the vaunting Dauphin bluster'd,
And our HARRY laugh'd to scorn;

Soon his threats and mockery fail him,
Soon his lofty spirit slacks,
Nor Princes, Dukes, and Counts avail him,
'Gainst the English battle-axe.

Of his vaunting Nobles plenty
Are by English force down borne;
But not of Englishmen twice twenty
Perish'd on that glorious Morn.

But when many an age succeeding
Now had changed the face of fight,
Yet still they saw our Foemen bleeding,
And still they saw our conquering might.

* Henry V.

Danube, thy waves beheld and wonder'd,
With heaps of slaughter'd Frenchmen swoln;
While as MARLB'ROUGH onward thunder'd,
LOUIS trembled on his Throne.

Such was of old the daring spirit
That our great forefathers bore;
Their gallant Sons the same inherit—
This *Egypt* knows, and *Syria's* shore.

There ABERCROMBIE triumph'd over
Our unconquerable foe;
(Brave Chief! the Bays, thy brow that cover,
Bathed in thy own blood brighter show!)

Here SMITH, a second heart of lion,
Saw Gallia's haughty Lord advance,
Met him with fury onward hieing,
And sent him skulking back to France.

And now shall that thrice beaten Nation,
Who oft at home has felt our might,
Menace our coasts with fell invasion,
And find us laggarts in the fight?

Shall her proud Lord with ruin threat us,
Nor we arise his threats to meet?
And shall he on our own land beat us,
Whom we on foreign lands have beat?

And shall our stately towns be shatter'd,
Our hamlets spoil'd by this dire foe,
By him our gather'd wealth be scatter'd,
By him our holy fanes laid low?

And prey to lawless violation
  Shall our lov'd wives and daughters lie?
And shall the dogs of desolation
  Roam through the land in revelry?

And to a Despot Tyrant bending,
  Shall we our freedom yield, and laws?
And shall we tamely fail defending
  Alike our King's and Country's cause?

O! let it not be told in story,
  That (when a fierce invader came)
Forgetful of their fathers' glory,
  To interest dead, and dead to fame,

Britons by sordid fear disbanded,
  Or stupid with indifference lay,
Saw unprepared their Foemen landed,
  And fell disjoin'd an easy prey!

Nay rather let the bloody quarrel,
  Which threats our Realm with overthrow,
Crown us with wreaths of fresher laurel,
  With fouler rout o'erwhelm the foe.

Then onward, onward to the battle!
  Hark the shrill-voiced clarions call!
Hark the drum's loud thunders rattle!
  Rise, ye Britons, ONE and ALL!

Now let the vaunting Foe invade us:—
  Thus prepared, our word shall be,
"With GOD and our good arms to aid us,
  United Britons will be free."

EXPERIENCE TO THE POET.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

Why idly, shepherd, through the live-long day,
In thriftless song thy youthful leisure waste?
The busy world now beckons thee away;
Oh! quit thy dream, of solid joys to taste,
Nor vainly liberal of life's golden prime,
Give to the thankless Muse thy swiftly-fleeting time!

Say, will thy Muse, 'mid Fancy's radiant beams,
On age and want her airy favours shed,
Lull thee with hopes, and flatter thee with dreams,
And bind her laurels round thy drooping head,
Bless with bright visions thy declining hour,
And on thy closing ears her heavenly accents pour?

And will she, should neglect thy bosom rend,
From thy dim eye forbid the tear to flow,
Teach thee unmov'd to meet each alien friend,
Or bid thee smile on memory's hoarded woe?
Will air-built castles yield thy homeless form
Rest from perturbing cares, and shelter from the storm?

How wilt thou bear, when Folly's ideot smile
  Shall coldly mark thee for the vulgar scorn,
And sneering, thank indulgent heaven the while
  That genius beam'd not on his natal morn,
But worldly thrift a glimmering light supplied,
He hail'd the taper's gleam, and took it for his guide?

Whilst thou, poor bard, the Muse's luckless child,
  In evil hour a dazzling track pursu'd,
Which steer'd thy wandering course thro' regions wild,
  Where never Prudence led her pigmy brood;
Where never toil uptore the verdant sod,
To seek man's golden prize—his earth-extracted god!

There, seldom fortune's summer-breathing gale
  Fans the young impulse with auspicious wing,
But Poverty uprears her visage pale,
  And checks, with icy grasp, the bosom spring,
Blasts the fair promise of youth's vernal hour,
Arrests the vital sap, and nips each opening flower!

Ah! many a name does dark oblivion claim,
  Once cherish'd names, to faithless Genius dear!
Ah! many a bard, too late the boast of fame,
  Press'd with cold limbs an unattended bier,
And felt unmark'd, Hope's treacherous hectic die,
And breath'd, where none could hear, his last unecho'd sigh!

Thus vainly, Otway, did thy numbers flow!
  Thus idly swell'd thy unavailing song!
Ah! did thy Muse immortal aid bestow,
  When Famine's fever parch'd thy tuneful tongue,
When man, thy brother, from thy suppliant eye,
Regardless turn'd away, and let a Poet die?

Oh! why each throbbing sense to anguish wake!
Why on the bard fix Fate's tremendous seal,
And bid him suffer, for the Muse's sake,
Such pangs as common souls ne'er dar'd to feel!
Why must the touch of Sorrow's venom'd dart,
Thro' every fine-strung nerve run quivering to his heart!

Oh Chatterton! how gay thy morn arose!
Bright on thy youth celestial Genius smil'd,
But Poverty thy heart's warm current froze,
And Misery clasp'd thee, her devoted child;
Urg'd, while thy lips the poison'd chalice drain'd,
And on thy wasting form each lurid eye-ball strain'd:

Yet from thy breast tho' each fair form was fled,
Pride held her state in thy unconquer'd soul—
"What! shall I, bending low my laurel'd head,
From affluence beg a slowly yielded dole,
From Pity's boon life's poor support obtain,
Or drag its weary load in Flattery's helot train!"

Oh! ever following in the Muse's rear,
Of perish'd hopes a spectre band is seen!
There, Melancholy drops the frequent tear,
There, Memory raves of joys that once have been,
There, keen-ey'd Want assails with famish'd cry—
Who clanks the sounding chain? 'Tis wild Insanity.

CHESTER.

ORPHEUS,

FROM THE SPANISH OF QUEVEDO.

When Orpheus lost his wife,
As th' ancient stories tell,
He sought her in the proper place,
For he went down to Hell.

They say that he went singing,
And I believe the thing,
For since he was a widower
Pure joy would make him sing.

He mov'd rocks, stones, and mountains,
His harmony was such,
But had his song been bad, he would
Have mov'd them just as much.

The damn'd forgot their torments
When he his tale began,
For no one could complain who saw
So mad a married man.

But tho' his voice persuaded
The God to his intent,
When Pluto gave him back his wife
It was for puniſhment.

Yet even then, in pity,
Two laws old Pluto made;
To take his wife, and not look back—
Both hard to be obey'd.

Then Orpheus, the foremost,
Went up from that abode;
For women always lead the way,
When we go down that road:

I know not if, on purpose,
He wisely turned his sight;
But, if 'twas chance, he lost his wife;
And so, by chance, was right.

Full happy is the husband
From wedlock once set free!
But he, who twice escapes so well,
A lucky man is he!

EPIGRAM FROM LESSING.

Clystill, the physician, is now volunteer:
He'll take no more deaths on his conscience, that's clear.

SWITZERLAND.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A POEM.

TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

PART I. ANCIENT SWITZERLAND.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation—Foundation of Swiss Freedom—Arnold of Melchthal—Furst of Uri, and Staufacher of Schwitz—Arnold's Appeal—Solemn Oath—Apostrophe to the Genius of Switzerland—William Tell—Chapels erected to him—Battles of Morgarten and Sempach—Arnold von Winkelreid—Church-yard of St. James—Battle of Morat—Establishment of the Liberties of Switzerland.

FORLORN and friendless, shall the Patriot Band,
Unmourn'd, unpitied, kiss the Tyrant's hand?
Shall Man on Man inflict th' avenging rod,
And mock with chains the image of his God?
Shall not a sigh be heard around the grave
Where sleep the manes of the Patriot brave?
No solemn requiem sung, no tear be shed,
To gem the turf where rests his honour'd head?

Shall pow'r the form of hell's own fiend assume,
And Man, subjected, hail th' oppressive doom?
While light and life, and arms and nerves remain,
Shall Man, submissive, hug the galling chain?
Those blessings which kind Heav'n and Nature yield,
Mountain or valley fair, or yellow field;
The gently-winding stream, the secret grove,
Where blushing Maids first heave the sigh of love;
O'er these shall tyranny usurp the sway,
And Man receive her mandates and obey?
Spirits that swell'd the bosoms of our sires!
That kindled in their breasts the patriot fires!
Strung their bold sinews; bound them in one band,
And bade them chase Oppression from the land;
Spirits, inspire us with their great design!
Light in our hearts the patriot flame divine!
Shake off our sloth, and from inglorious ease
Awake and rouse our minds to deeds like these!
Fatigu'd and faint, with many a care opprest,
Her garment blood-stain'd, and deep scarr'd her breast,
Lo! where that faded form moves on with pain,
Scarce able to support the weight of chain!
Freedom, I know thy step, in wood or dale,
Helvetic hill, or thymy-scented vale,
On Alpine mountains 'midst eternal snow;
Or on the lofty Glacier's frowning brow;
There where the Staubach's headlong, mad career,
Wild, foaming, furious, chills the soul with fear;
Or where the rushing Aar with equal force
Thro' Hasli's valley rolls its stormy course;
Gay-smiling banks and flower-enamel'd plains!
Where Echo answer'd none but joyous strains;
Content with tranquil eye and smiling air,
And Health with cheek of ruddy hue were there.

Love lighted in those shades no lawless flame,
And Want and Luxury were but known by name;
Youth, led by Mirth, the hours in dance beguil'd
While Age, on Peace reclin'd, look'd on and smil'd;
Religion there in robes of spotless white,
Pure as the snow that crowns yon Alpine height;
Onward with step undeviating, even
Pursued, and pointed out the way to Heaven.
Where are ye now, dear tenants of the grove,
Content, and Health, and Innocence and Love;
The joyous laugh, the jest, the jocund tale,
The dance that clos'd each ev'ning in the vale,
The air oft play'd, the ditty often sung,
While children to their sires half-frighten'd clung—
Gone, all are gone, and o'er the silent plains
Stern Despotism ravages and reigns.
Yet still, oh Freedom, on this sadden'd scene,
Where once thy form commanding all was seen,
Still on this soil which once thy influence sway'd,
While from thy frown Oppression shrunk dismay'd;
Still upon Sempach's field, on Laupen's plain,
Thy ling'ring steps, oh Liberty, remain!
Still fondly clinging to thy native home,
Thy feet from Switzerland forget to roam.
Yet ere thy form for ever quit the land,
Ere Gallic fetters load the patriot band,
Ere all bow down beneath the Despot's sway,
And Switzerland a foreign Pow'r obey—
Let me again her hills, her dales explore—
Listen again to the Tesino's roar,
Rush with the Chamois up yon fearful steep,
Or on some Alpine height sit down and weep.—
Here as I climb St. Gothard, faint and slow,
I see the Reuss irregularly flow,

View all the scene deserted, rear and wild,
Rocks upon rocks, in dread confusion pil'd;
Torrents that roar adown the mountain's side,
And tempests that deface the valley's pride,—
Glaciers that tow'ring mock the solar ray,
And woods that scarce admit a doubtful day.
Onward, ascending still, my footsteps find
Nature in all her charms, bewitching, kind;
The sinuous stream meandering through the grove,
The vale that echoes to the tale of love—
Still upward let me bend my toilsome way,
To where the Convent's walls invite my stay,
There, as the sacred organ's solemn tone
Peals the loud note to Heaven's eternal throne,
There, as beneath my feet Helvetia lays,
Mem'ry shall fondly turn to happier days,
Deeds long atchiev'd, and scenes long past revive,
And bid again Helvetia's heroes live.
Cradle of Freedom! plac'd 'midst storms and snows,
On thee the Patriot's eye shall first repose!
Thee shall the Patriot's swelling bosom hail,
Dearer than Peneus' stream, or Tempe's vale—
There where the stream reflects yon mountain's brow,
As on it rolls majestically slow;
There, on its banks, I see the Patriot Band *
Indignant view the subjugated land,
Glow with immortal Freedom's brightest flame,
And dare to emulate the Spartan name.
Oh, dear to memory is the glorious day,
When first the soul was warm'd by Freedom's ray,

* The founders of Helvetic Freedom, Walter Furst, of Uri; Werner de Stauffacher, of Schwitz; Arnold Melchthal, of Underwald; and William Tell.

When first the Patriot stood with awful frown,
And made the tyrant tremble on his throne.
E'en now, beneath the oak's o'erspreading bough,
I hear the four repeat the solemn vow,
Resolve to drive Oppression from the plain,
And on the Oppressor's head to break the clanking chain.
Drain'd was the sparkling bowl, the banner'd hall
Rang with the minstrel's notes at Pleasure's call,
Soft was the strain, as with his magic art
To love he tun'd the strings, and touch'd the heart;
But arms o'er love prevail'd, as soon the lyre
Glow'd with the flame of war, the battle's fire.
He sang of glorious names; of warriors bold;
Of contests fierce, of deeds achiev'd of old;
Of Sparta's Chief, who with his little band,
Dar'd the proud Persian's mightiest force withstand.
" No more!"—'Twas ARNOLD's * voice—his eye-balls glar'd,
Tremendous as the avenging arm he bar'd.
" Still in the lap of Indolence supine,
" Shall we to shameful ease our lives resign?
" Still shall we see Helvetia's rifled charms,
" And bid her clasp the spoiler to her arms?
" Where are the souls that swell'd the mighty brave,
" Heroes that died, their country's rights to save?
" For ever lost is all their patriot flame?
" And do we know fair Freedom but by name?

* Arnold, of Melchthal, a native of Underwalden, was one of the Heroes of Switzerland, who, on the 7th of November, 1307, first raised the Standard of Liberty, and engaged their fellow-countrymen to throw off the yoke of Austria.—Melchthal had particular cause of hatred against Gysler, or Grisler, the Governor of the country, who had ordered his father's eyes to be put out.—*(Dictionnaire de la Suisse—Article Underwalden.)*

" See tow'ring o'er our heads the mountain's height,
" And shall we draw no lesson from the sight?
" Will not those rugged rocks strong holds afford,
" Whilst from their sides we dig the patriot sword?—
" Too long th' accursed yoke has gall'd our breast,
" Too long Helvetia's energies represt,—
" Man and his sword!—to arms!—no stop!—no pause!
" He nobly dies, who dies in Freedom's cause!"
" Man and his sword!"—the hall resounds!—" to arms!"—
The patriot flame each gallant bosom warms;
" Freedom or death!"—Lo, ARNOLD points his hand,
To where a pair bow'd down with sorrow stand.
" See ye that form, enfeebled, weak, and old;
" Those silver locks!—those sightless orbs behold!
" Behold that Female's cheek of sickly hue!—
" There once the roses bloom'd, the lilly grew!—
" Be the fell tyrant curs'd!—He falls—he bleeds—
" These, Oh Helvetia's sons, are GRISLER's deeds!"
Revenge! revenge! from ev'ry voice resounds;
Revenge! revenge! the vaulted roof rebounds:
" These are his deeds:—Oh venerable sire!
" Could not those aged locks disarm his ire?
" Must she too fall?—Oh fairest of the fair!
" Dear were those hours we past—no woe—no care—
" On Reuss's banks how oft have we reclin'd,
" And sung our careless ditties to the wind:
" How often up the mountain have we sprung;
" Then light of heart, and innocent and young!
" We wonder'd, as we wept o'er tales of grief,
" And thought it strange that man should want relief;
" And doubted still, that swains could faithless prove,
" Forget their faith, and violate their love;

" Then clinging closer to our native home,
" Vow'd ne'er midst scenes and swains like these to roam.
" Oh short-liv'd dream of bliss! too soon 'twas past;
" Too soon with clouds the day was overcast;—
" The Tyrant met the Maid on Altorff's plains,
" And fev'rish lust rank rampant swell'd his veins.
" All that the tempter could, like him of old,
" Satan, that luring offers gems and gold,
" He tried; to mine her innocence and truth,
" And blast the blooming roses of her youth:
" Oh wrongs yet unreveng'd! in vain he tried,
" His proffer'd gifts she scorn'd, his suit denied.
" What follow'd? Still with undiminish'd pow'r
" Mem'ry, with freshest tints presents that hour,
" That fatal hour, when all the fiends of hell
" Resistless ruled, and truth and virtue fell.
" Almighty Pow'rs of Heav'n, your lightnings slept,
" When Age implor'd, and Beauty wail'd and wept!
" Bare now th' avenging arm, all-righteous God!
" Launch all thy thunders! high uplift the rod!
" Tremendous on thy throne in anger stand,
" And let thy voice be heard, and shake the land.
" Lord of all pow'r and might, thy aid we crave,
" Oh, from the Oppressor's grasp thy suff'ring people save!
" Quick let me end the horror-moving tale,
" The tyrant seiz'd her in the fatal vale.
" She shriek'd, she wept, she scap'd, she fled, she flew,
" Around yon aged sire her arms she threw;
" In vain! the tyrant's steps her path pursue.
" Could age the wretch led on by lust repel?
" Beneath the well-aim'd blow my father fell,

" He fell, nor ever more beheld the light,
" Doom'd by the tyrant's will to live depriv'd of sight.
" Arms and revenge! this scourging sword I bare,
" Freedom or death! this solemn oath we swear."
" We swear"—each voice repeats the patriot vow,
Brandish'd each blade, and menacing each brow.
Genius of Switzerland! whose form sublime,
Tow'rs on St. Gothard's height o'er every clime!
Who from thy ice-bound plains, and Alpine throne,
On prostrate realms and nations canst look down!
Thou, whose aspiring head, uplifted high,
Bursts through the clouds, and seems to touch the sky,
Who strik'st the mountain with the Prophet's wand,
And streams obedient burst at thy command;
Genius who oft art seen midst storms that sweep
The lowly vale or shake the lofty steep,
Who rend'st the vast glacier with horrid might,
And hurl'st it headlong from St. Gothard's height,
Genius of Switzerland, thy aid afford,
In all thy terrors rush upon the foe,
Wield for thy injur'd sons thy two-edg'd sword,
Lift high thy sinewy arm, strike hard th' avenging blow.
'Tis done,—the tyrant welters on the plain,
He falls, by TELL's unerring arrow slain.
Oh dear to Freedom is that sacred name,
And dear that hand that took so sure an aim;
And dear those little chapels that recall
Thy great revenge, and mark the tyrant's fall *.

* I believe few of my readers are acquainted with any of the events of Wm. Tell's life after he shot the tyrant Gysler, or of the manner of his death. The Schacher, a mountain stream, which rushes tempestuously

Hark, on the bosom of the breeze, what note
Deep solemn swells? what pealing anthems float?
There Gratitude, with knee low bending, prays,
Pours out her thanks; her annual tribute pays;
'Twas on that spot the shaft was wing'd so true,
'Twas there the Patriot TELL the Zwingherr slew,
And there Helvetia's grateful children bend,
And bid their thankful notes to Heav'n ascend.
I mark the lowly vale, the humble spot
Where the great Patriot rear'd his little cot—
I see his offspring to his bosom prest,
I hear the groan that shakes his manly breast;
I hear his pray'r, to shield the boy from harm,
Guard his lov'd life, and guide a father's arm.
What scenes of glory burst upon the eye!
What hosts of Heroes move! What banners fly!
See Austria humbled on Morgarten's plain,
And Freedom there her earliest laurels gain—
There Sempach's field I tread with look elate,
Where ARNOLD bared his breast, and braved his fate†;
Whilst Freedom, hanging o'er her favourite child,
Blest the immortal deed, and wept and smiled.

tempestuously through the town of Burgli, had overflowed its banks soon after Tell had shot the Governor, and occasioned much damage. Tell wished to have prevented this misfortune, but the stream overtook him as he was exerting himself for his neighbours, and he was drowned.

† In the year 1386, the famous battle of Sempach was won by 300 confederates, against Leopold, Duke of Austria, and the flower of his army. Arnold Von Winkelreid, of Underwalden (how worthy of the great name of one of the founders of Swiss freedom!) broke the phalanx of the Austrian army; opposing himself to their spears, and, by seizing as many as he could grasp, made an opening for his troops; thus willingly devoting himself to death, that he might secure the victory to his brave countrymen.

Behold again the Patriot Standards rise!
Behold again defeated Austria flies!
Soon 'twas thy lot, oh faithless France, to feel
Helvetia's potent arm and patriot steel:
O'er thy inglorious conquest blush and tell
Before the little band what thousands fell!
What greater honours crown'd the conquer'd brave,
Who 'midst their fathers ashes dug a glorious grave*!
Still from the earth shall frighten'd Peace be driven?
Still shall she wing her weary way to Heaven?
Shall the Burgundian Chief thy laurels stain?
Behold his myriads crowd the tented plain.
Lo! from yon height in warlike garb array'd,
With plumy crest, descends th' immortal maid!
She bares her arms, with blood of Austria dyed,
She lifts the spear that humbled Gallia's pride;
Around her standard flocks the patriot band,
She bids the bugle blow—she gives the bold command.
Oh, Switzerland, against th' insulting horde
Rouse all thy host, once more unsheath the sword!
Blaze all thy patriot fires—direct the blow!
Rush to the fight—drive back the haughty foe!

* In the year 1444, Charles the Seventh permitted the Dauphin his son to march to the assistance of the Duke of Austria. Sixteen hundred Swiss, from the two camps occupied in the siege of Zurich, and Fransberg, fell, on the 26th August, near the village of Brattelen, upon the advanced guard of the French army of 8,000 men, and defeated it. Another corps was soon after routed. Blinded by these advantages, and accustomed to believe themselves invincible upon Swiss ground, this handful of Swiss, crossed the torrent of the Birs, and advanced into the plain. But soon surrounded by the French battalions, part cut off in their retreat, and the rest forced into the church-yard of St. James, by the fire of the French artillery, they perished, almost all, after a desperate conflict. The few that saved themselves by retreat were accounted infamous. The loss of the conquerors was estimated at 6,000 men.

See upon Morat's plain, insatiate War
Whirls with unpitying speed his blood-drench'd car.
Whilst rav'ning vultures perch upon his head,
Impatient for their prey and eager for the dead.
What numbers pour upon the patriot band!
How fierce the fight! how firm the patriots stand!
Freedom, 'tis thine—the foe recoil—they fly—
Raise the loud note of joy—wave Vict'ry's banners high.
What laurels now Helvetia's brow adorn!
What prospects open of a brighter morn!
Sheath'd is the sword, hung up the spear and shield,
The warrior hastens to his native field.
I see, with happy hearts, the village throng
Welcome the hero home with dance and song;
The aged sire forgets his crutch's care,
The faithful wives their smiling offspring bear;
The maid with blushing cheek and flutt'ring breast,
Longs to her lover's bosom to be prest.
His fearful tale I hear the warrior tell,
How long the battle rag'd, what numbers fell;
Fell by his arm—while pleas'd yet pain'd the bride,
Smiles through her tears, and swells with honest pride;
And all the children hang on every word,
View with surprize and awe the parent's sword,
Half fear to see it from its scabbard leap,
Then to their mother's bosom close and closer creep.
Where War and Slavery ravag'd once the plain,
With temper'd sway, now Peace and Freedom reign—
With temper'd sway, that no rude passion knows,
But with one constant equal ardour glows.
Thus have I seen some fertile valley through
The gentle stream its sinuous way pursue;

No torrents rushing down with fearful force,
Disturb its peaceful breast and tranquil course;
But on it flows, unruffled and serene,
Clear as the sky that in its waves is seen.
Oh well, Helvetia, hast thou earn'd thy fame;
And well hast thou deserv'd thy envied name!
Free, not licentious—satisfied, tho' poor,
Ambition vainly tries thy steps to lure;
What, tho' beneath thy Alpine mountains lay
Inviting fields that boast a warmer ray,
A slothful race, whom no proud feelings move,
Strangers to freedom, and their country's love,
Yet still no lust of conquest swells thy veins,
Or tempts thy footsteps from their native plains;
Dear, native plains! how often have I stray'd,
Or stretch'd my limbs beneath your linden's shade,
Seen wars in ev'ry realm, on ev'ry side,
Destroy the shepherd's hope, the monarch's pride;
Whilst thou, Helvetia, from thy throne of snow
Unhurt hast heard the tempests roar below;
And as the storm with fiercer rage has roll'd,
Hast clasp'd and clung to Peace with closer fold.
Yet in the train of peace no eye shall view
Luxury with palsied hand and pallid hue;
Nor Lust, with fev'rish pulse and swelling vein,
Nor Indolence that drags her limbs with pain;
But Industry, uprising with the day,
And Health, that greets the earliest solar ray;
And calm Contentment with her sober mien,
That smiles upon the board and blesses all the scene!
The sun that streaks with gold Heav'n's eastern face,
Assembles all the peasant's happy race;
Lowly to Heav'n the grateful father bends,
From ev'ry voice the thankful note ascends;

And even the babe, as with the breast it plays,
Lisps, tho' it knows not why, its pray'r and praise.
The frugal breakfast ended, to the plains
They speed with willing hearts and jocund strains,
And from the Sire, as some lov'd song proceeds,
Loud echo'd from the hill, o'er all the meads,
They turn the swathe and give it to the wind,
Or in the sheaf the yellow harvest bind;
Or train the vine, or carefully display
Its ripening fruit to catch the solar ray;
Or, when its boughs, scarce able to support
The purple clusters, seem relief to court;
With willing hands, the loaded tree despoil,
Whilst many a vintage song rewards the toil;
Then for his fair one from the spreading leaves,
A gay and guiltless crown the shepherd weaves;
And as the pendant boughs the pair conceal,
He dares at length his passion to reveal:
The while, her downcast eye and blushing cheek,
An equal passion, equal pleasure speak.—
The labourer homeward hies—the sun declines;
His last rays faintly gild the waving pines;
The merry pipe is heard—the sports are seen;
The gambols rude, the dances on the green;
While underneath the limes, the homely board,
With fruits and creams is plentifully stor'd.
Nor less the pleasures of this happy race,
When Winter's angry storm the fields deface,—
Then clinging closer to their native cot,
The humble tenants bless their tranquil lot:
Press to the chearful fire whilst tempests roll,
And hear, unmov'd, the blast around them howl—
The tale begins—
Of the poor wand'rer by the night surpris'd,
Whose path the snow fast falling has disguis'd;

Who onward slowly moves with fearful feet;
Scarce daring to advance, nor daring to retreat;
Chill'd by the driving snow; more chill'd by dread,
He fears to find a grave at every tread;—
Around the waste he throws his anxious eye,
And sees no welcome shade nor shelter nigh;
No busy hum of men his bosom cheers;
No distant watch-dog's bark delights his ears;
All things seem dead; he only left behind
The last survivor of the human kind.
Then Mem'ry's torturing pow'r his bosom rends,
He thinks of home, of family and friends—
Of home, which he may never more behold;
Of wife, he never more may to his bosom fold;
Of children climbing to her lap to dry,
Or kiss the swelling tear that fills her eye;
Anon, too, Fancy paints them at the door,
Eager to see if yet the storm be o'er;
Around their listening mother close they stand,
Strain'd every eye; stretch'd out each little hand;
Whilst by each little tongue is ask'd in vain,
When naughty Father will return again?
Rack'd by the scene, in agony of grief,
He groans a pray'r to Heav'n for quick relief;
Then onward o'er the wild and snow-clad waste,
By desperation driv'n, his footsteps haste—
His pray'r is heard! Beneath the mountain's crest
He sees, whilst rapt'rous transports fill his breast—
He sees the curling cottage smoke arise,
And to the door, secure of welcome, flies!
There, by th' enliv'ning blaze, the tempests roar,
Black blasts, and driving snows are felt no more.
There, too, the maiden home her swain invites,
For love, amidst these scenes in truth delights,

Nor as in crowded cities seek disguise,
Asham'd, and shrinking from the parents' eyes,
Here on their loves th' approving parents smile,
Dread no deceit, suspect and fear no guile;
But as the growing flame well pleased they view
Their own past youth and scenes of love renew.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

EPITAPH,

ON MRS. GROVE, OF LITCHFIELD CLOSE,

Written by her husband William Grove, Esq. and inscribed on an elegant Monument erected in the beautiful Cathedral of Litchfield.

GRIEF, Love, and Gratitude, devote this stone
To her, whose virtues blest a husband's life;
When late in Duty's sphere she mildly shone,
As friend, as sister, daughter, mother, wife.

In the bright morn of beauty, joy, and wealth,
Insidious Palsy near his victim drew;
Dash'd from her youthful hands the cup of health,
And round her limbs his numbing fetters threw.

Year after year her Chriſtian firmness strove,
To check the rising sigh, the tear repress;
Sooth with soft smiles the fears of anxious love,
And Heaven's correcting hand in silence bless.

Thus try'd her faith, and thus prepar'd her heart
The awful call at length th' Almighty gave:
She heard—resign'd to linger, or depart—
Bow'd her meek head, and sunk into the grave.

VERSES,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE, OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and loss of all his worldly property for conscience' sake.

"SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd Captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

——Ye that mourn a Father's loss,
Ye that weep a Friend no more!
Call to mind the Christian cross,
Which your Friend, your Father bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain
Still attended on his way,
And Oppreſſion's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress,
('Twas the eldest curse of Sin)
Thro' the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walk'd with God

Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye that caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot,
Where his dear cold relicks sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark!—the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul, re-build thine house of clay:
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD, 1803.

STANZAS.

How gloomy this castle, that frowns o'er the sea,
What a dreary and desolate scene!—
But ah! 'tis a scene that is charming to me,
For here my Beloved has been.

And methinks on these shores I could linger all day,
Regardless of Winter's bleak wind:
For amid the dark prospect and wearisome way
His image would start to my mind.

Perhaps he has trod in the path I now tread,
Dejectedly musing alone:
And haply for me a fond tear he has shed,
When he thought on the days that are gone.

O days of illusion! why fled ye so fast?
Ye were like to sweet dreams that beguile;
For Love threw a veil o'er the future and past,
And Reflection was silent the while.

O days of illusion! still dear to my heart,
Your remembrance I faithfully keep;
What tho' at the light of conviction I start,
Tho' I wake from my vision and weep!

And did my Beloved e'er sorrow for me?
Did he sigh to behold me again,
When he wander'd alone on the banks of the sea,
Or ascended yon mountainous plain?

Ah yes! 'mid these scenes I was dear to his heart,
Nor could absence my image remove;
Nor could chilling Indifference her torpor impart,
While Solitude smil'd upon Love.

But, alas! to fine cities he hasten'd away,
And Indifference awaited him there,
For soon he could seek the abodes of the gay,
And could gaze with delight on the fair.

Ah beautiful ladies, I envy your lot!
Ye are near him! Ye hear his sweet voice!
He dwells on your graces, while I am forgot,
And, while I am sad, ye rejoice!

But wherefore did Jealousy whisper that thought?
For he values not beauty alone;
Nor forgets the fond heart, with pure tenderness fraught,
That Sympathy binds to his own.

And soon to the hills of the south I shall go,
  And I'll search if I cannot descry
Where he dwells, 'mid those fanes, in the vallies below,
  That glitter so bright in the sky.

For 'twill soothe my sad bosom to think he is near,
  Though I never should see him again;
And there, while I wander, I'll check ev'ry tear,
  Nor even to Echo complain.

Yet to *think* on the blessings that *might* have been mine;
  —Ah! even now the tear starts to my eye:
It falls, a fond tribute, on Sympathy's shrine,
  With Hope's trembling, last-lingering sigh.

And no more will I weakly repine at my state,
  Nor cast from me the goods that are given;
But seek for Contentment, whatever my fate,
  And bow to the mandates of Heaven!

N. S. S. L.

EPIGRAM.

Squander, who ne'er thro' sickness kept his bed,
  Ties up his knocker:—doleful, dismal sight!
—Not that he trembles for an aching head,
  But clamorous Duns the Neighbours may affright!

ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by thy merry note,
Thro' the fields of yellow corn,
That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
O'er green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee leſſen from my sight:
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With gladsome wing, the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain,
To pant for liberty in vain;

And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more.

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of Nature can't enjoy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry lay;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadow's morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.
Not such am I, sweet warbler; no,
For should thy strains as sweetly flow,
As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lovers' pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
The hawthorn bush besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

WILLIAM SMYTHE.

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 6, 1797.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

O'ER the moor a Lady fair
Took her way so sadly,
Her face was pale, and loose her hair,
Sweet she sung, tho' madly:

"I had a lover once, believe me,
His blue eyes shone so mildly,
He's gone, and can I chuse but grieve me?
He's lost,—I wander wildly.

Stranger, do not look on me;
What would you discover?
I had a serpent sister; she
It was who stole my lover.

Stranger, do not weep for me,
I am past complaining;
The struggle that you *think* you see,
Is *pride*, my *love* disdaining.

But this struggle will not last,
Not beyond to-morrow;
Life's idle hour I pass so fast,
I leave *behind* my sorrow.

Farewel, stranger, now farewel,
Here I cannot ponder,
Hark! I hear the warning bell,
Death is waiting yonder.

In dim perspective see, oh! see,
His shadowy figure bending,
O'er a small spot, meant for *me*,
Round pale ghosts attending."

Sudden she turn'd, her wounded mind
With wilder phrenzy firing,
" Farewel" linger'd on the wind,
My soul with grief inspiring.

Sweet Maniac! I do not know,
Tho' sad *thy* lot and dreary,
If happier still thou art not so,
Than of reasoning sorrows weary.

ROSA.

LINES,

On presenting the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen with St. François de Sales' Introduction to a devout Life.

WELL try'd in every charity of life,
Sister and Friend, the Mother and the Wife;
Kind to the Poor, and pious to thy God,
The World's vast wild unerring thou hast trod:
In such a galaxy thy Virtues shine,
The Saint's *feign'd* life is realiz'd in *thine*.

S.

PARAPHRASE

OF THE CELEBRATED PASSAGE,

"*Si tibi sancta cohors,*" &c.

ATTEND this truth—no sires can meanness grace,
No birth, tho' mean, whom worth exalts, debase:
But is thy mind to noblest deeds inspired?
In Virtue's cause is all thy bosom fired?
Does Misery seek, nor seek in vain, thy gate?
Are pleading tears a privilege from state?
Steadfast in right, and constant to thy trust,
And chaste in word, in deed severely just;
Such if you are, a lineage find, or make,
I'll love you by whatever name you take;
Your actions just, no matter what beside,
I love an honest man in *Hicks** or *Hyde*.
But thou, so *lost* to worth, so *damn'd* to fame,
Whom Boroughs, doubly-brib'd, yet blush to name;
Whose looser lewdness frights the wond'ring stew,
Whom vanquish'd bawds with new-felt horror view;
Say you, what folly leads to boast thy race,
And call up sires to prove you yet more base;

* *Hicks*, put for any vulgar name.

Those sires who once a tott'ring state upheld,
Whom France, then humbler, ne'er unaw'd beheld;
Say—do such deeds as *these* belong to you?
The honest Muse shall give e'en *thee* thy due.
'Tis thine the foremost of the jockey throng,
To crack the whip, or twist the knotted thong;
With rushing wheels the gathering dust to raise,
Whilst Ladies nod, and envying Coxcombs gaze;
By skilful lies to shun a pressing debt,
Or, favouring odds, to catch a lucky bet.
In Edward's days, while fashion yet was young,
E'er the throng'd streets with rattling chariots rung;
E'er dice, all-levelling, urg'd the midnight guilt,
Hoyle yet unborn, and Brookes's yet unbuilt;
There was a thing on earth call'd virtuous pride,
Would different ranks, by due degrees, divide;
No elbowing black-legs could a court disgrace,
No haughty Warwicks bow'd to thieves in lace.
Hail to these days when stronger reason shines,
And every rank in one great circle joins!
Where wealth attain'd may break the bars of pride,
And *cards* combine whom envied *ranks* divide.

EPIGRAM.

When gay Lord Edward, in a lively freak
Kiss'd ancient Margaret—for the dame was kind—
He found, although the rose had left her cheek,
The thorn upon her chin remain'd behind.

J. L.

THE NEGRO INCANTATION.

ARGUMENT.

In the year 1760, a very formidable insurrection of the Jamaica Negroes took place.—This was instigated by the professors of a species of incantation, known among the blacks by the name of Obi. The Obi, says Mr. Edwards, is usually composed of a farrago of materials, viz. blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, broken bottles, grave-dirt, rum, and egg-shells. By the proper mixture and application of these materials, the Negroes imagine they can effectuate the destruction of their enemies. The account of the above-mentioned circumstances, contained in Edwards's History of the West Indies, gave birth to the following Ode:

HAIL! ye sacred horrors hail!
Which brooding o'er this lonely vale,
Swell the heart, impearl the eye,
And raise the rapt soul to the sky.
Hail! spirits of the swarthy dead,
Who, flitting thro' the dreary shade,
To rouse your sons to vengeance fell,
Nightly raise the troublous yell!
Hail! Minister of Ill, whose iron pow'r
Pervades resistless earth, and sea, and air,
Shed all thy influence on this solemn hour,
When we with magic rites the white man's doom prepare.

Thus Congo spake, " what time the moon,
" Riding in her highest noon !"
Now beam'd upon the sable crowd,
Now vanish'd in the thickening cloud.
'Twas silence all—with frantic look,
His spells the hoary wizard took :
Bending o'er the quiv'ring flame,
Convulsion shook his giant frame.
Close and more close the shuddering captives throng,
With breath repress'd, and straining eye, they wait—
When midst the plantains bursts the awful song,
The words of mystic might, that seal their tyrants' fate.

Haste ! the magic shreds prepare—
Thus the white man's corse we tear.
Lo ! feathers from the raven's plume,
That croaks our proud Oppressor's doom.
Now to aid the potent spell,
Crush we next the brittle shell—
Fearful omen to the foe,
Look ! the blanched bones we throw.
From mouldering graves we stole this hallow'd earth,
Which, mix'd with blood, winds up the mystic charm ;
Wide yawns the grave for all of northern birth,
And soon shall smoke with blood each sable warrior's arm.

Hark ! the pealing thunders roll,
Grateful to the troubled soul.
See ! the gleamy lightnings play,
To point you to your destin'd prey.

Hence! with silent foot and slow,
And sudden strike the deadly blow:
Your foes, the palmy shade beneath,
Lie lock'd in sleep—their sleep is death!
Go! let the memory of the smarting thong
Outplead the pity that would prompt to save:
Go! let the Oppressor's contumelious wrong,
Twice nerve the hero's arm, and make the coward brave.

W. SHEPHERD.

Ye winding waters passing clear,
That gurgling thro' the wild brake roam,
O bear, in pity, bear this tear
To faithless Strephon's peaceful home.

How oft, beneath this alder's shade,
At rising morn and sinking day,
Ere I forsake these arms, he said,
This wand'ring stream shall die away.

And thou, sweet Echo, deign to hear;
Awake, dear sylph, and bear thy part;
Convey the sigh to Strephon's ear,
That bursts his Emma's bleeding heart.

Tell him that heart where he presides,
Next setting sun shall beat no more,
The stream that by his cottage glides,
Shall leave me lifeless at his door.

J. C.

1785.

VERSES.

Written in the Year 1783,

ON THE WINDOW OF THE GEORGE INN, LITCHFIELD,

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS,

Of Repton, Derbyshire.

FAIR City! lift, with conscious glory crown'd,
The spiry honours of thy Mercian state!
While History bids her ancient trump resound
How * War, in wrath, unbarr'd thy blood-stain'd gate.

Not that the praise of ancientry *alone*
Is thine, fair city! great thro' *every* age!
War's scythed car, yon †miracles of stone,
Bow to the splendours of thy letter'd page.

Here Johnson fashion'd his elaborate style,
And Truth, well-pleas'd, the moral work survey'd;
And, o'er her Darling's cradle wont to smile,
Thalia with her Garrick fondly play'd.

* This city was twice besieged; first in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, and once in those of Charles the First.

† The Cathedral.

And here, the flower of England's virgin train,
Boast of our isle, Litchfield's peculiar pride,
Here Seward caught the dew-drops for her strain
From Grief and Fancy's intermingled tide.
Exult, fair City!—and indulge the praise,
A grateful stranger to thy glory pays!

EPITAPH,

On Hannah, wife of the Rev. Richard George Robinson, of Litchfield,

BY ANNA SEWARD.

ERE ten short months had run their swift career,
Three lovely sisters press th' untimely bier!
Last of the fallen blossoms! griev'd I pay,
At thy pure shrine, this tributary lay.
If ever dwelt with mortal woman's mind
Angelic worth, from Sin's dark stains refin'd,
O! gentle Hannah! in thy beauteous frame,
From heaven to earth the soft perfection came.
Unhappy Husband! who art doom'd to mourn
Thy lamp of joy extinguish'd in her urn,
May thy torn breast congenial meekness prove!
O! live to emulate thy sainted love!
So shalt thou, passing a few patient years,
With pious Hope illume thy falling tears;
And when thy clay this sacred dust shall join,
Be ever HERS, who transiently was THINE!

VERSES

Written by Miss Anna Seward in the blank Leaves of her own Poems, presented by her to William Newton, Native of a Village upon Tideswell Moor, near Monsaldale, in the Peak.

THOU gentle Bard, on whose internal sight
Genius has pour'd her many-colour'd light;
With whom the loveliest of the Virtues dwell,
And wave their halcyon plumes around thy cell,
Tho' wayward Fortune has not deign'd to throw
One gaudy trophy on thy pensive brow,
With conscious dignity thy free-born soul
Disdains to court her insolent controul;
And tho' proud Fame no sunny glance has shed
On the low roof that screens thy modest head,
The same exalted spirit scorns to wail
Her echoes silent in thy lonely vale.
Yet, while one votary of the Muses blames
Th' unjust neglect of the capricious dames,
Still may she stimulate that noble pride,
Which rather seeks in humblest roof to hide
The shining gifts that lavish Genius gave,
Than, courting Fortune's smile, commence her slave;
Than climb Parnassus' steep and thorny ways,
And drop the rose of Peace to grasp the bays.

Thy quiet haunts Reflection loves to trace
Thro' walks of savage, or of smiling, grace;
And pleas'd she finds the scenes, that gave thee birth,
Types of thy lot, thy talents, and thy worth.
As conscious Memory, with reverted glance,
Roves o'er the wild and mountainous expanse,
Her faithful traces to my sight restore
The long, long tracts of Tideswell's naked Moor;
Stretch'd on vast hills, that far and near prevail,
Bleak, stony, bare, monotonous, and pale,
Wide o'er the waste, in noon-tide's sultry rays,
The frequent lime-kiln darts her umber'd blaze;
Her suffocating smoke incessant breathes,
And shrouds the sun in black convolving wreaths;
And here, with pallid ashes heap'd around,
Oft sinks the mine, and blots the dreary ground.
In vain warm Spring demands her robe of green,
No sheltering hedge-rows vivify the scene;
O'er its grey breast no undulating trees
With lavish foliage court the lively breeze;
But from the Moor the rude stone walls disjoin,
With angle sharp, and long unvaried line,
The cheerless field,—where slowly wandering feed
The lonely cow, and melancholy steed,
Expos'd abide the summer's ardent breath,
And wintry storm that yells along the heath.
At length benigner mountains meet the eyes;
Their shrubby heights in rounder grace arise;
And, from the first steep summit, pleas'd I throw
My eager glances on the depths below,
As sinks abrupt the sylvan Monsaldale
From the swart sun-beam and the howling gale.
Behold in front the lucid river spread
His bankless waters o'er the sunny mead;

As of his broad and sheety shallows proud,
Shine the clear mirror of the passing cloud:
Then to the left along the valley glide,
With smooth meander, and with narrower tide,
Thro' banks, where thick the spreading alders grow,
And deep calm waves reflect their pendent bough.
Refreshing sweets the breathing hay-cocks yield,
That richly tuft the long and narrow field,
As gently to the right it curves away
Round the green cliffs with scatter'd nut-trees gay;
Cliffs, whose smooth breast, above the silver stream,
Swells to the sun, and yellows in his beam,
While on th' opposing shore dwarf foliage hides,
Sombrous, and soft, the mountain's lofty sides,
And throws its latest fringe upon the flood,
That laves the concave of the pensile wood;
Till down the rocks, rude, broken, mossy, steep,
In parted tides the foaming waters leap;
Then thro' the mazes of the rambling dale
With silent lapse they flow, or rush with tuneful wail.
The self-taught EDWIN, in his lowly state,
Feels this sweet glen an emblem of his fate;
For as it glows with beauty rich and rare,
Near heathy hills, unsightly, bleak, and bare,
So, 'midst unletter'd hinds as rude as those,
He, pensive minstrel of the mountains, rose;
Who, like devoted Chatterton, was born
In Nature's triumph, and in Fortune's scorn;
With kindred talents, and an happier mind,
By Prudence guarded, as by Taste refin'd;
Whom Industry preserves from woes severe,
Which ill the noble spirit knows to bear;
Saves from those pains that Wealth's mean sons deride,
Dependent hopes, and heart-corroding pride,

When, for wish'd amity, and ow'd respect,
It meets the chilling air of base neglect;
The stingy Patron's contumelious aid;
The taunt of Envy, studious to upbraid;
Those thousand ills, by which the Great are prone
To crush the talents that eclipse their own.
  Be thine the blessings, EDWIN, that reward
Ev'n manual labour to th' enlighten'd bard!
Energic health, and, in rare union join'd,
The melting heart, and philosophic mind;
Genius is thine—before her solar state,
O fly, ye mists of inauspicious fate!
Hers is the flood of cloudless day, that shows
The charms that Nature, and that Art bestows;
And she has given thee wealth, that shames the toys
Which Fortune grants, and Vanity enjoys;
The toys of groveling souls, empower'd to seize
On the soft splendors of luxurious ease;
Whom yet with scorn discerning eyes behold
Pleas'd with life's tinsel, reckless of her gold;
Gold richer far than India's mine affords,
Th' internal wealth of intellectual hoards;
Which buy, disdaining Fortune's bounded plain,
Creative Mind's illimitable reign.
  O! if in that wide range my Muse's powers
May lure thy tarrience in her cypress bowers,
Should'st thou perceive that genuine sweets belong
To the pale flowrets of her pensive song,
The thought, that they have sooth'd thy toils, shall dwell
Warm with the bosom joys that Fame's bright meed excel.

BALLAD,

In the Style of Mr. Crowe's Song, "Seaton Cliffs."

BY ANNA SEWARD.

From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,
From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide;
From the maid, whose cold bosom relentless as they,
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride!
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;—
But away thou fond dream of my heart!
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Now the blasts of the Winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise;
But 'tis well!—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lour'd in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs it repress'd,
But they rose in the days that are flown!—
Ah, Nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thy own.
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Lo! the wings of the sea fowl are spread,
To escape the rough storm by their flight!
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night!
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire;—
Receive me, and shield my vex'd spirit, ye groves,
From the storms of insulted desire!
From thy waves, rocky Lannow, I fly!

EPITAPH

On Eliza Jones, Wife of the Rev. John Jones.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

O! PURE of spirit, that hast soar'd away
To thy congenial realms of cloudless day,
Eliza, Angel! thou wilt hover near,
And teach his soul thy wounding loss to bear,
Who sorrowing saw thy cypress garland wove
Ere Time had dimm'd one hue of life or love.
Then o'er the darkness gather'd round his head
Thy care the light of pious hope will shed;
That shews the harbour bright Religion forms
For the heart wreck'd by Griefs' o'erwhelming storms.
So shall that heart, from hopeless anguish free,
Teach thy lov'd children to resemble thee;
And when, in future years, they pious turn
The moisten'd eye of duty on this urn,
Here shall its consecrated tablet prove
Their Mother's virtue, and their Father's love.

VERSES

On the sudden Death of Mr. Norris, Batchelor of Music, who died September 3, 1790, at Himley, the Seat of Lord Dudley, the Week after he had conducted the Musical Festival at Birmingham.

Inscribed to Lord DUDLEY by the Author, who unites with the Public in revering his Lordship for the generous Patronage, Protection, and humane Assistance, which he extended to the Subject of the ensuing Lines.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

SUDDEN the mortal stroke the warbler smote,
Eternal silence seals the tuneful throat:
Ah! Norris, thine! whom Albion heard so long
Pour in impressive tones the sacred song,
With all thy Handel's glorious page inspires,
Pathos that melts, and energy that fires.
High o'er the numerous band we saw him late,
Saw choirs combin'd his graceful mandate wait;
And heard the *too* *, *too* applicable lay,
His drooping spirit's mild complaint convey

* Mr. Norris sung in the New Church, Birmingham, "Thy Rebuke hath broken his Heart," from the Messiah. with great feeling, after he had been treated with cruel disrespect the preceding evening by a *part* of the audience, on a mistaken supposition arising from his being so much affected in singing a mournful song from Jephtha, that he was unable to finish it.

Of that injurious, that ungrateful sound,
Which the shock'd ear with ruthless force could
wound;
For that his trembling nerves, oppress'd with pain,
Whelm'd in resistless tears one tender strain.
O! when that powerful voice, in peals of praise,
Led the loud chorus thro' the harmonic maze;
Breath'd the pathetic song, that on the breast
Religious awe and contrite grief imprest;
How little we divin'd, who heard ere-while
His full notes echo through the vaulted aisle,
That DEATH's dark clouds around the minstrel hung,
That the sweet swan his own sad Requiem sung.

AN OLD CAT'S DYING SOLILOQUY*.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

YEARS saw me still Acasto's mansion grace,
The gentlest, fondest of the tabby race;
Before him frisking thro' the garden glade,
Or at his feet, in quiet slumber laid;
Prais'd for my glossy back, of zebra streak,
And wreaths of jet encircling round my neck;
Soft paws, that ne'er extend the clawing nail,
The snowy whisker, and the sinuous tail;
Now feeble age each glazing eye-ball dims,
And pain has stiffen'd these once supple limbs;
Fate of eight lives the forfeit gasp obtains,
And e'en the ninth creeps languid thro' my veins.

* The idea suggested by disliking the use of the Heathen Mythology in Dr. Jortin's Grimalkin Epitaph.

Much sure of good the future has in store,
When on my master's hearth I bask no more,
In those blest climes, where fishes oft forsake
The winding river, and the glossy lake,
There, as our silent-footed race behold
The crimson spots, and fins of lucid gold,
Venturing without the shielding waves to play,
They gasp on shelving banks, our easy prey:
While birds unwing'd hop careless o'er the ground,
And the plump mouse incessant trots around,
Near wells of cream, that mortals never skim,
Warm marum creeping round their shallow brim;
Where green valerian tufts, luxuriant spread,
Cleanse the sleek hide, and form the fragrant bed *.
Yet, stern dispenser of the final blow,
Before thou lay'st an aged grimalkin low,
Bend to her last request a gracious ear,
Some days, some few short days to linger here;
So to the guardian of his tabby's weal
Shall softest purrs these tender truths reveal:
" Ne'er shall thy now expiring puss forget
" To thy kind care her long-enduring debt,
" Nor shall the joys that painless realms decree
" Efface the comforts once bestow'd by thee;
" To countless mice thy chicken-bones preferred,
" Thy toast to golden fish, and wingless bird;
" O'er marum borders, and valerian bed,
" Thy Selima shall bend her moping head,
" Sigh that no more she climbs, with grateful glee,
" Thy downy sofa, and thy cradling knee,
" Nay e'en at founts of cream shall sullen swear,
" Since thou her more lov'd Master, art not there."

* The affection of cats for marum and valerian is well known; they will beat the stems down, mat them with their feet, and then roll upon them.

STANZAS

Written July 22, 1782, and addressed to a young Gentleman.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

See the sky flames! how fierce the beams of noon
Pour their wide splendors on the yellow hill;
But rosy hours fly fast, dim Autumn soon
Shall from her drizzling urn the gay green valley fill.

Pale billows then shall cast a sickly gleam
Through the thin umbrage of the rifled groves,
Where rustling leaves, thick-showering, swell the stream
That drenches the 'lorn mead, and widens as it roves.

With many a rising sigh for pleasures flown,
We view the destin'd ravage, cold and drear:
But let a few frore months be past and gone,
And the "sweet hour of prime" shall renovate the year.

But ah! no minstrel of the merry morn
Shall wake to joy the icy sleep of Age;
No purple wreaths the palsied brow adorn—
Or chase of pain and death the desolate presage.

Like broken lustres in the golden West,
  Now auburn tints gleam sunny in thy hair,
And youth's warm spirit, dancing in thy breast,
  Looks through thy shining eyes, and animates thy air.

Seize the awaken'd moments, as they speed
  Thy light gay bark to Age's torpid wave;
And with th' exalted thought, the generous deed,
  Quick from Oblivion's gulph thy rescued memory save.

The man, whose name on virtuous lips shall dwell,
  Disdains to think the mortal lot severe;
Nor heeds the darkness of the narrow cell—
  Fame and the Summer morn shall gild his passage there.

FROM THE ARABICK.

MARK how yon ripening apple grows!
One side, the bright pomegranate glows,
  With red anemone combin'd—
And one, the modest lily's hue.
In this, two meeting lovers view,
  Whoss cheeks propitious love has joined.

**.

IMITATION

OF

MR. ADDISON's POEM,

INTITULED,

MACHINA ORRERIANA.

BY DR. SHAW, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

GREAT Nature's secret laws, the pow'rs that move
In circling course the shining orbs above,
The rules that govern, energies that bound,
Pride of mankind! immortal Newton found.
Yet, tho' the mighty master led the way,
And op'd the portals of celestial day,
To loftier minds alone the pow'r was giv'n
To drink the sacred fount, and learn the lore of heav'n:
The scene, too vast, our faculties o'erstrain'd,
Till Boyle his World in Miniature ordain'd.
Now view, compris'd within yon narrow space,
Each circling orb, and mark its radiant race;
In sculptur'd beauty round the wide extreme
The starry zodiac casts a varying gleam:
Bright o'er the rest the central monarch burns,
And self-revolving on his axle turns;
In measur'd gyres th' obedient planets run,
August attendants on their regent Sun;

Tend with strong bias tow'rd the fount of day,
Compell'd their bright attractor to obey;
He rules their motions with resistless force,
And sways, with innate pow'r, each heav'n-directed
course.
Else would th' untutor'd orbs, at random thrown,
Rush with rude effort thro' the vast unknown;
'Mid the deep void in wild confusion fly,
Or seek remoter suns in some forbidden sky.
Scorch'd, as he moves around the rolling blaze,
Swift Mercury first his vivid orb displays;
Four times he circles round the sire of day,
Ere tardier Earth hath trac'd her annual way:
Tho' here he shines in polish'd lustre bright,
Scarce in the heav'ns is seen his fainter light;
Bath'd in th' effulgence of the solar fire,
His weaken'd beams amid the blaze expire.
Fair Venus next, gay-gleaming from afar,
Drives round the glitt'ring frame her pearly car;
In even course the silver beauty moves,
Nor from her destin'd line unduteous roves:
Tho' view'd from earth, to man's untutor'd eye
She seem in wanton dance to track the sky;
Now in strait line to move with even pace;
Now stopping, wearied with the lengthen'd race;
Now, tracing back her former steps, to run,
With speed increasing, to the central Sun:
While, at each period of her orb serene,
A different office marks the changing scene;
At earliest dawn emerging, to adorn
With vivid beams the softly-rising morn,
Or, summoning the glitt'ring hosts of night,
O'er eve's mild hour to cast her silver light.

Next the green Earth, in annual circle moves,
In pleas'd obedience to the Sun she loves;
And, slowly travelling her destin'd way,
Presents her changing surface to his ray;
Obliquely plac'd her measur'd course to steer,
To mark the day, and form the varied year.
If, as she journeys, thy unalter'd sight
With steady eye accompany her flight,
While earth alone along the orbit rove,
The Sun, tho' fix'd, shall seem himself to move;
And with slow pace thro' pictur'd skies to stray,
Rolling thro' ev'ry sign his lucid way:
Now thro' the Ram with starry front he goes,
Now the bright Crab with added lustre glows;
Now Libra in her balanc'd scales contains,
Now Capricorn his fiery orb retains.
Thee too, fair Moon, companion of our flight,
Queen of the months, and regent of the night,
Taught by the bright machine, we pleas'd survey
In thy pale course, and mark thy varying ray;
Watch ev'ry change, and tell, with conscious pride,
When thy opposing orb the star of day shall hide.
No more shall weeping Earth, in wild amaze,
Fear her own shadow, and distracted gaze;
But calmly see thee 'mid thy airy race,
Deep in the dim suffusion veil thy face.
Next mighty Mars his loftier circle plies,
And shines with sanguine lustre 'mid the skies,
Whose fiery beams Chaldæan sages view'd
Portending war, and red with rage for blood:
Alas! the harmless planet rolls on high,
Guiltless of war, nor marking destiny;
But, slowly moving his appointed way,
Sees Earth beneath in swifter circuit stray.

In skies remote majestic Jupiter
Wheels in protracted course his pond'rous sphere:
Twelve times revolving Earth her course must run,
Ere the vast planet journeys round the sun.
Four radiant moons the mighty monarch guide,
And dance in bright succession by his side;
Eclipsing and eclips'd, around him move,
And light with changing beams the night of Jove;
Thus round the sacred oak, with garlands gay,
The rural virgins dance in bright array:
These can discover to the sage's sight,
From heav'n to earth, the rapid sun-beam's flight;
And help the daring voyager t' explore
His measur'd way to earth's remotest shore.
Saturn, in leaden state, with feeble gleam
Drags his slow car around the vast extreme;
Full thirty periods mark Earth's annual race,
Ere his long year hath measur'd out its space.
Round his huge form a wond'rous circle clings,
And girds the frozen globe with lucid rings;
Whether the sloping arch, a mirror wide,
Reflects the solar radiance on his side;
Or the great Pow'r that bad the system rise,
First form'd him, globe in globe, of ampler size;
And lo! by heav'ns resistless finger strook,
Th' exterior frame some mighty ruin shook,
And left the shatter'd orb, forbid to move,
Horrific thought! a hanging arch above.
While thus our feeble minds, in pleas'd survey,
'Mid pictur'd heav'ns and iv'ry planets stray,
Great Halley, fresh translated to the skies,
Views each stupendous sphere with raptur'd eyes;
Strays, nobly daring, thro' the realms of light,
And steers thro' real stars his unembarrass'd flight.

THE GNOME'S PALACE.

BY A LADY.

FASHION'D by no mortal hands,
Th' imperial Gnome's bright Palace stands;
And, casting forth its rainbow rays,
Where high the opal portals blaze,
Gleams across the glitt'ring plain,
Gay centre of her wide domain.
There the pow'rs that rule the mine,
While rubied wreaths their temples twine,
Borne on flaming cars resort,
To grace their Queen's imperial court.
To illume the varied, vast profound,
Phosphoric splendor reigns around,
Casting beams of brightest day
Where sunbeam never found its way:
There earth within her cavern'd deeps
Her richest, proudest treasures keeps,
And spreads to please her elfin hosts
More than her varied surface boasts:
For wooded hills and verdant meads,
Gay smiling emerald plains she spreads;

And rising far in mountain rows,
Bright gold its fretted foliage shews:
Expanded sapphire arch'd on high,
Affords a still unclouded sky;
While stars of topaz gaily glow,
Reflected from the plain below;
And rang'd in many a waving line
Translucent crystal columns shine.
Here, gems that shed eternal day,
Their ever-changing beams display;
There, purling soft, with gentle tide,
Fair streams of living silver glide;
And seas that dash the favour'd isle,
With lucid waves for ever smile,
And roll around the proud domain,
That boasts our virgin monarch's reign.

PENZANCE, JAN. 5.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

The Pleasures of Hope; with other Poems, by Thomas Campbell. 4to. pp. 131.

We are happy to see this poem published in a manner worthy of its acknowledged merit. "The Pleasures of Hope" is not one of those productions which excite merely the applause of the moment: it will carry down the name of its author to posterity. Its imagery, its versification, its language, are highly poetical. Some parts display pathos, and others sublimity: nowhere does the author sink to mediocrity. The smaller poems will not detract from the reputation of their author.

The Temple of Nature; or the origin of Society: a poem with philosophical notes, by Erasmus Darwin, M. D. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 300.

The merits and defects of this poem are of the same kind as are to be found in the "Botanic Garden." The faults, however, are more numerous, the beauties

less so. We shall, in a future volume of this work, have occasion to enter at length into an examination of Dr. Darwin's poetical character, and will, therefore, pursue the question no further at present.

Poems, Lyrical and Miscellaneous, by the late Rev. Henry Moore, of Liskeard. 4to. pp. 153.

THESE poems are ushered into the world under the auspices of Dr. Aikin. The fate of their author affords a strong example of the truth of Gray's lines, that, "Many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desart air." Mr. Moore lived and died almost unknown. He appears even to have been unconscious of his own merit. That merit is, nevertheless, unquestionable. In almost every poem may be discovered a command of language, and poetical imagery, a boldness of thought, and a freedom of versification, which entitle the Author to no common rank among the favourites of the Muse.

The Life and posthumous writings of William Cowper, Esq. by William Hayley, Esq. 4to. 2 vols. pp. 837.

THE poems in these volumes bear sufficient internal evidence of their being from the pen of Cowper, though they are not generally equal to his former compositions. There is the same energy and originality in many parts, but there is more negligence. The hand of a master is, however, clearly to be perceived in all of them.

Scottish Scenery, or, Sketches in Verse, descriptive of Scenes chiefly in the Highlands of Scotland, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Cririe, D. D. *Ornamented with Engravings by Byrne, from Views by Walker.* 4to. pp. 400.

It is always a pleasure to us to discover in a volume any thing which deserves praise. We can honestly praise the engravings in Dr. Cririe's massy book. Had the Doctor not favoured us with them, we should, in the present instance, have had only the disagreeable task of censuring. His poem is not much better than a book of the roads would be, were it put into verse; and, when the reader arrives at the end, he is almost as fatigued as if he had travelled the journey itself.

The Works of Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. including several pieces, never before published; with an Account of his Life and Character, by his Son, George Owen Cambridge, M. A. *Prebendary of Ely.* 4to. pp. 507.

The principal poem in this collection is the Scribleriad, the reputation of which is so well established as to render it unnecessary to say any thing in this place upon its merits. The smaller poems are not unworthy of their author. Mr. Cambridge's style is elegant and correct. Not the least interesting part of the volume, is the life and character of its author, by his son.

The Press. A Poem. Published as a Specimen of Typography, by John M'Creery. 4to. pp. 47.

In laying this volume before the tribunal of the Public, Mr. M'Creery appears in the two-fold charac-

ter of Poet and Printer. To print, is the business of Mr. M'Creery; to write verses appears not to be his business. The consequence is, that he has produced a splendid specimen of printing, but an indifferent poem. An author will feel more pleasure in employing, than in reading him. Had the subject chosen by Mr. M'Creery been treated in a proper manner, it might have been rendered highly interesting. But this must be the labour of a poet. The author will, perhaps, say that he published his book "as a Specimen of Typography," but was it necessary to write a poem for this purpose?

The Powers of Imagination; a Poem, in three parts. Written at the age of Sixteen, by Miss Charlotte Seymour. 4to. pp. 130.

Miss Seymour, as the title-page of this book shews, is a very young lady. It is not often that the compositions of very young authors are of a nature to interest the Public. This poem, though creditable to the talents of Miss Seymour, ought to have been confined to the circle of her private friends.

Narrative Poems, by I. D'Israeli. 4to. pp. 55.

This volume contains three tales;—"The Carder and the Carrier," "Conninge," and "A Tale addressed to a Sybarite." Two of the tales are of a melancholy nature, the third ends happily. In both kinds the author is successful. His versification is elegant, and his imagery is vivid and appropriate.

The Works of Thomas Chatterton. 8vo. 3vols. pp. 1434.

For this complete collection of the works of that brilliant and unfortunate youth, Chatterton, the Public is indebted to the zeal and industry of Mr. Southey. It is honourable to Mr. Southey, that, in spite of all the discouragement he has met with, in his design of publishing the works of Chatterton, he has persisted, and ultimately succeeded. It is not honourable to the Public, that Mr. Southey was compelled, year after year, to solicit, and to solicit in vain, subscriptions for these volumes, the produce of which subscriptions was also to be applied to the relief of Chatterton's mother and sister. A decayed gambler, or demirep, would, most probably, have found little difficulty in raising, from the Public, a sum sufficient to give comfort to the remains of a disgraceful life. So fares Genius! On the merit of the poems, it is unnecessary to say a word; the verdict of the literary world has long been pronounced. These Volumes contain a great number of pieces, never before published.

Infancy, or the Management of Children, a Didactic Poem, in six Books; sixth Edition; to which are added, Poems not before published, by Hugh Downman, M. D. 8vo. pp. 223.

To enter, at this moment, on a formal criticism of a poem which has been for years before the Public, and received the stamp of its applause, is certainly unnecessary. The poem of "Infancy" is well known. It ranks high in the scale of didactic poetry. The poems which are now added are not unworthy of their author.

Fugitive Verse and Prose: consisting of Poems, Lyric, Obituary, Dramatic, Satiric, and Miscellaneous, with extensive Notes, Observations, and Suggestions, upon various temporary Subjects, by John Peter Roberdeau. 8vo pp. 169.

Mr. Roberdeau, in the present volume, has attempted almost every stile of poetry, and, with the usual fate of those who aim at too much, he has generally failed. His miscellany contains much bad verse, and bad prose: the verse is too prosaic, and the prose too poetical. The criticism and politics might also be spared without any great loss. Justice, however, calls on us to say, that Mr. Roberdeau appears to be a man of considerable shrewdness, and, what is still better, of warm feelings and a benevolent heart.

Poems on various Subjects, by Mrs. Grant, Laggan. 8v. pp. 447.

The longest poem in this collection is called "The Highlanders." In some parts it is spirited, and elegantly descriptive; in others it is languid and, of course, tedious; compreſſion and correction would be of advantage to it. The other poems are of various kinds, and of various merit, but the balance inclines very much in their favour.

Rhapsodies, by W. H. Ireland, Author of the Shakspearian MSS. 8vo. pp. 200.

THESE rhapsodies do no credit to the abilities of Mr. Ireland. They might have been written by "many men, many women, and many children."

There is nothing meritorious in the mere composition of lines, which rhyme to each other, and consist of a certain number of syllables.

Poems, by Peter Bayley, Jun. Esq. 8vo. pp. 209.

We have read, with great pleasure, the poems of Mr. Bayley. Good poetry is not a common commodity, and when it comes in our way we receive it with a high degree of satisfaction. Mr. Bayley is no ordinary writer. His compositions are generally polished and vigorous: they every where shew the scholar and the man of taste. Some few ideas seem to have been borrowed, though perhaps unconsciously, from preceding writers.

Original Poems, on Miscellaneous Subjects, by the late Rev. John Edmonds, Jun. A. M. *&c. &c. Written during his Minority, from* 14 *to* 18 *Years of Age.* 8vo. pp. 28.

The publication of the present pamphlet is one more example of the injudicious kindness of friends. Mr. Edmonds was, most probably, an estimable young man, but nature never designed him for a poet. His mother, however, was resolved that he should have the fame of a poet, and has accordingly published these verses. No indication of genius appears in any part of the pamphlet: any person who had determined to write verses might have written as good, or perhaps better.

Nugæ Poeticæ, by F. Sayers, M. D. pp. 37.

These are trifles, it is true, but they are the trifles of a man of genius. The longest poem is "Theseus and Ariadne," which is very elegantly compressed from an epithalamium by Catullus.

The Defence of Order, a Poem, by Josiah Walker, A. M. Crown 8vo. pp. 176.

With intentions that claim unqualified praise, and a very respectable share of talent, to second those intentions, Mr. Walker has produced a tedious poem. Many lines are turned with much felicity, and even many passages, of some length, may be read with approbation: yet the reader is fatigued before he arrives at the end of the poem. There wants that undefined, and, perhaps, undefinable charm which rivets the attention of the reader, and prompts him to peruse over again what he has perused with so much pleasure. Mr. Walker's poem is not a poem to be read twice.

The Suicide, with other Poems, by the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, M. A. *Rector of Worthenbury.* Crown 8vo. pp. 149.

Much morality, much benevolence, much feeling, but no poetry, is to be found in this volume. We respect the author's virtues, but must pass sentence of condemnation on his volume. He never rises above mediocrity, and he is generally below it. His blank verse is of the worst sort, and his rhymed verse is not much better.

A Poetical Sketch, with other Poems, by Nathaniel Humfrey, A. B. *of Lincoln College, Oxford.* Crown 8vo. 2d Edition. pp. 81.

THE first edition of the "Poetical Sketch" was noticed in the last volume of this work. To the second edition the author has added some Sonnets, and other Poems, which are worthy of commendation. Some of them might perhaps have been rendered more perfect had the author bestowed on them a little more attention.

Poems, by J. Bidlake, A. B. N° 2. Crown 8vo. pp. 36.

THESE poems are simple and elegant. The author is a man of observation, and of respectable talent. His descriptive powers are above mediocrity. His sentiments are uniformly unexceptionable.

Scotish Descriptive Poems, with some illustrations of Scotish Literary Antiquities. Small 8vo. pp. 248.

FOR the republication of these poems the public is indebted to Mr. Leyden. "Clyde," and "Albania," are the two principal poems; but, though many passages of considerable beauty are to be found in them, they do not, on the whole, rank high in the scale of descriptive poetry. They are, however, not unworthy of being preserved from oblivion. Mr. Leyden has added greatly to the worth of the volume by his notes and illustrations, which interest both by their elegance and the information they furnish on various points of biography and history.

Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale, by John Leyden. Small 8vo. pp. 184.

THESE scenes of Mr. Leyden's infancy are described with much warmth and picturesque effect. The author feels what he describes, and he communicates his feelings to others. His style is at once poetical and correct, and his versification flowing and spirited, without any of that affectation which so often disgusts in modern verse.

Syr Reginalde; or the Black Tower, a Romance of the 12th Century; with Tales and other Poems, by E. W. Brayley and W. Herbert. Small 8vo. pp. 168.

IN these poems there is a great inequality of style: some parts shew imagination and spirit, while others are languid and prosaic. The descriptive parts are often pleasing. Some of the ludicrous tales have considerable merit. On the whole the volume does credit to the abilities of its authors.

Poems, on Moral and Religious Subjects, by A. Flowerdew. Small 8vo. pp. 158.

THESE poems contain many sentiments honourable to the moral feelings of their author, but not a line that can pretend to the name of poetry. Mrs. Flowerdew appears to be a very good and a very reflecting woman, but we must seriously recommend to her the propriety of cloathing her future reflections in the language of plain prose. Indifferent verse on any subject has a very bad chance of being read, but in-

different verse upon moral subjects will certainly be neglected.

The Pleasures of Nature; or the Charms of Rural Life, with other Poems, by David Carey. Small 8vo. pp. 164.

Mr. Carey is a very respectable writer in various styles. His "Pleasures of Nature" is a poem, which is honourable to the feelings as well as the abilities of its author. The descriptive parts are, in general, spirited and correct, and the stanza, which is that of Spenser, is well managed. Some of the smaller poems are elegant; but we cannot say much in favour of the elegies, which are tame and monotonous. The poems in the burlesque style are not the worst in the volume.

Poems; consisting of Elegies, Sonnets, Songs, &c. and Phantoms; or, the Irishman in England, a Farce, in two Acts, by T. Jones. Small 8vo. pp. 132.

It is much to be lamented that persons who are in the habit of making verses, under the idea that they are composing poetry, have not some friend candid enough to undeceive them, and, at the same time, sense enough of their own to profit by the advice of that friend. Had Mr. Jones been so fortunate as to possess a candid friend he would most probably never have published the present volume. The mischief is now done, and nothing remains but to advise Mr. Jones not to venture again before the Public till he is better prepared for his appearance.

Society, a Poem, in two Parts, with other Poems, by James Kenney. Small 8vo. pp. 172.

THE style of Mr. Kenney is evidently formed on that of Cowper, whose writings he appears to have studied with great attention. Nor is he an unworthy scholar. The poem of "Society" does honour to its author. It shews him to have looked on man and nature with an observant eye. His descriptive powers are also considerable; and his language, though sometimes faulty, is generally correct. The lesser poems are of various styles, and may be read with pleasure.

Norbury Park, a Poem, with several others, written on various occasions, by James Woodhouse. Small 8vo. pp. 132.

GREAT praise is due to Mr. Woodhouse for his religious principles, and domestic virtues, but we cannot praise him as a poet. "Norbury Park" is a tedious poem of near thirteen hundred lines, which is uniformly beneath mediocrity. The smaller pieces are of the same character, with the exception of the Ode, entitled, "Autumn and the Red Breast," which is a pleasing composition.

Epigrams, in two Books, by William Barnes Rhodes. Small 8vo. pp. 84.

AN epigram, though generally the shortest of all compositions, is by no means the least difficult. Of the many epigrams in the English language few are of superior merit. Some of our best poets have failed

when they attempted to write epigrams. To succeed, even imperfectly, where so many have failed of success, deserves considerable praise. This praise Mr. Rhodes may claim. Though some of his epigrams might have been omitted with advantage, others display a considerable portion of spirit, point, and elegance.

Glasgow, a Poem, by John Mayne. Small 8vo. pp. 51.

In a neat and spirited poem, written in the Scotish dialect, Mr. Mayne has sung the praises of Glasgow. A commercial town is not one of the best subjects for a poem, unless perhaps for a satyrical one. Mr. Mayne, however, has chosen the style of panegyric, and has been successful.

Scenes of Youth; or Rural Recollections, with other Poems, by William Holloway. Small 8vo. pp. 160.

The various scenes and occupations of his youth are described by Mr. Holloway in a natural and agreeable manner. He appears to be a man of an observant and benevolent mind. His blank verse is sometimes prosaic. The smaller poems are pleasing, particularly that which bears the title of the "Adieu and Recal to the Muse."

The Judge, or an estimate of the importance of the judicial character, occasioned by the death of the late Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. A Poem, in three Cantos. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield. Small 8vo. p. 139.

For the political as well as the judicial character

of the late Lord Clare, Mr. Alley is a very warm advocate. Many wise and respectable persons have, however, entertained strong doubts as to the validity of his Lordship's claim to the title of a sound and well-judging politician: they have thought that, in times of civil dissention, something more is necessary in a political character than that courage which can brave the pistol or the pike. It would, therefore, not have been unwise in Mr. Alley to have treated with a little more delicacy those who differed from Lord Clare, and to have forborne the insinuation that the antagonists of his Lordship must be the partisans of faction and treason. With all due reverence for the judicial character, we must also differ from Mr. Alley in the doctrine which he promulgates—that a Judge is a superior character to the man who asserts his country's rights in the field of danger, and of death. Mr. Alley forgets that, under God, the existence of our laws depends, at this very moment, on the sharpness of our swords. Even were this not the case his position is untenable. Here end our objections to Mr. Alley. In point of language, imagery, conduct, and versification, his poem is far above mediocrity. It would, perhaps, be difficult to manage the subject, which Mr. Alley has chosen, in a happier manner than he has done.

Armine and Elvira, a legendary Tale: the ninth Edition: with other Poems: by Edmund Cartwright, M. A. Small 8vo. pp. 148.

THE legendary tale of Armine and Elvira has been long known, and as long admired. It is justly con-

sidered as one of the most elegant compositions of the kind in the English language. Nor are the other poems of inferior merit. The style of Mr. Cartwright is not disfigured by tawdry or misplaced ornament: it is simply elegant.

Scotish Poems, Songs, &c. by Symon Kerr. Small 8vo. pp. 128.

THOUGH the poems of Symon Kerr are not to be placed on the same shelf with those of Ramsay, Ferguson, or Burns, they are not without some claim to approbation. There are no glaring faults, and many of the poems have an archness and humour from which the reader cannot fail of receiving entertainment.

Poetical Magazine, or Temple of the Muses. Nos. I and II. Small 8vo. pp. 120.

MOST of the poems in this publication are of a kind little superior to such as are usually met with in magazines and newspapers. A few, and but a few, of the originals are rather above mediocrity. The best poems are those which are republished from works now grown scarce.

Poems on several Occasions. By Charles Crawford, Esq. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 356.

HOWEVER necessary its performance may be, there is, to the candid critic, no duty more painful than that of telling an amiable and virtuous man, who has published a collection of verse, that he has mistaken

the road to fame, and that nature never designed him for a poet. This disagreeable truth Mr. Crawford must, nevertheless, be told. His poems are not such as the critic can honestly praise. They want that animating soul, without which there is no poetry. Even the versification is often harsh and prosaic. But, though the praise arising from poetical excellence must be denied Mr. Crawford, he may justly claim the superior praise of being a zealous christian. By this praise, if we may judge from his works, he will feel sufficiently consoled for his poetical failure. The concise dissertation, in prose, on the truth of christianity, which forms a preface to one of the poems, is worthy of being republished separately.

Gebir, a Poem, in seven Books, by Walter Savage Landor. 2d Edition. 12mo. pp. 140.

In spite of many imperfections this poem speaks the author to be a man of genius. Many of the images are such as could only have been conceived by the mind of a poet. There is also great beauty in some of the descriptive parts. But there is one grand fault which runs through the whole of the poem—this fault is obscurity. So obscure are some passages that the author, conscious himself of the defect, has added notes to explain his meaning! It would have been far better had he made the passage itself clear enough to be understood.

Clifton Grove, with other Poems. By Henry Kirke White. 12mo. pp. 111.

These poems are the production of early youth.

As such they are entitled to no small praise. Incorrectness may certainly be found, and ought as certainly to be pardoned when the age of the author is considered. These poems give promise of future excellence, but we must caution the author against writing too rapidly, and still more strongly, if possible, must we caution him against exposing his compositions to the eye of the Public without due consideration.

A short Account of John Marriot, including Extracts from some of his Letters, to which are added some of his poetical Productions. 12mo. pp. 194.

JOHN MARRIOT appears to have been an amiable and religious young man. His poems are correctly versified, and are not deficient in elegance of thought and expression.

Poetical Scraps, by Thomas Clio Richman. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 450.

WE are almost weary of informing versifiers that rhime and measure alone will never make poetry. But we have read Mr. Rickman's two volumes, and they compel us to repeat this disagreeable truth. We fear that his stationer and printer will be the only persons likely to receive pleasure from his publication.

Poems, by Mrs. G. Sewell, Relict of the late Rev. George Sewell, Rector of Byefleet, Surry. 12mo. pp. 283.

THERE are no glaring errors in these poems, nor are there any striking beauties. The verse is smooth, and the sentiments are unexceptionable. This praise is greater than we can bestow upon many of the volumes we are condemned to review.

The Inquiry. Part I. 12mo. pp. 44.

"The Inquiry" is a poem of considerable moral, as well as poetical merit. Those who would deprive man of all hope of a future existence, are attacked by the author with a just and pointed severity. Some of the descriptive parts of the poem are much above mediocrity. The versification, with some exceptions, is free and animated.

John and Dame, or the Loyal Cottagers, by Mr. Pratt; to which are added interesting Particulars of the History of John and Dame. 12mo. pp. 32.

THE poem of "John and Dame" is a very poor poem indeed. It is precisely that sort of unmeaning, namby-pamby stuff that may be composed between sleeping and waking. More effort is required to read than to write it. If the reader should remember any part of the poem, he will remember it only from its having disgusted him. When will Mr. Pratt learn that stringing verses together is not writing poetry, and that affectation is not sentiment?

The Picture; Verses written in London, May 28, 1803, *suggested by a magnificent Landscape of Rubens, in Possession of Sir George Beaumont. By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.* 4to. pp. 20.

THE merits of Mr. Bowles are so well known that it is unnecessary to descant upon them. The present poem adds a fresh leaf to his laurel. It contains, in spirited and harmonious blank verse, a description of a magnificent landscape by Rubens. The colouring of the poet is not less vivid than that of the painter.

Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus, a Seatonian Prize Poem, by the Rev. W. Cockburn, M. A. *Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.* 4to. pp. 17.

MR. COCKBURN'S poem is not, perhaps, inferior to those which have of late years been written for the Seatonian Prize; but truth compels us to say that it is not calculated to transmit his name to posterity as a poet. It wants imagination, it wants elegance, it wants vigour. The poem that wants these qualities is written for oblivion.

The Voyage Home from the Cape of Good Hope, with other Poems relating to the Cape, and Notes, by H. W. Tytler, M. D. 4to. pp. 73.

AFTER perusing the good-natured address to the reader, with which Dr. Tytler has concluded his pamphlet, it is impossible to speak of his efforts in terms of asperity. Yet truth forbids our mentioning them in the language of praise. We must be allowed to regret that Dr. Tytler did not confine these poems to the circle of his friends, where they would have been safe from the attacks of critical censure.

Calista, or a Picture of modern Life, a Poem, in three Parts, by Luke Booker, LL.D. 4to. pp 28.

WE fear that the picture which Dr. Booker has here drawn is but too correctly copied from real life. The poem contains some ideas and lines which have merit, but, on the whole, it is not remarkable for elegance or animation.

The Triumphs of Poesy, a Poem, by J. C. Hubbard, M. A. *Author of Jacobinism.* 4to. pp. 20.

THIS poem is not of a common order. The diction is poetical, and the versification is spirited and harmonious. We hope Mr. Hubbard will not suffer his muse to lie dormant.

Britannicus to Buonaparte, an Heroic Epistle, with Notes, by Henry Tresham, Esq. R. A. 4to. pp. 43.

IN lines, which have a considerable share of animation and elegance, Mr. Tresham attacks Buonaparte for his attempt to shackle the freedom of the English press. Indeed had Mr. Tresham been an author by profession he could not have felt more indignant on this subject. He seems, if we may judge from his poem, to consider this attempt as a crime of equal magnitude with the poisonings and massacres by which the Corsican usurper has distinguished himself, and to think that we are as much to rely for our deliverance upon British authors, as upon British soldiers and sailors. We must confess that we entertain some very strong doubts as to the correctness of these opinions.

The Lapse of Time, a Poem for the New Year, by Rebecca Edridge. 4to. pp. 14.

The lapse of time, and the misuse of time, have for ages furnished a subject of complaint to moralists, both in prose and verse. Some of these moralists would, perhaps, have been better employed in improving the present, than in lamenting the past, or descanting upon the future. The time of Mrs. Edridge, for instance, might certainly have been used more advantageously than in writing fourteen pages of blank verse, which has no pretensions to applause, and which, if even it should ever be read, will be immediately forgotten.

SATIRE.

Terrible Tractoration!! a Poetical Petition against Galvanising Trumpery, and the Perkinistic Institution, in four Cantos: most respectfully addressed to the Royal College of Physicians, by Christopher Caustic, M. D. LL. D. A. S. S. *Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and honorary Member of no less than nineteen very learned Societies.* Second Edition, with great Additions. Small 8vo. pp. 217.

THIS poem is an ironical attack on the enemies of Mr. Perkins's wonder-working tractors. The author is as warm an advocate for the tractors as if he imagined that his own reputation must stand or fall with theirs. Whatever doubt may be entertained

with regard to the merit of these magical remedies, it is impossible to feel any doubts as to the merit of Christopher Caustic's poem. It is in the Hudibrastic style, and is written with much wit, humour, and command of language and versification. The notes are numerous and lively, and much of the satire contained in them, and likewise in the poem, is certainly well deserved by those against whom it is directed.

Bonaparte, an Heroic Ballad, with a Sermon in its belly, which that renowned Warrior and most reverend Theologian preached at his Visitation of the good People of Egypt: with explanatory Notes, by the Editor of Salmagundi. 8vo. pp. 48.

If this short production had not, in its title page, pointed out its author, there would still have been few persons who would have found any difficulty in divining from whose pen it proceeded. It bears the stamp of Mr. Huddisford's genius. The same wit, the same free versification, the same facility in forming uncommon rhymes, which excited admiration in his former poems, shine with unabated spirit in the present ballad. The notes are chiefly from the speeches, proclamations, &c. of the Imperial poisoner, Bonaparte.

TRANSLATIONS.

Song of Songs, or Sacred Idyls. Translated from the original Hebrew, with Notes, critical and explanatory. By John Mason Good. 8vo. pp. 246.

Both the learned and the poetical reader will derive great pleasure from this translation of the Song of Songs. The translation of Mr. Good is spirited and elegant. Such complete justice has never before been done to the subject in our language. The notes, which are copious, abound with interesting illustrations, and parallel passages from various authors.

The Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, translated into English Verse, with Notes, critical, historical, and explanatory, and Dissertations, by William Preston, Esq. M. R. I. A. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 883.

The name of Mr. Preston has for many years been well known to the poetical world. This translation will not diminish his fame. It has much of the spirit and freedom of an original. Some trifling errors will doubtless be corrected whenever the work reaches a second edition.

The Odes of Anacreon, translated from the Greek into English Verse, by Thomas Girdlestone, M. D. Small 8vo. pp. 115.

Few persons have been tolerably successful in translating Anacreon: those who have failed are

numerous. The translation by Mr. Girdlestone is of that kind, which, though it has no gross faults, fails to interest the reader. From some of the critical opinions in Mr. Girdlestone's preface we must express our dissent: he has mistaken the meaning of a passage in Pope, and has proposed a very miserable alteration of a line in one of Professor Carlyle's translations from the Arabic.

The Lyricks of Horace, comprising his Odes, Epodes, and Secular Odes, in English Verse; with the Latin Text revised and subjoined. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 627.

We cannot congratulate this translator on his success in the arduous task of presenting Horace to the public in an English dress. His version is, in a more than common degree, harsh and inelegant. Some of the metres also, which he has chosen, are such as no poetical ear can tolerate: they are not verse, but hobbling prose. The whole calls to our recollection an Epigram on a bad translation of Horace into the French language. The Epigrammatist strongly recommends offering up the original to "Venus, sovereign of the Graces," and the French version to her husband Vulcan.

Poems from the Portuguese of Louis de Camoens, with remarks on his life and writings, notes, &c. by Lord Viscount Strangford. 8vo. pp. 160.

In translating these poems Lord Strangford has taken such liberties with his author as perhaps cannot

be reconciled with the idea of translation. Some of his poems have, in fact, very little resemblance to their originals. But if they are unfaithful translations, they are, indubitably, beautiful poems. They have, both in language and versification, an elegance which has seldom been equalled, and will not easily be surpassed.

Amadis de Gaul, a Poem in three Books, freely translated from the first Part of the French Version of Nicolas de Heberay, Sieur des Essars, with Notes: by William Stewart Rose, Esq. 8vo. pp. 198.

Among tasks of difficulty it is not one of the least difficult to give an elegant translation in verse. It can be accomplished by none but a poet. Translations are, in general, made by men who content themselves with giving the bald meaning of the original, while they suffer all the spirit to evaporate. Mr. Rose, however, has brought to his task all the qualities necessary to accomplish it with perfect success. His version has all the freedom and spirit of an original. The versification merits more than common praise. The notes are at once interesting and illustrative.

ANCIENT POETRY.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, consisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected in the Southern Counties of Scotland, with a few of modern Date, founded on local Tradition. 8vo. pp. 420.

THE first two volumes of this work we noticed in the Poetical Register for 1802. By this third volume the publication is completed. This volume is not less interesting than those which preceded it. Among the modern ballad writers Mr. Scott unquestionably holds the highest rank.

THE DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

The Wife with two Husbands, a Tragi-Comedy, in three Acts. Translated from the French by Miss Gunning. 8vo. pp. 104.

THIS play excites considerable interest. Some of the characters are well drawn, and the incidents are natural. The play, however, is spun out too much, and some of the speeches are of a most immoderate length; one of the speeches occupies no less than two pages and a half!

ACTED PLAYS.

Hear both Sides, a Comedy, in five Acts, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. By Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. pp. 90.

IN his preface Mr. Holcroft complains of the daily attacks made on his play by the newspapers. We advise him to treat with silent contempt the hostility of scribblers who are generally as dull as they are worthless. This play is much superior to many of those which have been applauded by the daily papers.

The characters are drawn with spirit, the dialogue is elegant, and the interest of the piece is sustained to the end.

The Marriage Promise; a Comedy, in five Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By John Till Allingham, 8vo. pp. 80.

Though Mr. Allingham's Comedy is not calculated to make us forget those of Congreve, Farquhar, and some other writers of the same kind, it is, altogether, a tolerable production. The dialogue is not without spirit, and the plot and incidents are sufficiently interesting. There is nothing particularly new in the characters.

Delays and Blunders; a Comedy, in five Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds, 8vo. pp. 74.

In the Comedy of "Delays and Blunders," the author has endeavoured to unite the ludicrous and the pathetic. His endeavours have not been wholly unsuccessful. Some passages are worthy of applause. The comic parts, however, are too farcical, and the characters are not quite in nature. A lawyer, for instance, who neglects his business, to join in amusements, is a sort of animal which the author would have some difficulty to find in real life.

The Wife of Two Husbands; a Musical Drama, in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By James Cobb. 8vo. pp. 96.

This Drama is an alteration of the French Tragi-Comedy of the same name. The alterations are, we think, made for the better. The piece is shorter and better calculated for effect upon the stage. The Songs are not very poetical.

The Voice of Nature; a Play, in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. By James Boaden. 8vo.

This Play is not remarkable for elegance of dialogue, novelty of character, or intricacy of plot, but it appeals to the feelings with much force, and will, therefore, be read with pleasure.

The Maid of Bristol; a Play, in three Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket. By James Boaden. 8vo. pp. 48.

There is a considerable share of pathos and interest in this play. The characters are not strongly marked, but they are not out of nature. The dialogue is neatly written.

A Tale of Terror; a Dramatic Romance, in three Acts; as first acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, May 12th, 1803. *By Henry Siddons.* 8vo. pp. 51.

Of this Romance the plot is slight, and the characters have nothing uncommon, but it has a sufficient-

ent share, perhaps, of bustle, noise, and surprising incidents, to make it sufferable upon the stage. In the closet it can boast little attraction.

Mrs. Wiggins; a Comic piece, in two Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. By John Till Allingham. 8vo. pp. 49.

"Mrs. Wiggins" is a piece in the very broadest style, or, as the Author terms it, "the Sublime of Farce." From such a production, much is not to be expected. Its only aim is to excite a laugh. Some of the situations in this comic piece are highly laughable, and the dialogue is not without point and humour.

The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog; a Grand Serio-Comic Romance, in two Acts. Written by Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 46.

Those who look into this Romance in the expectation of finding an interesting plot, well-arranged incidents, novel and striking characters, or elegant and spirited dialogue, will be woefully disappointed. There is a "most plentiful lack" of all these. The author has made up for them by introducing a couple of new actors—namely, a Dog, and a piece of Water! If the Public can be delighted by such means, the Author is not much to blame. It is certainly easier to procure a dog than a splendid sally of wit. What will next be introduced on the stage it is impossible to divine.

Raising the Wind; a Farce, in two Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. By James Kenney. 8vo. pp. 37.

THIS Farce is well calculated for stage effect. In the closet it loses many of its attractions. It has, however, much humour. The plot is slight, but not ill-managed, and the character of Diddler, who lives by borrowing insignificant sums, is kept up with effect.

CATALOGUE.

THE Works of Abraham Cowley, with Dr. Johnson's Preface, and Remarks by J. Aikin, M. D. 3 vols. 12mo.

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The War Offering, a small Collection of Songs, dedicated to Bonaparte, by J. Amphlett.

The Patriotic Clarion, or Britain's Call to Glory, original Songs, written on the threatened Invasion, by J. Bisset, Author of the Orphan Boy, &c.

The Invasion, by Joseph Read, M. D.

Une Folie, a comic Opera, being a Translation from the Original of Love Laughs at Locksmiths, 8vo.

THE END.